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THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

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TWENTY VOLUMES RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

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"'But as for Me, Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death.'"

Young Folks' Library in Twenty Volumes
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BOOK OF PATRIOTISM

EDITED BY

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

VOLUME XVIII

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CONTENTS

PAGE

List of Colored Illustrations xii

Love of Country xiii
By George Frisbie Hoar.

The Strenuous Life 3
By Theodore Roosevelt.

Patriotism 9
By Rev. W. H. P. Faunce.

America 25
By Bayard Taylor.

America and Patriotism 27
By Archbishop Ireland.

The Antiquity of Freedom 35
By William Cullen Bryant.

The Nation and the Patriot 38
By William Everett.

Liberty for All 46
By William Lloyd Garrison.

Patriotic Selfishness 47
By Charles Sumner.

The Privilege and Duties of Patriotism 53
By Thomas Starr King.

King Richard's Love for English Soil 66
By William Shakespeare.

The State and the States 69
By Rufus Choate.

What is Liberty 81
By Josiah Quincy, Jr.

The March of Human Freedom 83
By Theodore Parker.

The Permanence of the Republic 89
By Richard Salter Storrs.

PAGE

The Ambition of Man 99
By Edward Everett.

Arbitration 103
By David Dudley Field.

The Gray Forest Eagle 110
By Alfred B. Street.

The Battle of Salamis 113
By Aischylos. Translated by E. H. Plumptre, D.D.

Leonidas 128
By George Croly.

Dante and the Union of Italy 130
By Amelia H. Stirling.

Robert Bruce and the Independence of Scotland . 137
By Amelia H. Stirling.

Freedom's Conspirators 149
By Friedrich von Schiller. Translated by Edward Marrie.

Speech from the Scaffold 164
By Richard Rumbold.

The Motives of Conspiracy 167
By Robert Emmet.

Brutus and Antony 175
By William Shakespeare.

Hatred of Despotism 193
By Pierre Victurnien Vergniaud.

Charlotte Corday and the French Revolution . . 197
By Julia Kavanagh.

Proclamation to the Army 215
By Napoleon.

To Soldiers on Entering Milan 217
By Napoleon.

Revolutions 219
By Sir Henry Taylor.

Toussaint L'Ouverture and the Revolution of Hayti, 221
By James McCune Smith.

Speech to the Young Men of Italy 232
By Giuseppe Mazzini.

The Boston Massacre 241
By John Hancock.

The Settlement of America 248
By Joseph Warren.

PAGE

Liberty or Death 259
By Patrick Henry.

The Character of Washington 263
By Edwin Percy Whipple.

The Picture of a Hero 278
By George Mifflin Dallas.

The Opening Battle of the Revolution 286
By George William Curtis.

Concord Hymn 295
By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Nathan Hale 296
Anonymous.

General Israel Putnam 307
By H. W. R. Hoyt.

Bunker Hill Monument 314
By Daniel Webster.

Daniel O'Connell 323
By Wendell Phillips.

Liberty and Union 337
By Daniel Webster.

The Blue and the Gray 340
By Francis Miles Finch.

In Honor of Patriot Heroes 343
By Governor Andrew.

On the Return of the Battle Flags 352
By Governor Andrew.

Song of the Banner at Daybreak 355
By Walt Whitman.

Old Glory 364
By Henry Ward Beecher.

Commemoration Ode 369
By James Russell Lowell.

Gettysburg Address 378
By Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln 380
By Tom Taylor.

A National Hero 384
By the Right Rev. J. P. Newman.

Suggestions for Supplementary Reading 396

LIST OF COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS

"'But as for Me, Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death'" . . . . . (*See page* 262.) *Frontispiece*

King Richard and Bolingbroke . . . . . *Face Page* 68

Return of the Victorious Greeks from the Battle of Salamis 124

Assassination of Julius Cæsar 180

"From that Heroic yet Feeble Folk" 252

The Battle of Lexington 292

And One Hundred and Ten Black and White Pictures in the Text.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

BY

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

It sometimes seems that patriotism — good citizenship — is the virtue which includes all virtues. The question, "What is the chief end of man?" to which the Catechism gives the solemn and sublime answer, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever," comes back to every generation that has risen above the beast. It may be that it will turn out that there are but two answers. One is that made by our Puritan ancestors, which we have just quoted. The other is the beast's answer, which the beast gives unconsciously, and the beast in man gives, well knowing its meaning, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Life for the glory of God, and life for the indulgence of self — between these two the youth is to take his choice. We cannot glorify God, or enjoy him, in the way we glorify our fellowmen and enjoy their favor. His creatures glorify him only as they can bring themselves, who are his work, more nearly to absolute perfection. The lily glorifies God by being a perfect lily. The child

glorifies God by being a perfect child. The man glorifies God by being, as near as may be, a perfect example of manhood. Now the more perfect the example of manhood, as all mankind will agree, the more perfect the patriot and citizen.

Very early in life there awakes in the soul that highest and purest of human affections — love of country. This emotion, stronger than institutions, stronger than constitutions, is the master passion of the loftiest natures. At its bidding young men and old men give their lives, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers. There are men without it, or who claim to be superior to it. Their interest, they affirm, is in humanity at large, and knows no limit or boundary. They are commonly poor and worthless creatures, of no value either to their countrymen or to mankind. Whatever dreamers may affirm, the man who is without the love of country is, in general, incapable of a true love. It is like the law of gravitation to the universe. It is above, around, beneath everything we value most. It has overcome for us every danger from without and from within. It has overcome the estrangement which created, and the passions and angers which grew out of, the greatest civil war in history. It will overcome for us the spirit of anarchy which, it may be, is yet to be more dangerous still. I believe that wherever these sentiments are found strongest in the narrower relations, they will

be found stronger also in the larger. Wherever the national spirit is most vigorous, there the State and local forces will exist in fullest life. The sentiment of patriotism will be found strongest in happy homes where family love abounds. The man who loves his household, and his kindred, and his town, and his State best, will love his country best. And the man who is full of the highest love for household, and kindred, and town, and State, and country, will himself become the highest and best example of a true manhood.

The love of country, then, is the highest form of the highest virtue. The youth, of whose soul this supreme emotion has taken full control, has attained what is highest in character. His will is controlled by a law higher than his own desire. His affection is set on an object other than himself. We are apt to sum up Christianity as "the love of God and the love of man." But the love of God and the love of man are the same thing. We cannot love God as an abstraction. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The object of this publication is to promote the love of country in youth so far as it can be accomplished by reading and books. The three great influences, in general, that form the character of a youth are: parents, or those who stand in the place of parents; companions; and books. It is often hard to say which is the strongest. The parent or the teacher often finds

it hard to withstand that subtle and potent influence on the mind of the boy, of the public opinion and feeling of his school or playmates. Often a boy who is fond of reading is attracted by his books into another world, peopled by the creatures of his own dreams, yet which to him is far more real than the world around him. The advantage of the father and mother is, if they will but use it, that they can determine who shall be the child's companions, and what books the child shall read.

What books shall he read? First let him read books that he will love. We can be sure that he will love the best books better than the worst books, if only they are found for him. Every child will heartily respond to fairy stories, — to "Jack the Giant-Killer," to Aladdin, and the wonderful Arabian Tales. A little, but a very little, later will come "Horatius at the Bridge," and Tell shooting the apple, and pretty soon "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" for the little girl. Soon after comes to the child the great disappointment when it is found out that the story is a fable, and the wistful, troubled question is put to father or mother, "Is it true?" Then you must find for him the true stories, — of Leonidas and his Three Hundred, and Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, of Wallace and Bruce and the Spider, of Bannockburn, and the good Lord James of Douglas, and King Alfred, and Israel Putnam in the Wolf's Den, and Washington at Brad-

dock's defeat, and the Farmers at Concord Bridge, and the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and Daniel in the Lions' Den, and the Three Israelites in the Fiery Furnace. By a little loving care you can make your boy's heart, by the time he is ten or twelve years old, an armory of brave thoughts and desires, which will make him as invulnerable and unconquerable as Saint Michael with his shining sword.

Then you come, a little later, back again to the realm of poetry and romance — to the poetry and romance which is, after all, truer than the soberest fact; to Abou ben Adhem and the Presence that told him that

> "The name of him who loved his fellow-men
> Led all the names of those the love of God had blessed;"

and to "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and Bryant's "Water-Fowl," and Byron's "Isles of Greece," and Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and John Stirling's "Alfred the Harper," and many others.

Heroism and patriotism are for the little girl also. I sometimes think that the heroism of women, with their patience and their love, which look for no reward of fame or glory, but only, if it may be, for love in return, is higher and better than anything man can ever give to the country. Let the little girl learn all the stories of noble women, of the Spartan mother who told her boy to come back with his shield or on it, and

of the Pilgrim mothers, and of Jephtha's daughter. These things may seem commonplace to us, but they will be new to the child. Let all American girls know what their mothers went through in the days when the country was born, and wolf and savage roamed in the forest by the log cabin where the brave mother was left alone with the children inside. Tell them the story of the comfort woman has been to husband and son, throughout the whole story of heroism. Let every American girl learn to give her husband, and her brother, and her son, high counsel, so that he may never be tempted to fail in any hour of trial by thinking of her. Let every American girl know by heart the story of Lady Rachel Russell. When her husband died on the scaffold, for English freedom and for ours, she sat by his side through the trial with a courage equal to his own, and then, when the hour of his doom came, Bishop Burnet, who was with him, says: "Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'Now the bitterness of death is past'; for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, for she well deserved it in all respects. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him, and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had

that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Fill the boy's soul with the inspiring literature of patriotism. Teach him the noble story of his country. There are not many passages of shame, or disgrace, or failure. These, if any such there ever shall be, it will not hurt him to skip. But let him learn the catalogue of the brave deeds that have been done for the country, and the lives and deaths of our heroes. He will not forget them after he has once heard or read the story. Let him learn, word for word, the eloquent passages which express the lofty emotions in which love of country has been clothed, whether in prose or verse. Let him learn to love them, and he will remember them. That is what is meant by learning by heart and not by rote. Take those that are in verse or in rhythmic verse, so he will hum them like a tune. They will come up to him in times of danger or temptation, and will be his sure reliance when any enemy demand that he surrender.

Just after the statue of Webster, given by New Hampshire, was placed in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, I had a letter from a veteran of the Civil War, who had just read what had been said in the Senate. He told me that one night he was on picket duty in a lonely place near a wood, where two sentinels in succession had been shot down at night

just before. He said that, as he paced up and down, expecting every moment that his death shot might ring out from the thicket, he kept up his courage by repeating to himself, over and over again, the great peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne, ending with, "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

Geo F Hoar

PATRIOTISM IN GENERAL

BOOK OF PATRIOTISM

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

(From a Speech On National Questions Delivered at Chicago, April 10, 1899.)

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, was born in New York City, Oct. 27, 1858, and was educated at Harvard University. After a year of foreign travel, followed by various important political service, he accepted in 1897 the post of assistant secretary of the navy. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898 he raised a volunteer cavalry regiment known as the Rough Riders, and entered the army as lieutenant-colonel, being shortly after commissioned colonel. At the close of 1898 he was elected governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected vice-president, and on the assassination of President McKinley became President, Sept. 14, 1901.

I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every

self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes — to be the ultimate goal after which they strive?

You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research — work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation.

Work in Exploration.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious efforts, the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows, if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was at the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we should have saved hundreds

of thousands of lives; we should have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we should have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we should have spared the country those months of gloom and shame, when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat.

THE MEN WHO UPHELD THE WISDOM OF LINCOLN.

We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we should have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant.

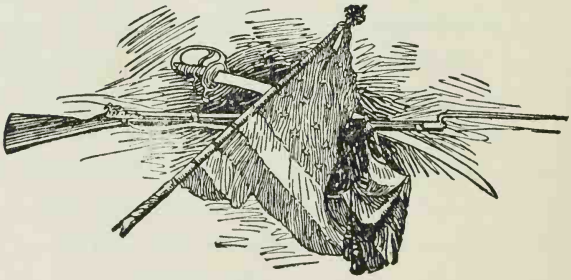
Let us, the children of the men who proved them-

selves equal to the mighty days — let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured, for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them; sunk in a scrambling commercialism, heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk; busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day, until suddenly we find beyond a shadow of question what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound in the end to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is, whether we shall meet them well or ill. Last year we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was, whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest or enter into it as beseemed a brave

and high-spirited people, and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners.

No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity, but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity ; to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads; to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand, for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them, but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties — duties to the nation and duties to the race.



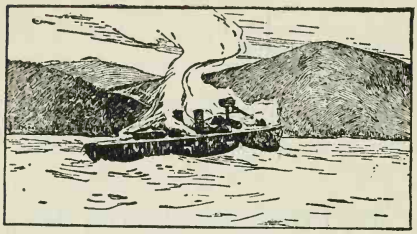
PATRIOTISM

By REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in his last book, has a story entitled "The Ship that Found Herself." It narrates the story of a ship newly launched, starting out on her trial trip. At first every part of the ship was finding fault with every other part. Every girder and beam and brace, every rod and piston and rivet, was complaining against all the rest. But by and by the ship encountered a storm. The heavy winds began to blow, the great green billows rolled clear over the decks, and then, in the emergency, somehow all the parts of the vessel began to draw together. All those discordant voices melted into one great voice, which was the soul of the ship, and that voice spoke out in one triumphant cry, as the splendid craft realized that she was not a thousand discordant pieces, but one swift, beautiful, indestructible vessel.

Now, it is not too much to say that in the year 1898, our dear country, the Republic of the United States, found herself. Until last summer we were not wholly united as a people. There were differences between the North and South, there were discordant voices between East and West. But in the early summer of last year,

when Dewey's guns boomed out in the harbor of Manila, and when a little later, Cervera's fleet lay riddled and stranded along the coast of Cuba—then our country found herself. East and West, North and South, blended into one. Parties united, local differences and prejudices vanished. A new self-consciousness came to the Republic, and we could repeat with a wholly new meaning Longfellow's familiar lines:—



STRANDED ALONG THE COAST OF CUBA. DESTRUCTION OF THE FLEET.

> Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State,
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
> 'Tis of the wave and not the rock.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with Thee—are all with Thee!

It is a great blessing to have lived at such a time. Since the great Civil War of America, hundreds of thousands of boys and young men have lived without hearing any call on the part of their country for sacrifice.

They have, perhaps, never felt the patriotic thrill, or heard the call to repel a foe. But you, boys, if I may speak especially to the younger ones here to-night, you boys, have seen the regiments marching down Broad-

way. And you have seen them come home again, worn and pale and broken. There may be some here to-night who have themselves enlisted. You have at least seen your comrades go, some of whom may never return. You have seen this country take a new place in the great world's arena. If you do not love your country, who will love it? If you here to-night do not stand by this flag, who will stand by it? If you are not patriots, this land will never have them.

But what is it to love one's country? Is it to carry a banner in a procession? Is it to shout as we see the flag? Is it to fling bunting from the tops of the buildings, and send off sky-rockets in the evening? Vastly deeper than that is love of country — deeper than any soldier's uniform, deeper than any pictures of battleships with which we adorn our walls. To love your country — let us get this very clearly before us to-night — is to love that for which your country stands. "I love thy rocks and rills" — a man who loves rocks and rills is a geologist, not a patriot; perhaps — "Thy woods and templed hills" — the man who loves woods and templed hills may not love his country at all. "Land of the *noble free*, thy name I love." The man who loves his country loves the nobility, the freedom for which his country stands. He loves the ideal enthroned in his country's history, the principle which runs through all the story of his country's past like a spinal cord, the ideals which were set before his fathers. the institutions for which these fathers lived and suffered. The man who loves that for which his country stands — he, and he alone, is the man who loves his country. What is it to love your home? Is it to

love the bricks and mortar in the house? Is it to love the furniture in the various rooms? No. To love your home is to love the ideas for which your home stands, to love the way things are done there, to love the people who dwell there, to love the principles upon which the home is built. And so it is with our native land.

Now, why should we love especially our country, the United States of America? Certainly we should not love America simply because of its size. We should not boast of America simply because of its bigness. Africa is far larger than our republic. Thousands of its square miles stretch out under the sun, and for ages they have not produced a man. Russia is marvellous in its bigness, sprawling over Asia and Europe, and held in the grip of an absolute and relentless despotism. Does any man love Russia because it is so big? Why, the little countries of this world have been the greatest countries usually. The smallest countries have usually done the most for the world, as, for instance, Greece and Italy and Switzerland and Palestine. These are the names that have made history and shaped the world. And it is not raising marble to the twenty-fifth story on lower Broadway that makes this country glorious. It is not whitening the seas on every side with the sails of our fleet. It is not the size of our wheatfields, or the depth of our mines, or the splendor of our manufactures. Bigness is never greatness.

We should love our country first of all because it stands for freedom. For several years in my boyhood I went every summer to Concord, Massachusetts, and I loved as a boy to look at that statue of the Concord

Minute Man, standing on the bridge across the little creek, with Emerson's famous inscription at the base: —

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

Why was that shot heard round the world? What was the principle behind it? The principle behind it was self-government, freedom from every yoke and oppression. The principle was, as Abraham Lincoln put it, the right to possess a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Freedom from tyranny, freedom from oppressive law and illegal usurpation of every kind, — that was the spirit of '76. But after the revolution was over, one great blot remained upon this country, — African slavery. We professed to love freedom, but in all our Southern States was heard the cry of that dark-skinned race, calling unto God for liberty. Then up rose the spirit of '61 and said: "This country shall not divide for the sake of perpetuating slavery. We will fight for Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable." And in 1863 Abraham Lincoln put, with a stroke of his pen, his signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and since then no slave has walked or can walk on our American soil. Thirty-five years later the spirit of freedom uprose once again. In 1898, just off our coast lay the pearl of the Antilles, the beautiful island of Cuba, groaning beneath the heel of Spanish oppression. The spirit of American freedom said to Spain: "Make Cuba free, or reckon with us." Spain's answer was

continued cruelty, and our response was the destruction of the fleet, the charge up the heights of San Juan, and the hoisting of the flag over Santiago and Havana. Now, my brothers, to love our country is to love this freedom, — freedom political, social, industrial, and religious. To believe in that freedom, to stand for it, to do our utmost to perpetuate it the world around, that is to love our country. We want no governmental control over our churches, and no governmental aid for our churches. We want the government to give us freedom to work in our own way, do our own tasks. To believe in freedom is to believe in our country.

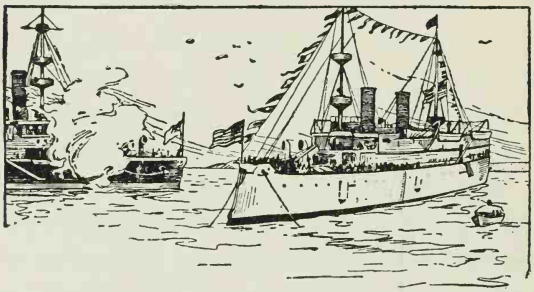
The second thing for which our country stands is this: education and enlightenment. Every June I go back to my Alma Mater in the city of Providence, and take my stand in the old college procession marching down the hill to the strains of the old commencement march, — heard in only one city of the world, and on only one day in the year,— and then we walk up into the quaint old church, facing a tablet containing this quaint and venerable inscription: "This meeting-house was built for the worship of God, and to hold commencements in." That is the way our fathers put church and school together. When they built a church, it was for college to hold its commencements in. When they built a college, there was always a place for the church in it. But we cannot all of us go to college, and therefore we make the college come to us. Knowledge is not hidden away in any obscure corners, but is accessible to-day to every boy and every young man who wants it. If you are ignorant, it is because you want to be ignorant, for in America knowledge is for every-

body. All around us are free public schools. All around us are our free libraries, constantly growing greater. Around us are free courses of lectures and concerts, where what one man knows is spread at the service of thousands. Around us are great institutions, like the Cooper Union and the Pratt Institute, to give knowledge to all who want it. Now to believe in knowledge, to believe that it is not for the few, but for everybody, to believe that education is for all the people, and to try to give it to all the people — that is to love our country.

Another thing for which our country stands is religion. It is true there is no mention of God in the Constitution, and I rejoice that there is not, for I want no religion forced upon anybody. But there is no page of our history, that you can possibly read, without the mention of God. In the cabin of the Mayflower the Pilgrims began their solemn league and covenant, "In the name of God. Amen." In the Emancipation Proclamation Lincoln said, "Upon this act I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Take out the fear of God from the Declaration of Independence and you have taken out its backbone. In every Thanksgiving proclamation by which the President recognizes the bounty of God during the previous year, in the appointment of every Army and Navy chaplain, and every chaplain for Congress and for our State legislatures, we recognize the fact that, though we force religion upon nobody, this is fundamentally a religious people. Worship God as you choose, but see that you worship him. Go to church when and where you please, but see that

you go. The man who does not reverence religion, the man who does not respect Christianity, the man who does not feel honor and reverence for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Christian God, *he* is out of tune with American history. The man who goes about this country to blaspheme Christianity is the true "little American"; and the man who is in sympathy with American tradition in the past and with American enterprise in the future, will be the man who gives religion a large place in his heart and his life.

And now, in setting these ideas before the nation, how marvellous and how wonderful have been the leaders that God has given to us. When the spirit of freedom uprose in 1776, what if we had had a Napoleon instead of a Washington? In Washington we had a man devout, unselfish, magnanimous, willing to be hated that his country might be loved, and ever willing to be sacrificed that his land might be exalted. And in Jefferson and Adams and Hancock and a score of other leaders of our revolution, we had men whose memory is bright forever and whose spirit is a precious legacy. When the spirit of freedom uprose in 1861, then we had such men as Sumner and Stanton and Grant and Lincoln, all of them heroes, who counted



Warships of Dewey, Sampson and Schley.

not their lives dear that the country might live. When the spirit of freedom arose again in 1898, then we had such leaders as I need hardly mention, such men as Dewey and Sampson and Schley and Hobson and General Wood and Governor Roosevelt, men who feared nothing in the performance of their duty, men who showed a readiness and resource, a strength of purpose, a valor and a courage and an audacity and a love of peace and liberty, which will make their names rightly immortal in our country's story. Now the man who loves such heroes, who strives to be like them, who holds them up as examples to the world, who strives to make their spirit everywhere prevail — *he* loves his country. And the man who seeks to enrich himself by making his country poor, the man who will sell supplies to the American army which he knows to be unfit for use, in order to enrich himself, is as truly a traitor as Benedict Arnold, and worthy of the same execration. The man who will exalt himself by making his country poor is the enemy of all, and the man who is willing at times to be poor and hated and ostracized, if need be, that the principles of his country may prevail, that man is the true patriot.

But now, happily, the sounds of war have ceased and Peace spreads her white wings over land and sea. Does our land still need our love? Has the need of brave men vanished, or is there a peaceful patriotism more needful and more noble than any that days of conflict can know? There are dangers against which every patriot must now be on his guard, and the smallest boy who helps to save his country from those dangers is a patriot indeed. I wish to mention simply

two of them to-night, two dangers against which each one of us can enlist and must enlist if we love our country. The first is the danger of municipal mis-rule, the danger of the mis-government of our great cities. I congratulate you who are here to-night on living in a great city. It is far easier to be a good man in the heart of a great city than in the half-deserted regions of the country. The most discouraging conditions that I know to-day are not in New York and Chicago and San Francisco; they are in the region of abandoned farms and little country houses from which true manhood and energy and ability have long ago been drawn away to the cities, and only the weak and the dull and the vicious are left. It is far easier to be a noble man in the heart of New York City than in the average village. In New York City surely God has marked us out for some noble destiny. No city of the world ever had so noble a site as this city. It is very difficult to say why Rome was planted in the midst of what is now a malarial campagna. Who can tell why Paris is placed on one bend of the Seine rather than another? Who can say why Berlin should ever have grown up in the midst of a great, sandy plain, or why London was put so far away from the ocean, in such a miserable climate and apparently in such a disadvantageous position? But when we look at the location of our city, belief in foreordination is easy. The splendid waterways invite the ships of all the world. The bedrock of this island invites us to send these buildings towering towards the sky. The proximity of great fields of coal and iron, of the great inland seas, the salubrious climate, shows that God has marked out this

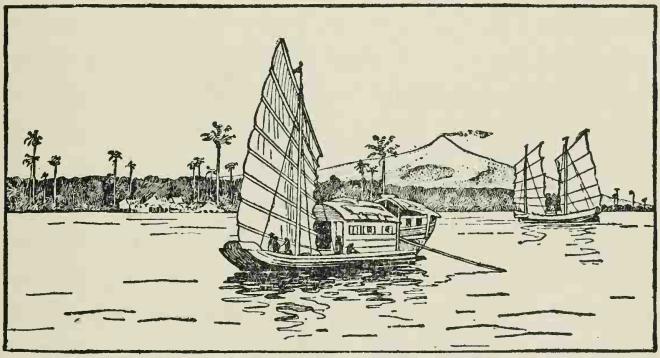
city to be hygienically, commercially, industrially, educationally, religiously, the foremost city that the world has yet seen.

But New York, so "beautiful for situation," has not yet become the "joy of the whole earth." For half a century this has been the city of the great Boss, and if God has been known in her palaces for a refuge, he has been well-nigh unknown in her saloons, in her politics, and her tenements. You have all noted the sign-boards put up on the Boulevard a few years ago, on which is printed this legend: "The care of these grounds is committed to the Public." The man who put up those sign-boards must have been of a very confiding disposition! Have we any public in New York that cares whether those grounds are kept beautiful or not? We did not have ten years ago. Ten years ago I think there were few people who cared whether that street or any other street was fair and clean, and pure and beautiful. Men were bent on making their little pile in this city and retiring as swiftly as possible from active endeavor, and a public spirit ten years ago was plainly wanting. Thank God that is now rapidly changing. You here to-night can never be as careless as your fathers were regarding the beauty and health and fame of this island. We need to-day more than anything else, a public spirit, a spirit which shall not be content with a good position for self, but shall strive to make this a very "City of God" for all the people. The greatest need of our city to-day is a civic pride, a love for the common-weal, an intelligent patriotism, which shall seek to make this a city of homes; men shall find in every room a sacrament, in every meal a

Supper of the Lord, and make of the place of merchandise the Father's House.

Now let me say to you here to-night, some of you voters and some soon to become such: If you love your country and your city, see to it that you vote only for men of upright lives, men of integrity, men who love the city more than they love themselves. Vote for no one else, if you love your city. Mr. Beecher used to say: "If you send a villain to Congress to represent you, he does *represent you.*" If you choose evil men, then you are partakers of their evil-doing. Let us also be willing to serve ourselves in public office when called upon to do so. I trust that some of you here to-night will be summoned at no distant date to serve this city in some of its many offices. Nearly forty thousand officials are now serving this city, and I trust some of you may be among that forty thousand. Resolve as you go into office that you will swerve from your duty in obedience to no man, to no party, and to no private gain. Oliver Cromwell, talking to his fellow-countrymen, who loved to think that England was safe because of her separation by the ocean from the continent of Europe, said: "You boast of the great ditch that surrounds your coast. Let me tell you your ditch will not save you if you break God's law." No bigness of territory will save us, no splendid waterways, no magnificent harvests, no waving of bunting or carrying of flags in processions will save this country from downfall, if we break God's law. May I quote from another writer who visited America before most of you were born, who looked at America with the most searching eye that has ever surveyed our condi-

tion — De Tocqueville. After he had gone home, he wrote these words: "No philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct out of leaden instincts; no apparatus of senators and judges and police can compensate for the want of an internal governing sentiment; no legislative manipulation can eke out an insufficient morality into a sufficient one; no administrative sleight of hand can save us from ourselves." Oh, that we here to-night could realize what that means! This country will never be better than the



Islands of the Indian and Pacific Seas.

men who make the country; it will never be better than you and I and the men and women who stand beside us and help us in our life work. If you love your country, stand for the purity and goodness and splendor of the city in which you dwell.

One other danger I have to point out to-night, and summon every patriot to stand against it, and that is the danger of reckless old-world imperialism. We have conquered Spain. The treaty has been ratified. Outlying islands of the Indian and Pacific seas have

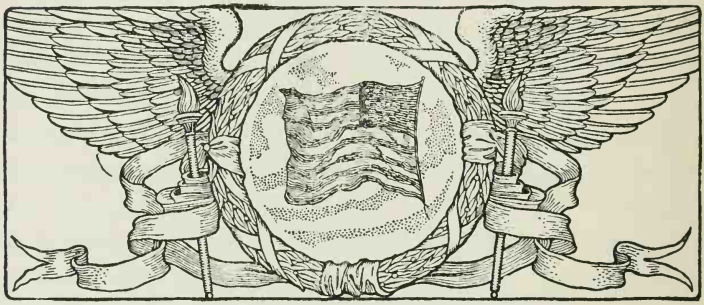
come into our keeping. Now what are we going to do with them? The supreme question is not and never has been, Shall this country expand? The supreme question is, Why shall this country expand? What are we going to do with those possessions? For what purpose shall we enter them? I hear some men saying to-day in a whisper and some men even daring to say aloud: "We will do with them just what we please. We are strong enough; we have the army; we have the navy; we will do just what we please." When Talleyrand once heard some men asserting, "You can do anything you please with bayonets," he replied: "Yes, anything you please with bayonets, except to sit on them." The man who tries to sit down upon the fundamental principles of the American constitution, and the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, will find himself in a very uncomfortable position. The same thing is true of the nation. Why are we going to enter these outlying possessions? Is it to exploit them for our advantage? Is it to ply the lash a little more cruelly for the sake of utilizing their great resources for our enrichment? Is it to clutch at the revenue of those half-savage and half-barbarous islands that we fill our coffers here, and to utilize that semi-savage labor for the enrichment of our families in America? Then in that case, having conquered Spain, we shall ourselves be conquered by Spanish ideals, and having sunk the Spanish fleet, we shall have sunk also the fairest hopes and brightest aspirations of the American people. But if we enter those islands to give them all that we have of our freedom, of our self-government, of our schools and libraries and colleges, of our indus-

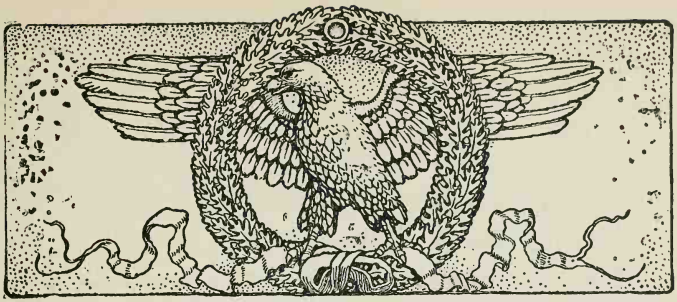
trial freedom, and a still greater freedom than we yet know in industry, all our best intelligence, education and liberty, then the old promise shall be verified, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." Then this land may become brighter and fairer and nobler than ever in the past. Then the Kingdom shall come here with a new, strange splendor and the Will shall be done here as it is in Heaven. Oh, you who are just beginning to attain to the estate of citizenship, you who are just coming upon the stage of action at the opening of the twentieth century, what a prospect of usefulness, what a possibility of power, what a vista of nobility rises and unfolds before you as you look out! Greater opportunities will come to you than your fathers ever knew, if you love your country, if you love the freedom, the enlightenment, the religion for which your country stands.

There are two figures guarding the Atlantic coast to-night that I trust may symbolize all the life of our dear country in the century so soon to dawn. In this harbor of New York rises the figure that you have seen on many a night, Liberty, with her uplifted torch, enlightening all the world. And on the Massachusetts coast, in the harbor of old Plymouth, rises another statue, carved in the whitest of Massachusetts granite—the statue of Faith, looking out with unswerving eyes over the bay into which the Mayflower came, and with silent finger pointing upward unto God. And the light from the Statue of Liberty shines out across land and sea toward the upturned face of Faith, and to-night those two symbolic figures together guard our coast.

So long as those figures do guard our shores and

truly symbolize our life, this country is safe. So long as we believe in liberty and faith, freedom and religion, in widest possibility for everyone, and utmost allegiance unto our father's God, this country can never perish. God give us to understand more deeply the meaning of Patriotism, and to love our country more deeply and worthily in the years that are to come.





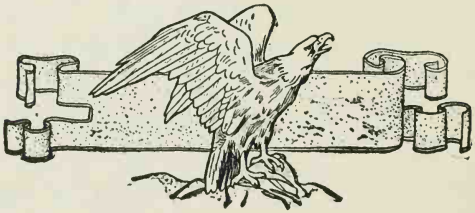
AMERICA

(From the National Ode, July 4, 1876.)

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,

Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!



AMERICA AND PATRIOTISM[1]

By ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

John Ireland, Archbishop of Saint Paul, was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838. As a boy he came to Saint Paul, Minnesota, in 1849, and there obtained his secular education at the Cathedral School. He studied theology in France, in the seminaries of Meximieux and Hyères. During the Civil War he was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. In 1875 he was consecrated bishop of Saint Paul. In 1869 he founded the first total-abstinence society in Minnesota and has lectured much on temperance in the United States and Great Britain. His best-known speech is that on "The Duty and Value of Patriotism," delivered before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, New York, April 4, 1894.

PATRIOTISM is love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal — love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which recount its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they re-echo its whisperings; orators are most potent when they thrill its chords to music.

[1] By permission of New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

Pagan nations were wrong when they made gods of their noblest patriots. But the error was the excess of a great truth, that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism; that patriotism is one of earth's highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The exalted patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted, as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian Church: —

"Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion. — If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and warships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honor; it is the fount of the nation's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. Take patriotism away, the nation's soul has fled, bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation's countenance.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is among earth's possessions the most precious, the first and best and dearest, — country, — and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in all men; the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it grows

its full growth only where thoughts are elevated and heart-beatings are generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. "O glorious is he," exclaims in Homer the Trojan warrior, "who for his country falls!" It is sublime in the oft-repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all

"It is Sublime Upon the Field of Battle."

human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral necessities of God's creatures are revelations of his will and laws. Man is born a social being. A

condition of his existence and of his growth of mature age is the family. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families gather, so as to obtain from one another security to life and property and aid in the development of the faculties and powers with which nature has endowed the children of men.

The whole human race is too extensive and too diversified in interests to serve those ends: hence its subdivisions into countries or peoples. Countries have their providential limits — the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or of methods of living. The limits widen in space according to the measure of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples, and the importance of their parts in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution.

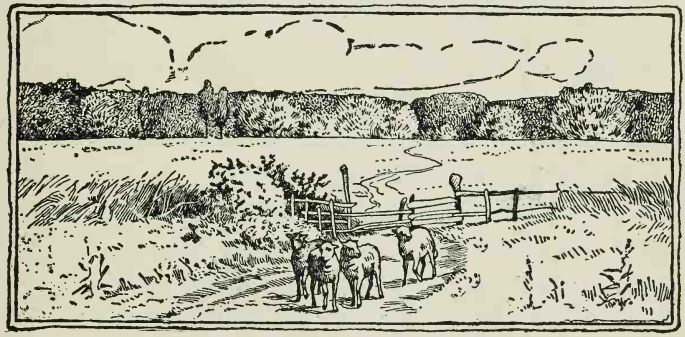
The Lord is the God of nations because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without his bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in his wisdom and his love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

More than a century ago a trans-Atlantic poet and philosopher, reading well the signs, wrote:

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way.
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say, in a brief discourse of my country's

value and beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things America is opulent and great: but beyond them and above them



"Her Fields and Forests."

in her singular grandeur, to which her material splendor is only the fitting circumstance.

America born into the family of nations in these latter times is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature and conceal the singular design of Providence in her creation.

America is the country of human dignity and human liberty.

When the fathers of the republic declared "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a cardinal principle was enunciated which in its truth was as old as the race, but in practical realization almost unknown.

Slowly, amid sufferings and revolutions, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Ante-Christian paganism had utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; he was what wealth, place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that some men were intended by nature to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. The Christian Church was all this time leavening human society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defence and of conquest, the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

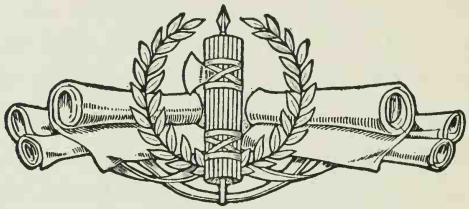
Liberty is the exemption from all restraint save that

of the laws of justice and order; the exemption from submission to other men, except as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty to man is God's recognition of his greatness and his dignity. The sweetness of man's life and the power of growth lie in liberty. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Humanity, under the spell of heavenly memories, never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, its refreshing breezes caressed humanity's brow. But not until the republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes. In America there are no masters, who govern in their own rights, for their own interests, or at their own will. We have over us no Louis XIV., saying, "*L'état, c'est moi;*" no Hohenzollern, announcing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people by the people for the people. The government is our own organized will. There is no State above or apart from the people. Rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even those apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the State; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been painfully wrenched from the governing powers.

With Americans, whenever the organized government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen is sacred and inviolable. Elsewhere there are governments called republics: universal suffrage constitutes the State; but, once constituted, the State is tyrannous and arbitrary, invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic is liberty's native home — America.



THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

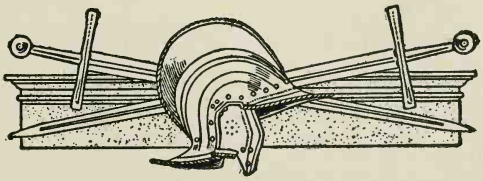
HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave

When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain's side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age —
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.



THE NATION AND THE PATRIOT

By WILLIAM EVERETT.

William Everett, the youngest son of Edward Everett, was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, Oct. 10, 1839, graduated at Harvard University in 1859, and afterward studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He sat in the national House of Representatives through the Fifty-third Congress, 1893–95. He delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration, June 28, 1900, taking patriotism for his subject.

PATRIOTISM — love of country — devotion to the land that bore us — is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand, and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero, "*Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes ominium caritates una patria complexa est.*"

"Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone."

The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her

no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators whose heir he was had repeated again and again, have been re-echoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

Bust of Cicero.

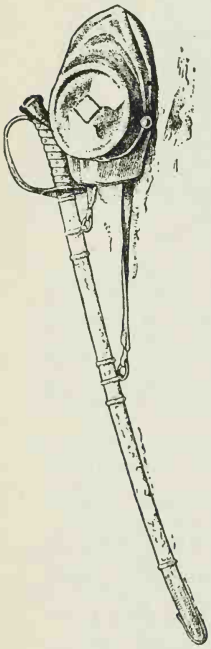
But to give life for their country is the least part of what men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men.

Wealth that Crœsus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew — ease and luxury, refined company, and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp — the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren which were to have

been the old man's and the old woman's solace are freely sent forth in the cause of the country which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country.

But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have aroused themselves to do for themselves alone.



I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier who is now a very well-known civilian that it was conceited for me or any other man to think in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks.

But in fact every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spenser and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero dwelling on the triumphs and

duties of their native lands are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her Revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded; there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs, but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake from which they all burst in one Niagara of patriotism. . . .

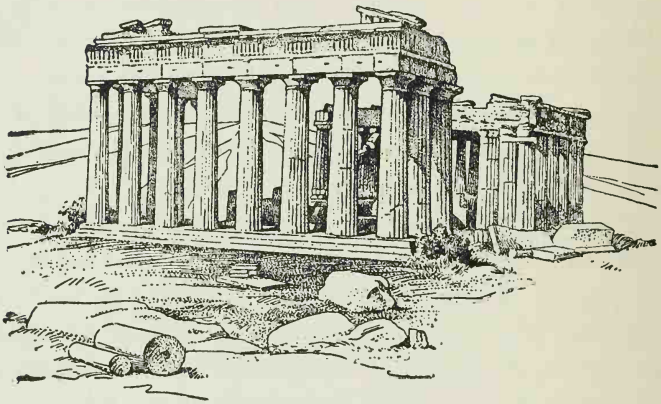
What is this country — this mother country, this fatherland that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields, and forests, and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth — from that part of the globe which no nation holds, and which we call our country.

Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions to our own land, no matter what it is like, the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, and stern Spain equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain.

But a land is nothing without the men. The very same countries, whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent

savages, listless slaves, or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse: —

Clime of the forgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?



Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes; self-abasement paved a way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot; if the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling: let the nation rouse itself and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

But who are the men that made the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as a countrymen, but as aliens? Is the country the men who govern her and control her destinies, the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it?

Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counsellors; patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign; every man who on any pretext arrayed himself against the Crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor; until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles the First against the people of England, when, after years of civil war, and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet, if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of the meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth; yet England believed in her and loved her; and if Eng-

land rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves; exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a trusted aristocracy seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem?

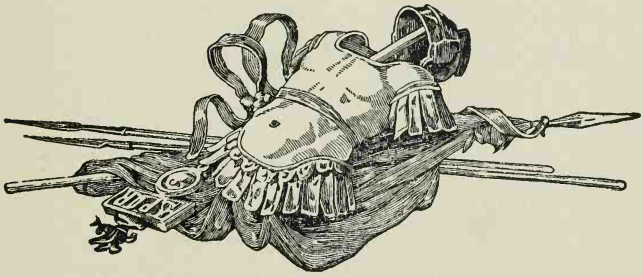
What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Bern? What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory only to sink their unrecognized subject citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality.

Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfran-

chising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers?

What was the patriotism of the Italian cities when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy, which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage?

For years, for centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher, nay, that a plain, truth-telling man, could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.



Grecian Armor.

LIBERTY FOR ALL

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THEY tell me, Liberty! that in thy name
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame:
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He yet shall save!

PATRIOTIC SELFISHNESS

(From The True Grandeur of Nations.)

By CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1811. He graduated from Harvard in 1830. The invasion of Mexico kindled his indignation, and made the text for his noble arraignment of war in his Fourth of July address in 1845. He served in the U. S. Senate from 1851 until his death in 1874.

THERE is an influence which stimulates war, and interferes with the natural attractions of peace; I refer to a selfish and exaggerated love of country, leading to its physical aggrandizement, and political exaltation, at the expense of other countries, and in disregard of the principles of true greatness. Our minds, nursed by the literature of antiquity, have imbibed the narrow sentiment of heathen patriotism. Exclusive love for the land of birth was a part of the religion of Greece and Rome. It is an indication of the lowness of their moral nature that this sentiment was so material as well as exclusive in its character. The oracle directed the returning Roman to kiss his mother, and he kissed the mother earth. Agamemnon, according to Æschylus, on regaining his home, after a perilous separation of more than ten years, at the siege of Troy, before addressing his family, his friends, his countrymen, first salutes Argos: —

By your leave, Lords, first Argos I salute.

The schoolboy cannot forget the cry of the victim of Verres, which was to stay the descending fasces of the lictor, "I am a Roman citizen;" nor those other words echoing through the dark past, "How sweet it is to die for one's country!"

The Christian cry did not rise, "I am a man;" the Christian ejaculation did not swell the soul, "How sweet it is to die for duty!" The beautiful genius of Cicero, at times instinct with truth almost divine, did not ascend to that highest heaven, where is taught that all mankind are neighbors and kindred, and that the relations of fellow countryman are less holy than those of fellow man. To the love of universal man may be applied those words by which the great Roman elevated his selfish patriotism to a virtue when he said that country alone embraced all the charities of all. Attach this admired phrase for a moment to the single idea of country, and you will see how contracted are its charities, compared with the world-wide circle of Christian love, whose neighbor is the suffering man, though at the farthest pole. Such a sentiment would dry up those fountains of benevolence, which now diffuse themselves in precious waters in distant unenlightened lands, bearing the blessings of truth to the icy mountains of Greenland, and the coral islands of the Pacific sea.

It has been a part of the policy of rulers to encourage this exclusive patriotism; and the people of modern times have all been quickened by the feeling of antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is in a condition to reproach another with this patriotic selfishness. All are selfish. Men are taught to live, not for mankind, but only for a small portion of mankind.

The pride, vanity, ambition, brutality even, which we rebuke in individuals, are accounted virtues when displayed in the name of country. Among us, the sentiment is active, while it derives new force from the point with which it has been expressed.

An officer of our navy, one of the so-called heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, has gone beyond all Greek, all Roman example. "Our country, be she right or wrong," was his

"Though at the Farthest Pole."

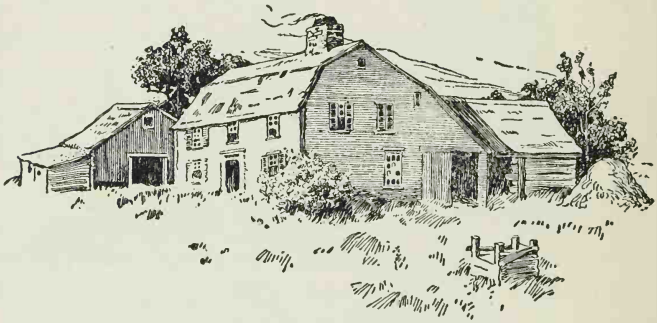
exclamation; a sentiment dethroning God and enthroning the devil, whose flagitious character should be rebuked by every honest heart.

Unlike this officer was the virtuous Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in the days of the English Revolution, of whom it was said that he "would lose his life to serve his country, but would not do a base thing to save it."

"Our country, our whole country, and nothing but

our country," are other words which, falling first from the lips of an eminent American, have often been painted on banners, and echoed by the voices of innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish, would be this life, if nothing but our country occupied our souls; if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that spot of earth where we have been placed by the accident of birth.

I do not inculcate indifference to country. We incline



"To the Spot Where We Were Born."

by a natural sentiment to the spot where we were born, to the fields that witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes all these things in indelible colors upon the heart of man, so that in the anxious extremities of death he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its

nature; and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb and pervert the whole character. In the moral night which has enveloped the world, nations have lived ignorant and careless of the interests of others, which they imperfectly saw; but the thick darkness is now scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are others, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

The curious spirit goes further, and while recognizing an inborn sentiment of attachment to the place of birth, inquires into the nature of the allegiance due to the State. According to the old idea, still too much received, man is made for the State, and not the State for man.

Far otherwise is the truth. The State is an artificial body, intended for the security of the people. How constantly do we find, in human history, that the people have been sacrificed for the State; to build the Roman name, to secure to England the trident of the sea. This is to sacrifice the greater for the less: for the false grandeur of earth to barter life and the soul itself. Is it not clear that no dominion of the State — not even the State itself — is worth preserving at the cost of the lives and happiness of the people?

It is not that I love country less, but humanity more, that now, on this national anniversary, I plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. Remember that you are men, by a more sacred bond than you are citizens; that you are children of a common father more than you are Americans.

Recognizing God as a common father, the seeming diversities of nations — separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers, and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country — all disappear, and the various people of the globe stand forth as brothers — members of one great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than civil war. In vain do we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single State. It belongs as justly to the feuds between nations, when referred to the umpirage of battle. The soul trembles aghast, as we contemplate fields drenched in fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes has been shivered by the unfriendly arms of neighbors, and kinsmen have sunk beneath the steel nerved by a kinsman's hand. This is civil war, which stands accursed forever in the calendar of time. But the muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy still profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce international war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.

"Fields Drenched in Fraternal Gore."

THE PRIVILEGE AND DUTIES OF PATRIOTISM

(From an Address Before the "Summer Light Guard," Nov. 18, 1862.)

By THOMAS STARR KING.

Thomas Starr King, American Unitarian clergyman, orator, and author, the son of a Universalist clergyman, was born at New York City, Dec. 16, 1824, and died at San Francisco, March 4, 1864. He was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian church in Boston, where he remained eleven years. In 1860, he accepted a call to a Unitarian church in San Francisco, where he met with much success. He was the author of "The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry" (1859); "Patriotism and Other Papers" (1865); "Christianity and Humanity" (1877); and "Substance and Show, and Other Lectures" (1877).

I AM to speak to you of the privilege and duties of American patriotism.

First the privilege. Patriotism is love of country. It is a privilege that we are capable of such a sentiment. Self-love is the freezing point in the temperature of the world. As the heart is kindled and ennobled it pours out feeling and interest, first upon family and kindred, then upon country, then upon humanity. The home, the flag, the cross, — these are the representatives or symbols of the noblest and most sacred affections or treasures of feeling in human nature.

We sometimes read arguments by very strict moralists which cast a little suspicion upon the value of

patriotism as a virtue, for the reason that the law of love, unrestricted love, should be our guide and inspiration. We must be cosmopolitan by our sympathy, they prefer to say. Patriotism if it interferes with the wider spirit of humanity is sectionalism of the heart. We must not give up to country "what is meant for mankind."

Such sentiments may be uttered in the interest of Christian philanthropy but they are not healthy. The divine method in evoking our noblest affections is always from particulars to generals. God "hath set the solitary in families," and bound the families into communities, and organized communities into nations; and he has ordained special duties for each of these relationships, and inspired affections to prompt the discharge of them and to exalt the character.

Country of the Swiss Mountaineer.

The law of love is the principle of the spiritual universe, just as gravitation is the governing force of space. It binds each particle of matter to every other particle, but it attracts inversely as the square of the distance, and thus becomes practically a series of local or special forces, holding our feet perpetually to one globe, and allowing only a general unity which the mind appropriates through science and meditation with the

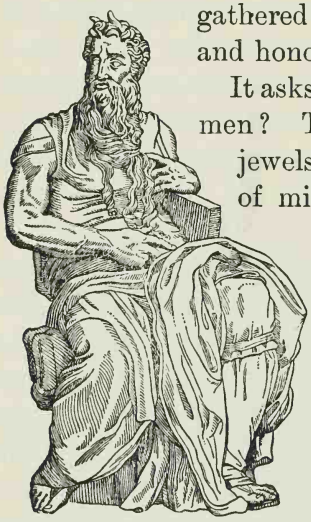
kindred but far-off spheres. The man that has most of the sentiment of love will have the most intense special affections. You cannot love the whole world and nobody in particular. If you try that it will be true of you as of the miser who said, "What I give is nothing to nobody."

However deep his baptism in general good-will, a man must look with a thrill that nothing else can awaken into the face of the mother that bore him; he cannot cast off the ties that bind him to filial responsibilities and a brother's devotion; and Providence has ordained that out of identity of race, a common history, the same scenery, literature, laws, and aims, — though in perfect harmony with good-will to all men, — the wider family feeling, the distinctive virtue, patriotism, should spring.

If the ancient Roman could believe that the yellow Tiber was the river dearest to heaven; if the Englishman can see a grandeur in the Thames which its size will not suggest; if the Alpine storm-wind is a welcome home-song to the Swiss mountaineer; if the Laplander believes that his country is the best the sun shines upon; if the sight of one's own national flag in other lands will at once awaken feelings that speed the blood and melt the eyes; if the poorest man will sometimes cherish a proud consciousness of property in the great deeds that glow upon his country's annals and the monuments of its power, — let us confess that the heart of man, made for the Christian law, was made also to contract a special friendship for its native soil, its kindred stock, its ancestral traditions, — let us not fail to see that where the sentiment of patriotism

is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one prominent witness of its sway.

But why argue in favor of patriotism as a lofty virtue? History refuses to countenance the analytic ethics of spiritual dreamers. It pushes into notice Leonidas, Tell, Cincinnatus, Camillus, Hampden, Winkelried, Scipio, Lafayette, Adams, Bolivar, and Washington, in whom the sentiment has become flesh, and gathered to itself the world's affections and honors.



Statue of Moses by Michael Angelo.

It asks us, "What do you say of these men? These are among the brighter jewels of my kingdom. Thousands of millions fade away into the night in my realm, but these souls shine as stars, with purer lustre as they retreat into the blue of time. Is not their line of greatness as legitimate as that of poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and priests?"

Nay, the Bible is opened for us, to stimulate and increase our love of country. Patriotism is sanctioned and commended and illustrated there by thrilling examples: by the great patriot-prophet Moses, who, during all those wilderness-years bore the Hebrew people in his heart; by Joshua, who sharpened his sword on the tables of stone till its edge was keen as the righteous wrath of heaven and its flame fierce as a flash

from Sinai, as it opened a path through an idolatrous land for the colonization of a worthier race and a clean idea; (O that there were enough of that steel in America to-day to make a sword for the leader of the Union armies!) by the great statesman Samuel, to whom every Jew may point with pride as the Hebrew Washington; by David, who for the glory of his nation wielded the hero's sword and tuned the poet's harp; by the long line of the fire-tongued prophets, whose hearts burned for their country's redemption while they proclaimed the "higher law"; by the lyric singers of the exile, like him who chanted the lament, which seems to gush from the very heart of patriotism, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . . Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

Yes, and when we pass higher up than these worthies of the older inspiration to him the highest name, him from whom we have received our deepest life, him whose love embraced the whole race in its scope, the eternal and impartial love made flesh, who pronounced the parable of the good Samaritan and shed the warmth of that spirit through his life into the frosty air of human sentiment, do we not read that he felt more keenly the alienation of his countrymen according to the flesh than he felt the spear-point and the nails, and paused over the beautiful city of David to utter a lament whose burden swept away the prospect of his own lowering destiny, — "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered your children

together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Although the highest office of revelation is to point to and prepare us for "a better country, even a heavenly," no one can rightly read the pages of the Bible without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

It is a privilege of our nature, hardly to be measured, that we are capable of the emotion of patriotism, that we can feel a nation's life in our veins, rejoice in a nation's glory, suffer for a nation's momentary shame, throb with a nation's hope. It is as if each particle of matter that belongs to a mountain, each crystal hidden in its darkness, each grass-blade on its lower slopes, each pebble amid its higher desolation, each snowflake of its cold and tilted fields could be conscious all the time of the whole bulk and symmetry and majesty and splendor of the pile, — of how it glows at evening, of how it blazes at the first touch of morning light, of its pride when it overtops the storm, of the joy it awakens in hearts that see in it the power and glory of the Creator. It is as if each could exult in feeling — I am part of this organized majesty; I am an element in one flying buttress of it, or its firm-poised peak; I contribute to this frosty radiance; I am ennobled by the joy it awakens in every beholder's breast!

Think of a man living in one of the illustrious, civilized communities of the world and insensible to its history, honor, and future, — say of England! Think of an intelligent inhabitant of England so wrapped in

selfishness that he has no consciousness of the mighty roots of that kingdom, nor of the toughness of its trunk, nor of the spread of its gnarled boughs! Runnymede and Agincourt are behind him, but he is insensible to the civil triumph and the knightly valor. All the literature that is crowned by Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, the noblest this earth ever produced from one national stock, awakens in him no heart-beat of pride. He reads of the sturdy blows in the great rebellion, and of the gain to freedom by the later and more quiet revolution, and it is no more to him than if the record had been dropped from another planet.

The triumphs of English science over nature, the hiss of her engines, the whirl of her wheels, the roar of her factory drums, the crackle of her furnaces, the beat of her hammers, the vast and chronic toil that mines her treasures, affect him with no wonder and arouse no exultant thrill of partnership. And he sees nothing and feels nothing that stirs his torpid blood in the strokes and sweep of that energy before which the glory of Waterloo and Trafalgar is dim, which has knit to the English will colonies and empires within a century which number nearly one-fourth of the inhabitants of the globe.

The red flag of England hung out on all her masts, from all her housetops, and from every acre of her conquests and possessions, would almost give this planet the color of Mars if seen through a telescope from a neighboring star.

What a privilege to be a conscious fibre of that compacted force! If I were an Englishman I should be proud every hour of every day over my heritage.

I believe I should now and then imitate the man who sat up all night to hate his brother-in-law, and sit up all night to exult in my privilege. And as an Englishman I should keep clear of the pollution of sympathy with the American rebellion. The man who is dead to such pride ought not to be rated as a man.

And is it any less a privilege to be an American? Suppose that the continent could turn towards you to-morrow at sunrise and show to you the whole American area in the short hours of the sun's advance from Eastport to the Pacific! You would see New England roll into light from the green plumes of Aroostook to the silver stripe of the Hudson; westward thence over the Empire State, and over the lakes, and over the sweet valleys of Pennsylvania, and over the prairies, the morning blush would run and would waken all the line of the Mississippi; from the frosts where it rises, to the fervid waters in which it pours, for three thousand miles it would be visible, fed by rivers that flow from every mile of the Alleghany slope and edged by the green embroideries of the temperate and tropic zones; beyond this line another basin, too, the Missouri, catching the morning, leads your eye along its western slope till the Rocky Mountains burst upon the vision and yet do not bar it; across its passes we must follow as the stubborn courage of American pioneers has forced its way till again the Sierras and their silver veins are tinted along the mighty bulwark with the break of day; and then over to the gold fields of the western slope, and the fatness of the California soil, and the beautiful valleys of Oregon, and the stately forests of Washington the eye is drawn as

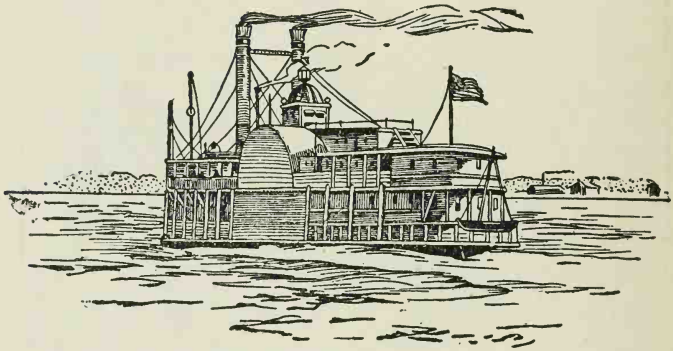
the globe turns out of the night-shadow, and when the Pacific waves are crested with radiance you have the one blending picture, nay, the reality of the American domain! No such soil, so varied by climate, by products, by mineral riches, by forest and lake, by wild heights and buttresses, and by opulent plains, — yet all bound into unity of configuration and bordered by both

"The Stubborn Courage of American Pioneers."

warm and icy seas, — no such domain was ever given to one people.

And then suppose that you could see in a picture as vast and vivid the preparation for our inheritance of this land: Columbus haunted by his round idea and setting sail in a sloop to see Europe sink behind him, while he was serene in the faith of his dream; the later navigators of every prominent Christian race who explored the upper coasts; the Mayflower with her cargo of sifted acorns from the hardy stock of British Puri-

tanism, and the ship whose name we know not that bore to Virginia the ancestors of Washington; the clearing of the wilderness and the dotting of its clearings with the proofs of manly wisdom and Christian trust; then the gradual interblending of effort and interest and sympathy into one life, the congress of the whole Atlantic slope to resist oppression upon one member, the rally of every State around Washington and his holy sword, and again the nobler rally around him when he signed the constitution, and after that the



On the Mississippi River.

organization of the farthest west with north and south into one polity and communion; when this was finished, the tremendous energy of free life under the stimulus and with the aid of advancing science, in increasing wealth, subduing the wilds to the bonds of use, multiplying fertile fields, and busy schools, and noble workshops, and churches hallowed by free-will offerings of prayers, and happy homes, and domes dedicated to the laws of States that rise by magic from the haunts of the buffalo and deer, all in less than a long lifetime;

and if we could see also how, in achieving this, the flag which represents all this history is dyed in traditions of exploits by land and sea that have given heroes to American annals whose names are potent to conjure with, while the world's list of thinkers in matter is crowded with the names of American inventors, and the higher rolls of literary merit are not empty of the title of our "representative men"; if all that the past has done for us and the present reveals could thus stand apparent in one picture, and then if the promise of the future to the children of our millions under our common law and with continental peace could be caught in one vast spectral exhibition, the wealth in store, the power, the privilege, the freedom, the learning, the expansive and varied and mighty unity in fellowship, almost fulfilling the poet's dream of

> The parliament of man, the federation of the world,

you would exclaim with exultation, "I, too, am an American!"

You would feel that patriotism next to your tie to the divine love is the greatest privilege of your life; and you would devote yourselves out of inspiration and joy to the obligations of patriotism, that this land so spread, so adorned, so colonized, so blessed, should be kept forever against all the assaults of traitors, one in polity, in spirit, and in aim!

Gentlemen, this is what we ought to do, what we should try to do; we should seize by our imagination the glory of our country, that our patriotism may be a permanent and a lofty flame. Patriotism is an imaginative sentiment. Imagination is essential to its vigor;

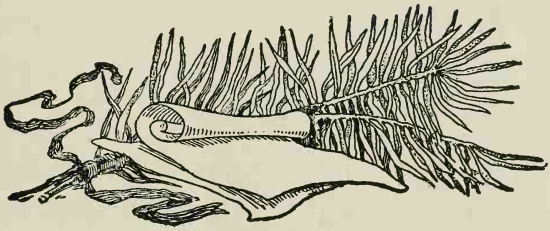
not imagination which distorts facts, but which sweeps a vast field of them and illumines it. It comprehends hills, streams, plains, and valleys in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions, from the life of the past and the vigor and noble tendencies of the present, it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and then vows its vow to that.

It is of the very essence of true patriotism, therefore, to be earnest and truthful, to scorn the flatterer's tongue, and strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults as a friend will counsel a companion. It will speak as honestly as the physician advises a patient. And if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love like that which burst from the lips of Moses when he returned from the mountain and found the people to whom he had revealed the austere Jehovah and for whom he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life worshipping a calf.

We condense all the intimations of these last thoughts in saying that true patriotism is pledged to the idea which one's native country represents. It does not accept and glory in its country merely for what it is at present and has been in the past, but for what it may be. Each nation has a representative value. Each race that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood has the capacity to work out special good results and to reveal great truths in some original forms.

God designs that each country shall bear a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and he has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton and breathed into it a free

life spirit, which, if loyal to the intention, will keep the blood in health, infuse vigor into every limb, give symmetry to the form, and carry the flush of a pure and distinct expression to the countenance. It is the patriot's office to study the laws of public growth and energy, and to strive with enthusiastic love to guard against every disease that would cripple the frame, that he may prevent the lineaments of vice and brutality from degrading the face which God would have radiant with truth, genius, and purity.



KING RICHARD'S LOVE FOR ENGLISH SOIL

(From King Richard II.)

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Drums: flourish and colors. Enter King Richard, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, *and Soldiers.*

King Richard. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aumerle. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Richard. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favors with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Carlisle. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succor and redress.

Aumerle. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

King Richard. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revelled in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

King Richard and Bolingbroke

THE STATE AND THE STATES

By RUFUS CHOATE.

(From the Oration on American Nationality, Delivered in Boston, on the Eighty-Second Anniversary of the American Independence, July 5, 1858.)

Rufus Choate was born at Essex, Massachusetts, Oct. 1, 1799. He succeeded Daniel Webster in the United States Senate in 1841, was the acknowledged leader of the Massachusetts bar, and famous as a forensic orator. He died July 13, 1859.

IT is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." . . .

The birthday of a nation, old or young, and certainly if young, is a time to think of the means of keeping alive the nation. I do not mean to say, however, because I do not believe, that there is but one way to this, the direct and the didactic. For at last it is the spirit of the day which we would cherish. It is our great annual national love-feast which we keep; and if we rise from it with hearts larger, beating fuller, with feeling purer and warmer for America, what signifies it how frugally, or how richly, or how it was spread; or whether it was a strain on the organ, the trumpet tones of the Declaration, the prayer of the good man,

the sympathy of the hour, or what it was which wrought to that end?

I do not therefore say that such an anniversary is not a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratitude to men, the living and the dead, for tears and thoughts too deep for tears, for eulogy, for exultation, for all the memories, and for all the contrasts which soften and lift up the general mind.

I do not say, for example, that to dwell on that one image of progress which is our history; that image so grand, so dazzling, so constant; that stream now flowing so far and swelling into so immense a flood, but which bursts out a small, choked, uncertain spring from the ground at first; that transition from the Rock at Plymouth, from the unfortified peninsula at Jamestown, to this America which lays a hand on both the oceans, — from that heroic yet feeble folk whose allowance to a man by the day was five kernels of corn, for three months no corn, or a piece of fish, or a moulded remainder biscuit, or a limb of a wild bird; to whom a drought in spring was a fear and a judgment and a call for humiliation before God; who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war-cry broke the innocent sleep or startled the brave watching, — from that handful,

"Startled by a Flight of Arrows."

and that want, to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvests might load the board of famishing nations, for whom a world in arms has no terror; to trace the long series of causes which connected these two contrasted conditions, the Providences which ordained and guided a growth so stupendous; the dominant race, sober, earnest, constructive, — changed, but not degenerate here; the influx of other races, assimilating, eloquent, and brave; the fusion of all into a new one; the sweet stimulations of liberty; the removal by the whole width of oceans from the establishments of Europe, shaken, tyrannical, or burdened; the healthful virgin world; the universal progress of reason and art, — universal as civilization; the aspect of revolutions on the human mind; the expansion of discovery and trade; the developing sentiment of independence; the needful baptism of wars; the brave men, the wise men; the constitution, the Union; the national life and the feeling of union which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, — I do not say that meditations such as these might not teach or deepen the lesson of the day.

All these things, so holy and beautiful, all things American, may afford certainly the means to keep America alive. That vast panorama unrolled by our general history, or unrolling; that eulogy, so just, so fervent, so splendid, so approved; that electric, seasonable memory of Washington; that purchase and that dedication of the dwelling and the tomb, the work of woman and of the orator of the age; that record of his generals, that visit to battlefields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that speculation,

that dream of her past, present, and future; every ship builded on lake or ocean; every treaty concluded; every acre of territory annexed; every cannon cast; every machine invented; every mile of new railroad and telegraph undertaken; every dollar added to the aggregate of national or individual wealth, — these all, as subjects of thought, as motives to pride and care, as teachers of wisdom, as agencies for probable good, may work, may ensure, that earthly immortality of love and glory for which this celebration was ordained.

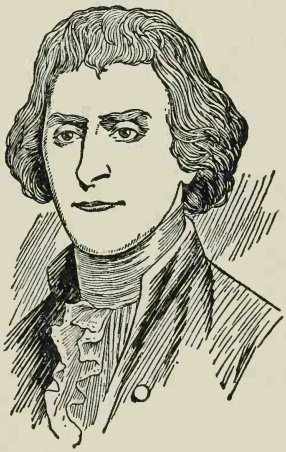
My way, however, shall be less ambitious and less indirect. Think, then, for a moment on American nationality itself; the outward national life and the inward national sentiment. Think on this; its nature, and some of its conditions, and some of its ethics, — I would say, too, some of its dangers, but there shall be no expression of evil omen in this stage of the discourse; and to-day, at least, the word is safety, or hope.

To know the nature of American nationality, examine it first by contrast and then examine it in itself.

In some of the elemental characteristics of political opinion the American people are one. These they can no more renounce for substance than the highest summit of the highest of the White Hills, than the peak of the Alleghanies, than the Rocky Mountains can bow and cast themselves into the sea. Through all their history, from the dawn of the colonial life to the brightness of this rising, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have acted them, they have run over with them.

In all stages, in all agonies, through all report, good

and evil, — some learning from the golden times of ancient and mediæval freedom, Greece, and Italy, and Geneva, from Aristotle, from Cicero and Bodinus, and Machiavel and Calvin; or later, from Harrington, and Sydney, and Rousseau; some learning, all reinforcing it directly from nature and nature's God — all have held and felt that every man was equal to every other man; that every man had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience unfettered; that the people were the source of power, and the good of the people was the political object of society itself.



JEFFERSON.

This creed, so grand, so broad, — in its general and duly qualified terms, so true, — planted the colonies, led them through the desert and the sea of ante-revolutionary life, rallied them all together to resist the attacks of a king and a minister, sharpened and pointed the bayonets of all their battles, burst forth from a million lips, beamed in a million eyes, burned in a million bosoms, sounded out in their revolutionary eloquence of fire and in the Declaration, awoke the thunders and gleamed in the lightning of the deathless words of Otis, Henry, and Adams, was graved forever on the general mind by the pen of Jefferson and Paine, survived the excitements of war and the necessities of order, penetrated and tinged all our constitutional composition and policy, and all our party

organizations and nomenclature, and stands to-day, radiant, defiant, jocund, tiptoe, on the summits of our greatness, one authoritative and louder proclamation to humanity by freedom, the guardian and the avenger.

But in some traits of our politics we are not one. In some traits we differ from one another, and we change from ourselves. You may say these are subordinate, executory, instrumental traits. Let us not cavil about names, but find the essences of things. Our object is to know the nature of American nationality, and we are attempting to do so, first, by contrasting it with its antagonisms.

There are two great existences, then, in our civil life, which have this in commom, though they have nothing else in common, that they may come in conflict with the nationality which I describe; one of them constant in its operation, constitutional, healthful, auxiliary, even; the other rarer, illegitimate, abnormal, terrible; one of them a force under law; the other a violence and a phenomenon above law and against law.

It is first the capital peculiarity of our system, now a commonplace in our politics, that the affections which we give to country we give to a divided object, the States in which we live and the Union by which we are enfolded. We serve two masters. Our hearts own two loves. We live in two countries at once, and are commanded to be capacious of both. How easy it is to reconcile these duties in theory; how reciprocally, more than compatible, how helpful and independent they are in theory; how in this respect our system's difference makes our system's peace, and from these blended colors, and this action and counteraction, how marvel-

lous a beauty and how grand a harmony we draw out, you all know. Practically you know, too, the adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the constitution attempts it is plain enough. There it is; *litera scripta manet;* and heaven and earth shall pass before one jot or one tittle of that Scripture shall fail of fulfilment.

So we all say, and yet how men have divided on it. How they divided in the great convention itself, and in the very presence of Washington. How the people divided on it. How it has created parties, lost and given power, bestowed great reputations and taken them away, and colored and shaken the universal course of our public life! But have you ever considered that in the nature of things this must be so?

Have you ever considered that it was a federative system we had to adopt, and that in such a system a conflict of head and members is in some form and to some extent a result of course? There the States were when we became a nation. There they have been for one hundred and fifty years — for one hundred and seventy years. Some power, it was agreed on all hands, we must delegate to the new government. Of some thunder, some insignia, some beams, some means of kindling pride, winning gratitude, attracting honor, love, obedience, friends, all men knew they must be bereaved and they were so.

But when this was done there were the States still. In the scheme of every statesman they remained a component part, unannihilated, indestructible. In the scheme of the constitution, of compromise itself, they

remained a component part, indestructible. In the theories of all publicists and all speculators they were retained, and they were valued for it, to hinder and to disarm that centralization which had been found to be the danger and the weakness of federal liberty.

And then when you bear in mind that they are sovereignties, quasi, but sovereignties still; that one of the most dread and transcendent prerogatives of sovereignties, the prerogative to take life and liberty for crime, is theirs without dispute; that in the theories of some schools they may claim to be parties to the great compact, and as such may, and that any of them may, secede from that compact when by their corporate judgment they deem it to be broken fundamentally by the others, and that from such a judgment there is no appeal to a common peaceful umpire; that in the theories of some schools they may call out their young men and their old men under the pains of death to defy the sword point of the federal arm; that they can pour around even the gallows and the tomb of him who died for treason to the Union honor, opinion, tears, and thus sustain the last untimely hour and soothe the disembodied, complaining shade; that every one, by name, by line of boundary, by jurisdiction, is distinct from every other and every one from the nation; that within their inviolate borders lie our farms, our homes, our meeting-houses, our graves; that their laws, their courts, their militia, their police, to so vast an extent protect our persons from violence, and our homes from plunder; that their heaven ripens our harvests; their schools form our children's mental and moral nature; their charities or their taxes feed our poor; their hos-

pitals cure or shelter our insane; that their image, their opinions, their literature, their morality are around us ever, a presence, a monument, an atmosphere — when you consider this you feel how practical and how inevitable is that antagonism to a single national life, and how true it is that we "buy all our blessings at a price."

But there is another antagonism to such a national life, less constant, less legitimate, less compensated, more terrible, to which I must refer, — not for reprobation, nor for warning, not even for grief, but that we may know by contrast nationality itself, — and that is the element of sections.

This, too, is old; older than the States, old as the colonies, old as the churches that planted them, old as Jamestown, old as Plymouth. A thousand forms disguise and express it and in all of them it is hideous. *Candidum seu nigrum hoc tu Romane caveto.* Black or white, as you are Americans, dread it, shun it!

Springing from many causes and fed by many stimulations; springing from that diversity of climate, business, institutions, accomplishment, and morality, which comes of our greatness and compels and should constitute our order and our agreement, but which only makes their difficulty and their merit; from that self-love and self-preference which are their own standard, exclusive, intolerant, and censorious of what is wise and holy; from the fear of ignorance, the jealousy of ignorance, the narrowness of ignorance, from incapacity to abstract, combine, and grasp a complex and various object, and thus rise to the dignity of concession and forbearance and compromise; from the frame of our

civil polity, the necessities of our public life and the nature of our ambition, which forces all men not great men — the minister in his parish, the politician on the stump on election day, the editor of the party newspaper — to take his rise or his patronage from an intense local opinion, and therefore to do his best to create or reinforce it; from our federative government; from our good traits, bad traits, and foolish traits; from that vain and vulgar hankering for European reputation and respect for European opinion, which forgets that one may know Aristophanes, and Geography, and the Cosmical Unity and Telluric influences, and the smaller morals of life, and all the sounding pretensions of philanthropy, and yet not know America; from that philosophy, falsely so called, which boasts emptily of progress, renounces traditions, denies God and worships itself; from an arrogant and flashy literature which mistakes a new phrase for a new thought, and old nonsense for new truth, and is glad to exchange for the fame of drawing-rooms and parlor windows, and the sidelights of a car in motion, the approval of time and the world; from philanthropy which is short-sighted, impatient, and spasmodic, and cannot be made to appreciate that its grandest and surest agent, in His eye whose lifetime is eternity, and whose periods are ages, is a nation and a sober public opinion and a safe and silent advancement, reforming by time; from that spirit which would rule or ruin and would reign in hell rather than serve in heaven; springing from these causes and stimulated thus, there is an element of regions antagonistic to nationality.

Always, I have said, there was one; always there

will be. It lifted its shriek sometimes even above the silver clarion tone that called millions to unite for independence. It resisted the nomination of Washington to command our armies; made his new levies hate one another; assisted the caballings of Gates and Conway; mocked his retreats, and threw its damp passing cloud for a moment over his exceeding glory; opposed the adoption of any constitution; and perverted by construction and denounced as a covenant with hell the actual constitution when it was adopted; brought into our vocabulary and discussions the hateful and ill-omened words North and South, Atlantic and Western, which the grave warnings of the Farewell Address expose and rebuke; transformed the floor of Congress into a battlefield of contending local policy; convened its conventions at Abbeville and Hartford; rent asunder conferences and synods; turned stated assemblies of grave clergymen and grave laymen into shows of gladiators or of the beasts of gladiators; checked the holy effort of missions and set back the shadow on the dial-plate of a certain amelioration and ultimate probable emancipation many degrees. Some might say it culminated later in an enterprise even more daring still; but others might deny it.

The ashes upon that fire are not yet cold, and we will not tread upon them. But all will unite in prayer to Almighty God that we may never see, nor our children, nor their children to the thousandth generation may ever see it culminate in a geographical party, banded to elect a geographical President and inaugurate a geographical policy.

Take any shape but that, and thou art welcome!

But now, by the side of this and all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America! See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that.

Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot dry shod in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts and ships, from North and South, and East and West, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace and thanksgiving!

WHAT IS LIBERTY

By JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

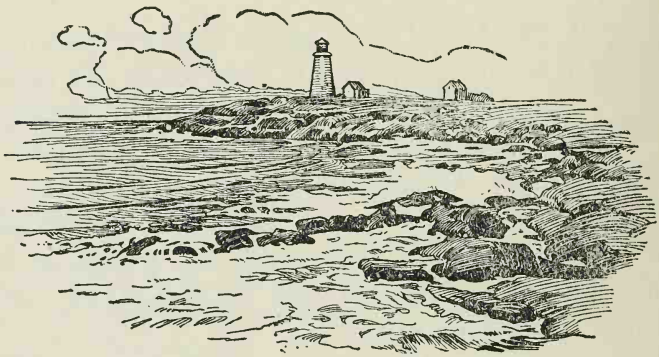
Josiah Quincy, Jr., was born in Boston, Feb. 4, 1772. He represented Massachusetts in Congress from 1805 till 1813, and took strong ground against the Embargo, the War with England and the Admission of Louisiana. He died at Quincy, July 1, 1864.

MR. SPEAKER, what is this liberty of which so much is said? Is it to walk about this earth, to breathe this air, and to partake the common blessings of God's providence? The beasts of the field and the birds of the air unite with us in such privileges as these. But man boasts a purer and more ethereal temperature. His mind grasps in its view the past and future as well as the present. We live not for ourselves alone.

That which we call liberty is that principle on which the essential security of our political condition depends. It results from the limitations of our political system prescribed in the constitution. These limitations, so long as they are faithfully observed, maintain order, peace, and safety. When they are violated in essential particulars all the concurrent spheres of authority rush against each other, and disorder, derangement, and convulsion are, sooner or later, the necessary consequences.

With respect to this love of our Union, concerning which so much sensibility is expressed, I have no fear

about analyzing its nature. There is in it nothing of mystery. It depends upon the qualities of that Union, and it results from its effects upon our and our country's happiness. It is valued for "that sober certainty of waking bliss" which it enables us to realize. It grows out of the affections, and has not, and cannot be made to have, anything universal in its nature. Sir, I confess it, the first public love of my heart is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is my fireside; there are the tombs of my ancestors —



"Low lies that land, yet blest with fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none, so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands, which heaven o'erspreads with light."

The love of this Union grows out of this attachment to my native soil and is rooted in it. I cherish it because it affords the best external hope of her peace, her prosperity, her independence.

THE MARCH OF HUMAN FREEDOM

By THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER, the liberal preacher and reformer, was born at Lexington, Massachusetts, Aug. 24, 1810. He preached first in West Roxbury, then in Boston. He was remarkable for his eloquence.

IT is not for men long to hinder the march of human freedom. I have no fear for that, ultimately, — none at all, — simply for this reason, that I believe in the infinite God. You may make your statutes; an appeal always lies to the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in the ages. Your statutes cannot hold him. You may gather all the dried grass and all the straw in both continents; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea; while it is calm you may laugh and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean!" and howl down the law of him who holds the universe as a rosebud in his hand — its every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say.

But when the winds blow their trumpets the sea rises in his strength, snaps asunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay! Stop the human race in its development and march to freedom? As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrous night, mounting the steeples of this town, call on the stars to stay their course! Gen-

tly, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole; Orion in his mighty mail comes up the sky; the Bull, the Ram, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Scales, and all that shining company pursue their march all night, and the new day discovers the idle urchins in their lofty places, all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed.

It is not possible to suppress the idea of freedom or forever hold down its institutions. But it is possible to destroy a State; a political party with geographical bounds may easily be rent asunder. It is not impossible to shiver this American Union. But how? What clove asunder the great British party, one nation once in America and England? Did not our fathers love their fatherland? Ay! They called it home, and were loyal with abundant fealty; there was no lack of piety for home. It was the attempt to make old English injustice New England law! Who did it, the British people? Never. Their hand did no such sacrilege! It was the merchants of London with the "Navigation Act"; the politicians of Westminster with the "Stamp Act"; the Tories of America — who did not die without issue — who for office and its gold would keep a king's unjust commands. It was they who drove our fathers into disunion against their will. Is here no lesson? We love law, all of us love it; but a true man loves it only as the safeguard of the rights of man. If it destroy these rights he spurns it with his feet. Is here no lesson? Look farther then.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great States eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Ay, but how do the great States come to an

end? By their own injustice and no other cause. They would make unrighteousness their law and God wills not that it be so. Thus they fall; thus they die. Look at these ancient States, the queenliest queens of earth.

There is Rome, the widow of two civilizations,— the pagan and the Catholic. They both had her, and unto both she bore daughters and fair sons. But, the Niobe of Nations, she boasted that her children were holier and more fair than all the pure ideas of justice, truth, and love, the offspring of the eternal God. And now she sits there transformed into stone, amid the ruins of her children's bones. At midnight I have heard the owl hoot in the Coliseum and the Forum, giving voice to desolation; and at midday I have seen the fox in the palace where Augustus gathered the wealth, the wit, the beauty, and the wisdom of a conquered world, and the fox and the owl interpreted to me the voice of many ages which came to tell this age that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper.

Come with me, my friends, a moment more, pass over this Golgotha of human history, treading reverent as you go, for our feet are on our mothers' grave and our shoes defile our fathers' hallowed bones. Let us not talk of them; go further on, look, and pass by. Come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish Dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came, with me, also to the ground."

O queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!"

Thou muselike Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of States, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there with beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed it in the Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth. Lo, therefore have I become as those Barbarian States — as one of them!"

"Embalmed it in the Parian Stone."

O manly and majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown, all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words, justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right! "'Twas not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretence! I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my

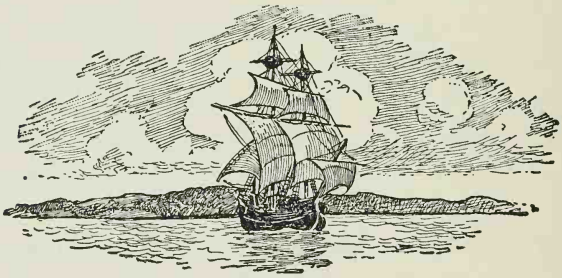
palaces, — where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl, — it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet councillors, — the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! Go back and tell the new-born child, who sitteth on the Alleghanies laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars about his youthful brow — tell him that there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs! Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to know it, keep it, and be safe!"

"God save the Commonwealth," proclaims the governor! God will do his part, — doubt not of that. But you and I must help him save the State. What can we do?

I ask you for your justice. Give that to your native land. Do you not love your country? I know you do. Here are our homes and the graves of our fathers; the bones of our mothers are under the sod. The memory of past deeds is fresh with us; many a farmer's and mechanic's son inherits from his sires some cup of manna gathered in the wilderness and kept in memory of our exodus; some stones from the Jordan, which our fathers passed over sorely bested and hunted after;

some Aaron's rod, green and blossoming with fragrant memories of the day of small things when the Lord led us — and all these attach us to our land, our native land. We love the great ideas of the North, the institutions which they founded, the righteous laws, the schools, the churches too — do we not love all these? Ay. I know well you do. Then by all these, and more than all, by the dear love of God, let us swear that we will keep the justice of the eternal law. Then are we all safe. We know not what a day may bring forth, but we know that eternity will bring everlasting peace. High in the heavens, the pole-star of the world, shines justice; placed within us as our guide thereto is conscience. Let us be faithful to that

> "Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
> Points to the light that changes not in heaven."



THE PERMANENCE OF THE REPUBLIC

(From the Centennial Oration Delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, July 4, 1876.)

By RICHARD SALTER STORRS.

Richard Salter Storrs was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, Aug. 22, 1821; educated at Amherst College, and after studying law with Rufus Choate took up the study of theology at Andover Theological Seminary. He was pastor for more than fifty years of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, New York. He died June 5, 1900. He wrote "The Constitution of the Human Soul" (1856); "Conditions of Success in Preaching Without Notes" (1875); "Early American Spirit and the Genesis of it" (1875); "John Wycliffe and the First English Bible" (1880); "Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and Life" (1881); "Manliness in the Scholar" (1883); "Bernard of Clairvaux" (1892); "Forty Years of Pastoral Life," "Foundation Truths of American Missions" (1897), etc.

OW permanent has been the Republic, which seemed at the outset to foreign spectators a mere sudden insurrection, a mere organized riot! Its organic law, adopted after exciting debate, but arousing no battle, and enforced by no army, has been interpreted and peacefully administered, with one great exception, from the beginning. It has once been assailed with passion and skill, with splendid daring and unbounded self-sacrifice, by those who sought a sectional advantage through its destruction. No monarchy of the world could have withstood that assault. It seemed as if the last fatal Apocalypse had

come, to drench the land with plague and flood, and wrap it in a fiery gloom. The Republic

> "—— pouring, like the tide into a breach,
> With ample and brim fulness of its force,"

subdued the Rebellion, restored the dominion of the old constitution, amended its provisions in the contrary direction from that which had been so fiercely sought, gave it guarantees of endurance while the continent lasts, and made its ensigns more eminent than ever in the regions from which they had been expelled. The very portions of the people which then sought its overthrow are now again its applauding adherents — the great and constant reconciling force, the tranquillizing irenarch, being the freedom which it leaves in their hands.

It has kept its place, this Republic of ours, in spite of the rapid expansion of the nation over territory so wide that the scanty strip of the original state is only as a fringe on its immense mantle. It has kept its place, while vehement debates, involving the profoundest ethical principles, have stirred to its depths the whole public mind. It has kept its place, while the tribes of mankind have been pouring upon it, seeking the shelter and freedom which it gave. It saw an illustrious President murdered by the bullet of an assassin. It saw his place occupied as quietly by another as if nothing unforeseen or alarming had occurred. It saw prodigious armies assembled for its defence. It saw those armies at the end of the war marching in swift and long procession up the streets of the capital, and then dispersing into their former peaceful citi-

zenship, as if they had had no arms in their hands. The general before whose skill and will those armies had been shot upon the forces which opposed them, and whose word had been their military law, remained for three years an appointed officer of the government he had saved. Elected then to be the head of that government, and again re-elected by the ballots of his countrymen, in a few months more he will have retired, to be thenceforth a citizen like the rest, eligible to office, and entitled to vote, but with no thought of any prerogative descending to him or to his children from his great service and military fame. The Republic, whose triumphing armies he led, will remember his name and be grateful for his work; but neither to him nor to any one else will it ever give sovereignty over itself.

From the Lakes to the Gulf its will is the law, its dominion complete. Its centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced, almost as in the astronomy of the heavens. Decentralizing authority, it puts his own part of it into the hand of every citizen. Giving free scope to private enterprise, allowing not only but accepting and encouraging each movement of the public reason which is its only terrestrial rule, there is no threat, in all its sky, of division or downfall. It cannot be successfully assailed from without, with a blow at its life, while all other nations continue sane.

It has been sometimes compared to a pyramid, broad-based and secure, not liable to overthrow, as is obelisk or column, by storm or age. The comparison is just, but it is not sufficient. It should rather be compared to one of the permanent features of nature, and not to

any artificial construction — to the river, which flows like our own Hudson, along the courses that nature opens, forever in motion, but forever the same; to the lake, which lies on common days level and bright in placid stillness, while it gathers its fulness from many lands, and lifts its waves in stormy strength when winds assail it; to the mountain, which is not artistically shaped, and which only rarely, in some supreme sunburst, flushes with color, but whose roots the very earthquake cannot shake, and on whose brow the storm falls hurtless, while under its shelter the cottage nestles, and up its sides the gardens climb.

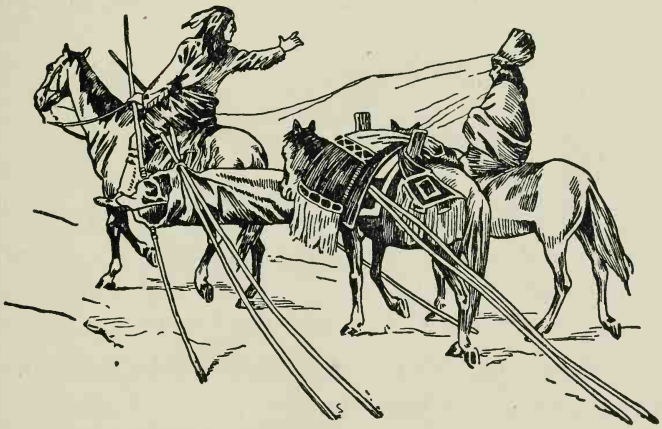
So stands the Republic:

> Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
> As broad and general as the casing air.

What has been the fact? Lay out of sight that late evil war which could not be averted when once it had been threatened, except by the sacrifice of the government itself and a wholly unparalleled public suicide, and how much of war with foreign powers has the century seen? There has been a frequent crackle of musketry along the frontiers, as Indian tribes which refused to be civilized have slowly and fiercely retreated toward the West. There was one war declared against Tripoli, in 1801, when the Republic took by the throat the African pirates to whom Europe paid tribute, and when the gallantry of Preble and Decatur gave early distinction to our Navy. There was a war declared against England, in 1812, when our seamen had been taken from under our flag, from the decks, indeed, of our national ships, and our commerce had been practically

swept from the seas. There was a war affirmed already to exist in Mexico, in 1846, entered into by surprise, never formally declared, against which the moral sentiment of the nation rose widely in revolt, but which in its result added largely to our territory, opened to us Californian treasures, and wrote the names of Buena Vista and Monterey on our short annals.

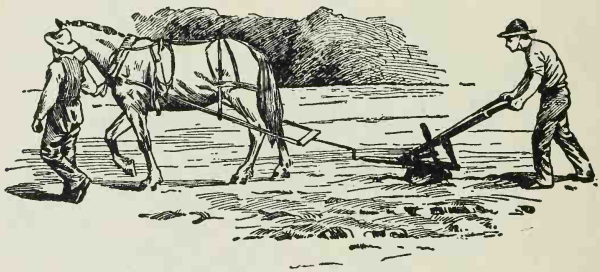
That has been our military history: and if a people, as powerful and as proud, has anywhere been more



"Have Retreated toward the West."

peaceable also in the last one hundred years, the strictest research fails to find it. Smarting with the injury done us by England during the crisis of our national peril, in spite of the remonstrances presented through that distinguished citizen who should have been your orator to-day; while hostile taunts had incensed our people; while burning ships had exasperated commerce, and while what looked artful evasions had made statesmen indignant — with a half million men who hardly

yet laid down their arms, with a navy never before so vast or so fitted for service — when a war with England would have had the force of passion behind it, and would, at any rate, have shown to the world that the nation respects its starry flag and means to have it secure on the seas — we referred all differences to arbitration, appointed commissioners, tried the cause at Geneva with advocates, not with armies, and got a prompt and ample verdict. If Canada now lay next to Yorkville, it would not be safer from armed incursion



"The Husbandman from the Fields."

than it is when divided by only a custom-house from all the strength of this Republic.

The fact is apparent, and the reason not less so. A monarchy, just as it is despotic, finds incitement to war — for preoccupation of the popular mind; to gratify nobles, officers, the army; for historic renown. An intelligent republic hates war, and shuns it. It counts standing armies a curse only second to an annual pestilence. It wants no glory, but from growth. It delights itself in arts of peace, seeks social enjoyment and increase of possessions, and feels instinctively that, like Israel of old, "its strength is to sit still." It cannot bear to miss the husbandman from the

fields, the citizen from the town, the house-father from the home, the worshipper from the church. To change or shape other people's institutions is no part of its business. To force them to accept its forms of government would simply contradict and nullify its charter. Except, then, when it is startled into passion, by the cry of a suffering under oppression which stirs its pulses into tumult, or when it is assailed in its own rights, citizens, property, it will not go to war, nor even then if diplomacy can find a remedy for the wrong. "Millions for defence," said Cotesworth Pinckney to the French Directory, when Talleyrand in their name had threatened him with war, "but not a cent for tribute." He might have added, "and not a dollar for aggressive strife."

It will never be safe to insult such a nation, or to oppress its citizens, for the reddest blood is in its veins, and some Captain Ingraham may always appear to lay his little sloop-of-war alongside the offending frigate, with shotted guns and a peremptory summons. There is a way to make powder inexplosive; but, treat it chemically how you will, the dynamite will not stand many blows of the hammer. The detonating tendency is too permanent in it. But if left to itself, such a people will be peaceful, as ours has been. It will foster peace among the nations. It will tend to dissolve great permanent armaments, as the light conquers ice, and summer sunshine breaks the glacier which a hundred trip-hammers could only scar. The longer it continues the more widely and effectively its influence spreads, the more will its benign example hasten the day, so long foretold, so surely coming, when

"The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

It will not be forgotten, in the land or in the earth, until the stars have fallen from their poise, or until our vivid morning star of republican liberty, not losing its lustre, has seen its special brightness fade in the ampler effulgence of a freedom universal!

But while we rejoice in that which is past, and gladly recognize the vast organic mystery of life which was in the Declaration, the plans of Providence which slowly and silently, but with ceaseless progression, had led the way to it, the immense and enduring results of good which from it have flown, let us not forget the duty which always equals privilege, and that of peoples, as well as of persons, to whomsoever much is given shall only therefore the more be required. Let us consecrate ourselves, each one of us, here, to the further duties which wait to be fulfilled, to the work which shall consummate the great work of the fathers! . . .

In a spirit worthy of the memories of the past let us set ourselves to accomplish the tasks which in the sphere of national politics still await completion. We burn the sunshine of other years when we ignite the wood or coal upon our hearths. We enter a privilege which ages have secured in our daily enjoyment of political freedom.

While the kindling glow irradiates our homes, let it shed its lustre on our spirit and quicken it for its further work. Let us fight against the tendency of educated men to reserve themselves from politics, remembering that no other form of activity is so grand

or effective as that which affects, first the character, and then the revelation of character, in the government, of a great and free people. Let us make religious dissensions here, as a force in politics, as absurd as witchcraft. Let party names be nothing to us, in comparison with that costly and proud inheritance of liberty and of law which parties exist to conserve and enlarge, which any party will have here to maintain if it would not be buried at the next crossroads, with a stake through its breast. Let us seek the unity of all sections of the Republic through the prevalence in all of mutual respect, through the assurance in all of local freedom, through the mastery in all of that supreme spirit which flashed from the lips of Patrick Henry when he said, in the first Continental Congress, "I am not a Virginian, but an American."

Let us take care that labor maintains its ancient place of privilege and honor, and that industry has no fetters imposed of legal restraint or of social discredit to hinder its work or to lessen its wage. Let us turn and overturn in public discussion, in political change, till we secure a civil service, honorable, intelligent, and worthy of the land, in which capable integrity, not partisan zeal, shall be the condition of each public trust; and let us resolve that whatever it may cost, of labor and of patience, of sharper economy and of general sacrifice, it shall come to pass that wherever American labor toils, wherever American enterprise plans, wherever American commerce reaches, thither again shall go as of old the country's coin — the American eagle, with the encircling stars and golden plumes!

In a word, fellow-citizens, let each of us live in the

blessing and the duty of our great citizenship, as those who are conscious of unreckoned indebtedness to a heroic and prescient past, the grand and solemn lineage of whose freedom runs back beyond Bunker Hill or the Mayflower, runs back beyond muniments and memories of men, and has the majesty of far centuries upon it! Let us live as those for whom God hid a continent from the world till he could open all its scope to the freedom and faith of gathered peoples, from many lands, to be a nation to his honor and praise! Let us live as those to whom he commits the magnificent trust of blessing peoples many and far, by the truths which he has made our life, and by the history which he helps us to accomplish.

Let us not be unmindful of this ultimate and inspiring lesson of the hour. By all the memories of the past, by all the impulses of the present, by the noblest instincts of our own souls, by the touch of his sovereign spirit upon us, God made us faithful to the work and to him! that so not only this city may abide in long and bright tranquillity of peace, when our eyes have shut forever on street and spire, and populous square: that so the land, in all its future, may reflect an influence from this anniversary; and that, when another century has passed, the sun which then ascends the heavens may look on a world advanced and illumined beyond our thought, and here may behold the same great nation, born of struggle, baptized into liberty, and in its second terrific trial purchased by blood, then expanded and multiplied till all the land blooms at its touch, and still one in its life, because still pacific, Christian, free!

THE AMBITION OF MAN

(From the Patriotic Oration, Delivered at Cambridge, July 4, 1836.)

By EDWARD EVERETT.

MAN is ambitious; and the question is, where will his ambition be most likely to drive his country into war; in a monarchy, where he has but to "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," or in a republic, where he must get the vote of a strong majority of the nation?

Let history furnish the answer. The book which promised you in its title a picture of the progress of the human family turns out to be a record, not of the human family, but of the Macedonian family, the Julian family, the families of York and Lancaster, of Lorraine and Bourbon. We need not go to the ancient annals to confirm this remark. We need not speak of those who reduced Asia and Africa in the morning of the world to a vassalage from which they have never recovered.

We need not dwell on the more notorious exploits of the Alexanders and the Cæsars, the men who wept for other worlds to visit with the pestilence of their arms. We need not run down the bloody line of the dark ages when the barbarous North disgorged her ambitious savages on Europe, or when at a later period barba-

rous Europe poured back her holy ruffians on Asia; we need but look at the dates of modern history,—the history of civilized, balanced Europe. We here behold the ambition of Charles V. involving the continent of Europe in war for the first half of the sixteenth century, and the fiend-like malignity of Catherine de Medici and her kindred distracting it the other half. We see the haughty and cheerless bigotry of Philip persevering in a conflict of extermination for one whole age in the Netherlands and darkening the English Channel with his armada; while France prolongs her civil dissensions because Henry IV. was the twenty-second cousin of Henry III.

We enter the seventeenth century and again find the hereditary pride and bigotry of the House of Austria wasting Germany and the neighboring powers with the Thirty Years' War; and before the peace of Westphalia is concluded England is plunged into the fiery trial of her militant liberties. Contemporaneously, the civil wars are revived in France, and the kingdom is blighted by the passions of Mazarin.

Louis XIV.

The civil wars are healed and the atrocious career of Louis XIV. begins; a half century of bloodshed and woe, that stands in revolting contrast with the paltry pretences of his wars. At length the peace of Ryswick is made in

1697, and bleeding Europe throws off the harness and lies down like an exhausted giant to repose. In three years the testament of a doting Spanish king gives the signal for the Succession War; till a cup of tea spilt on Mrs. Masham's apron restores peace to the afflicted kingdoms. Meantime the madman of the North had broken loose upon the world and was running his frantic round. Peace at length is restored and with one or two short wars it remains unbroken till, in 1740, the will of Charles VI. occasions another testamentary contest; and in the gallant words of the stern but relenting moralist, —

> "The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms."

Eight years are this time sufficient to exhaust the combatants, and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle is concluded; but in 1755 the old French war is kindled in our own wilderness and through the united operation of the monopolizing spirit of England, the party intrigues of France, and the ambition of Frederick, spread throughout Europe.

The wars of the last generation I need not name, nor dwell on that signal retribution by which the political ambition of the cabinets at length conjured up the military ambition of the astonishing individual who seems in our day to have risen out of the ranks of the people to chastise the privileged orders with that iron scourge with which they had so long afflicted mankind; to gather with his strong plebeian hands the fragrance of those palmy honors which they had reared for three centuries in the bloody gardens of their royalty.

It may well be doubted whether, under a govern-

ment like ours, one of all these contests would have taken place. Those that arose from disputed titles and bequests of thrones could not of course have existed; and making every allowance for the effect of popular delusion it seems to me not possible that a representative government would have embarked in any of the wars of ambition and aggrandizement which fill up the catalogue.

ARBITRATION

(From an Address Before the British Social Science Association, at Manchester, Oct. 5, 1866.)

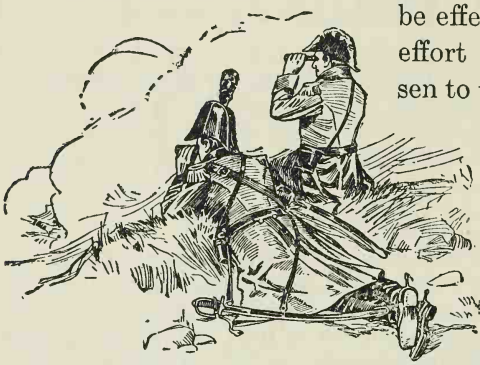
By DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

David Dudley Field was born at Haddam, Connecticut, Feb. 13, 1805. He graduated at Williams College, and practised law in New York City. He was interested in law reform, and drafted five codes covering the entire practice of common and statute law in the United States. In 1873 he published "Outlines of an International Code." In 1877 Field was a representative in Congress, and in 1890 he presided over a peace convention in London. He died April 13, 1894.

UPPOSING, however, war to become inevitable and two nations at last engaging in actual hostilities, how much may be done in favor of humanity and civilization by adding to the rules which the usages of nations have established for mitigating the ferocity and distress of war!

Could not private war and war upon private property be forever abolished? Could not more be done in the same direction as that taken by the late conference at Geneva, which produced such excellent effect during the last contest in Germany in exempting surgeons and nurses from capture? Could not the sack of a captured city or the bombardment of a defenceless town be forever prohibited? Might not such transactions as the storming of Magdeburg and San Sebastian and the bombardment of Valparaiso be made violations of the

laws of war? Could there not be a great improvement upon the rules which provide for the proper treatment and exchange of prisoners? What indeed might not be effected if an earnest effort were made to lessen to the utmost its evils before the passions become aroused by the actual conflict of arms? Discarding at once the theory that it is lawful to do everything which may harass your enemy, with a view of making the war as short as possible — a theory worthy only of savages and carried out to its logical conclusion leading to indiscriminate fire and slaughter, even of women and children — the aim should be, while not diminishing the efficiency of armies against each other, to ward off their blows as much as possible from all others than the actual combatants.



"Bombardment of a Defenceless Town."

How can these changes so desirable in themselves be effected? I answer, by the adoption of an international code. Every consideration which serves to show the practicability and expediency of reducing to a code the laws of a single nation applies with equal force to a code of those international rules which govern the intercourse of nations. And there are many grave considerations in addition. The only substitute for a code of national law — an imperfect substitute, as I think it — is judiciary or judge-made law. This is

tolerable, as we know from having endured it so long, where there is but one body of magistrates having authority to make it.

But when the judges of each nation, having no common source of power and not acting in concert, make the laws they will inevitably fall into different paths and establish different rules. And when they do there is no common legislature to reconcile their discrepancies or rectify their rules. Indeed, if there is ever to be a uniform system of international regulations made known beforehand for the guidance of men it must be by means of an international code.

The Happiness of the Individual Man.

How can such a code be made and adopted? Two methods present themselves as possible: one a conference of diplomatists to negotiate and sign a series of treaties forming the titles and chapters of a code; the other the preparation by a committee of publicists of a code which shall embody the matured judgment of the best thinkers and most accomplished jurists, and then procuring the sanction of the different nations. The latter method appears to me the more feasible.

The difficulties in the way will arise, not in the labor of preparation but in procuring the assent; yet, great

as are these difficulties, and I do not underrate them, I believe they would be found not insurmountable, and that the obstacles and delays which the rivalries of parties and the jealousies of nations might interpose would finally give way before the matured judgment of reflecting and impartial men.

The importance of the work is so great, and the benefits that will result from it in promoting beneficial intercourse, protecting individual rights, settling disputes, and lessening the chances of war, are so manifest, that when once a uniform system of rules desirable in themselves is reduced to form and spread before the eye it will commend itself to favor, and the governments, which after all are but agents of the public will, must at last give it their sanction.

Let us suppose this association to make the beginning. There is no agency more appropriate and no time more fitting. You might appoint at first a committee of the association to prepare the outlines of such a code to be submitted at the next annual meeting. At that time subject this outline to a careful examination, invite afterwards a conference of committees from other bodies — from the French Institute, the professors of universities, the most renowned publicists — to revise and perfect that which had been thus prepared. The work would then be as perfect as the ablest jurists and scholars of our time could make it. Thus prepared and recommended it would of itself command respect and would inevitably win its way. It would carry with it all the authority which the names of those concerned in its formation could give. It would stand above the treatise of any single publicist; nay, above

all the treatises of all the publicists that have ever written.

Is it a vain thing to suppose that such a work would finally win the assent one by one of those nations which now stand in the front rank of the world, and which of course are more than others under the influence of intelligent and educated men? The times are favorable; more favorable indeed than any which have occurred since the beginning of the Christian era. Intercourse has increased beyond all precedent, and the tendency of intercourse is to produce assimilation. When they who were separated come to see each other more and know each other better they compare conditions and opinions; each takes from each, and differences gradually lessen.

Thus it has happened in respect to the arts and in respect to laws, manners, and language. In a rude state of society when men are divided into many tribes each tribe has a language of its own; but as time melts them into one a common language takes the place of the many. Your own island furnishes a familiar example of the influence of intercourse in blending together different elements and forming a united whole.

This tendency to assimilation was never before so strong as it is now, and it will be found a great help toward forming a uniform international code. The tendency toward a unity of races is another element of immense importance. Germany will hereafter act as a unit. Italy will do likewise. In America no man will hereafter dream of one public law for Northern and another for Southern States. Even the asperity which al-

ways follows a rupture between a colony and the mother country will give way before the influence of race, language, and manners, so far as to allow a large conformity of disposition and purpose, however impossible may be a reunion of governments. The relations between America and England are or were till lately softening under this influence; and if Spain is ever governed by wiser counsels she will make friends of her ancient colonies instead of continuing to treat them as enemies, and will confer on them benefits rather than wage war against them.

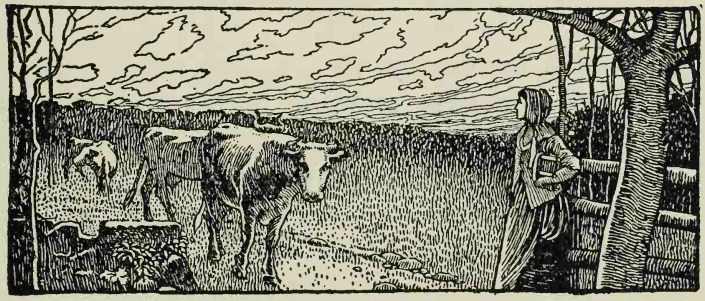
Would it not be a signal honor for this association, rich in illustrious names and distinguished for its beneficent acts, to take the initiative in so noble an undertaking? Would it not be a crowning glory for your country to take it up and carry it on? Wearing the honors of a thousand years, and standing at the head of the civilization of Europe, England would add still more to her renown, and establish a new title to the respect of future ages, if she would perform this crowning act of beneficence.

The young Republic of the West, standing at the head of the civilization of America, vigorous in her youth and far-reaching in her desires, would walk side by side with you and exert herself in equal measures for so grand a consummation. She has been studying during all her existence how to keep great States at peace and make them work for a common object, while she leaves to them all necessary independence for their own peculiar government.

She does this, it is true, by means of a federated system which she finds best for herself, and which she

has cemented by thousands of millions in treasures and hundreds of thousands in precious lives. How far this system may be carried is yet unknown. It may not be possible to extend it to distinct nationalities or to heterogeneous races.

But there is another bond less strict yet capable of binding all nations and all races. This is a uniform system of rules for the guidance of nations and their citizens in their intercourse with each other, framed by the concurring wisdom of each and adopted by the free consent of all. Such an international code, the public law of Christendom, will prove a gentle but all-constraining bond of nations, self-imposed, and binding them together to abstain from war except in the last extremity, and in peace to help each other, making the weak strong and the strong just, encouraging the intellectual culture, the moral growth, and the industrious pursuits of each, and promoting in all that which is the true end of government, the freedom and happiness of the individual man.



THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE

By ALFRED B. STREET.

AN emblem of freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky.
When his shadows steal black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, — deep, heart-shaking terror, — he brings;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
There rustles his pinion, there echoes his shriek;
His eye flames with vengeance, he sweeps on his way,
And his talons are bathed in the blood of his prey.

O, that Eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle rushed fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of peace crowned the victory won.

PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTIC DEEDS

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS

(From The Persians, by Aischylos.)

Translated By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D.

When Xerxes came to the throne of Persia, remembering how his father Dareios had sought to subdue the land of the Hellenes, and seeking to avenge the defeat of Datis and Artaphernes on the field of Marathon, he gathered together a mighty host of all nations under his dominion, and led them against Hellas. And at first he prospered and prevailed, crossed the Hellespont, and defeated the Spartans at Thermopylai, and took the city of Athens, from which the greater part of its citizens had fled. But at last he and his armament met with utter overthrow at Salamis.

In the following scene Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, with her handmaids and the elders of the Persians, receives at Susa, where the palace of the great king was, a messenger who relates the story of the Battle and the fate of the army.

Chorus of Persian Elders.

BUT lo! in glory like the face of gods,
The mother of my king, my queen, appears:
Let us do reverent homage at her feet;
Yea, it is meet that all
Should speak to her with words of greeting kind.

Enter Atossa *in a chariot of state.*

Chorus. O sovereign queen of Persian wives deep-zoned,

Mother of Xerxes, reverend in thine age,
Wife of Dareios! hail!
'Twas thine to join in wedlock with a spouse
Whom Persians owned as God,
And of a God thou art the mother too,
Unless its ancient Fortune fails our host.

Atossa. Yes, thus I come, our gold-decked palace leaving,
The bridal bower Dareios with me slept in.
Care gnaws my heart, but now I tell you plainly
A tale, my friends, which may not leave me fearless,
Lest boastful wealth should stumble at the threshold,
And with his foot o'erturn the prosperous fortune
That great Dareios raised with Heaven's high blessing.
And twofold care untold my bosom haunteth:
We may not honor wealth that has no warriors,
Nor on the poor shines light to strength proportioned;
Wealth without stint we have, yet for our eye we tremble;
For as the eye of home I deem a master's presence.
Wherefore, ye Persians, aid me now in counsel;
Trusty and old, in you lies hope of wisdom.

Chorus. Queen of our land! be sure thou need'st not utter
Or thing or word twice o'er, which power may point to;
Thou bid'st us counsel give who fain would serve thee.

Atossa. Ever with many visions of the night
Am I encompassed, since my son went forth,
Leading a mighty host, with aim to sack
The land of the Ionians. But ne'er yet
Have I beheld a dream so manifest
As in the night just past. And this I'll tell thee:

There stood by me two women in fair robes;
And this in Persian garments was arrayed,
And that in Dorian came before mine eyes;
In stature both of tallest, comeliest size;
And both of faultless beauty, sisters twain
Of the same stock. And they twain had their homes,
One in the Hellenic, one in alien land.
And these two, as I dreamt I saw, were set
At variance with each other. And my son
Learnt it, and checked and mollified their wrath,
And yoked them to his chariots, and his collar
He placed upon their necks. And one was proud
Of that equipment, and in harness gave
Her mouth obedient; but the other kicked,
And tore the chariot's trappings with her hands,
And rushed away uncurbed, and broke its yoke
Asunder. And my son fell low, and then
His father came, Dareios, pitying him.
And lo! when Xerxes saw him, he his clothes
Rent round his limbs. These things I say I saw
In visions of the night; and when I rose,
And dipped my hands in fountain flowing clear,
I at the altar stood with hand that bore
Sweet incense, wishing holy chrism to pour
To the averting Gods whom thus men worship.
And I beheld an eagle in full flight
To Phœbos' altar-hearth; and then, my friends,
I stood, struck dumb with fear; and next I saw
A kite pursuing, in her wingèd course,
And with his claws tearing the eagle's head,
Which did nought else but crouch and yield itself.
Such terrors it has been my lot to see,

And yours to hear: For be ye sure, my son,
If he succeed, will wonder-worthy prove;
But if he fail, still irresponsible
He to the people, and in either case,
He, should he but return, is sovereign still.

Chorus. We neither wish, O Lady, thee to frighten
O'ermuch with what we say, nor yet encourage:
But thou, the Gods adoring with entreaties,
If thou hast seen aught ill, bid them avert it,
And that all good things may receive fulfilment
For thee, thy children, and thy friends and country.
And next 'tis meet libations due to offer
To Earth and to the Dead. And ask thy husband,
Dareios, whom thou say'st by night thou sawest,
With kindly mood from 'neath the Earth to send thee
Good things to light for thee and for thine offspring,
While adverse things shall fade away in darkness.
Such things do I, a self-taught seer, advise thee
In kindly mood, and any way we reckon
That good will come to thee from out these omens.

Atossa. Well, with kind heart, hast thou, as first expounder,
Out of my dreams brought out a welcome meaning
For me, and for my sons; and thy good wishes,
May they receive fulfilment! And this also,
As thou dost bid, we to the Gods will offer
And to our friends below, when we go homeward.
But first, my friends, I wish to hear of Athens,
Where in the world do men report it standeth?

Chorus. Far to the West, where sets our king the Sun-God.

Atossa. Was it this city my son wished to capture?

Chorus. Aye, then would Hellas to our king be subject.

Atossa. And have they any multitude of soldiers?

Chorus. A mighty host, that wrought the Medes much mischief.

Atossa. And what besides? Have they too wealth sufficing?

Chorus. A fount of silver have they, their land's treasure.

Atossa. Have they a host in archers' skill excelling?

Chorus. Not so, they wield the spear and shield and bucklers.

Atossa. What shepherd rules and lords it o'er their people?

Chorus. Of no man are they called the slaves or subjects.

Atossa. How then can they sustain a foe invading?

Chorus. So that they spoiled Dareios' goodly army.

Atossa. Dread news is thine for sires of those who're marching.

Chorus. Nay, but I think thou soon wilt know the whole truth;

This running, one may know is that of Persian:
For good or evil some clear news he bringeth.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. O cities of the whole wide land of Asia!
O soil of Persia, haven of great wealth!
How at one stroke is brought to nothingness
Our great prosperity, and all the flower
Of Persia's strength is fallen! Woe is me!
'Tis ill to be the first to bring ill news;

Yet needs must I the whole woe tell, ye Persians:
All our barbaric mighty host is lost.
Chorus. O piteous, piteous woe!
O strange and dread event!
Weep, O ye Persians, hearing this great grief!
Messenger. Yea, all things there are ruined utterly;
And I myself beyond all hope behold
The light of day at home.
Chorus. O'er-long doth life appear
To me, bowed down with years,
On hearing this unlooked-for misery.
Messenger. And I, indeed, being present and not hearing
The tales of others, can report, ye Persians,
What ills were brought to pass.
Chorus. Alas, alas! in vain
The many-weaponed and commingled host
Went from the land of Asia to invade
The soil divine of Hellas.
Messenger. Full of the dead, slain foully, are the coasts
Of Salamis, and all the neighboring shore.
Chorus. Alas, alas! sea-tossed
The bodies of our friends, and much disstained:
Thou say'st that they are drifted to and fro
In far out-floating garments.
Messenger. E'en so; our bows availed not, but the host
Has perished, conquered by the clash of ships.
Chorus. Wail, raise a bitter cry
And full of woe, for those who died in fight.
How every way the Gods have wrought out ill,
Ah me! ah me, our army all destroyed.

Messenger. O name of Salamis that most I loathe!
Ah, how I groan, remembering Athens too!
Chorus. Yea, to her enemies
Athens may well be hateful, and our minds
Remember how full many a Persian wife
She, for no cause, made widows and bereaved.
Atossa. Long time I have been silent in my woe,
Crushed down with grief; for this calamity
Exceeds all power to tell the woe, or ask.
Yet still we mortals needs must bear the griefs
The Gods send on us. Clearly tell thy tale,
Unfolding the whole mischief, even though
Thou groan'st at evils, who there is not dead,
And which of our chief captains we must mourn,
And who, being set in office o'er the host,
Left by their death that office desolate.
Messenger. Xerxes still lives and sees the light of day.
Atossa. To my house, then, great light thy words have brought,
Bright dawn of morning after murky night.
Messenger. Artembares, the lord of myriad horse,
On the hard flinty coasts of the Sileni
Is now being dashed; and valiant Dadakes,
Captain of thousands, smitten with the spear,
Leapt wildly from his ship. And Tenagon,
Best of the true old Bactrians, haunts the soil
Of Aias' isle; Lilaios, Arsames,
And with them too Argestes, there defeated,
Hard by the island where the doves abound,
Beat here and there upon the rocky shore.
And from the springs of Neilos, Ægypt's stream,

Arkteus, Adeues, Pheresseues too,
These with Pharnuchos in one ship were lost;
Matallos, Chrysa-born, the captain bold
Of myriads, leader he of swarthy horse
Some thrice ten thousand strong, has fallen low,
His red beard, hanging all its shaggy length,
Deep dyed with blood, and purpled all his skin.
Arabian Magos, Bactrian Artames,
They perished, settlers in a land full rough.
Amistris and Amphistreus, guiding well
The spear of many a conflict, and the noble
Ariomardos, leaving bitter grief
For Sardis; and the Mysian Seisames.
With twelve score ships and ten came Tharybis;
Lyrnæan he in birth, one fair in form,
He lies, poor wretch, a death inglorious dying:
And, first in valor proved, Syennesis,
Kilikian satrap, who, for one man, gave
Most trouble to his foes, and nobly died.
Of leaders such as these I mention make,
And out of many evils tell but few.

Atossa. Woe, woe! I hear the very worst of ills,
Shame to the Persians, cause of bitter wail;
But tell me, going o'er the ground again,
How great the number of the Hellenes' navy,
That they presumed with Persia's armament
To wage their warfare in the clash of ships.

Messenger. As far as numbers went, be sure the ships
Of Persia had the better, for the Hellenes
Had, as their total, ships but fifteen score,
And other ten selected as reserve.

And Xerxes (well I know it) had a thousand
Which he commanded — those that most excelled
In speed were twice five score and seven in number;
So stands the account. Deem'st thou our forces less
In that encounter? Nay, some Power above
Destroyed our host, and pressed the balance down
With most unequal fortune, and the Gods
Preserve the city of the Goddess Pallas.

Atossa. Is the Athenians' city then unsacked?

Messenger. Their men are left, and that is bulwark strong.

Atossa. Next tell me how the fight of ships began.
Who led the attack? Were those Hellenes the first,
Or was't my son, exulting in his strength?

Messenger. The author of the mischief, O my mistress,
Was some foul fiend or Power on evil bent;
For lo! a Hellene from the Athenian host
Came to thy son, to Xerxes, and spake thus,
That should the shadow of the dark night come,
The Hellenes would not wait him, but would leap
Into their rowers' benches, here and there,
And save their lives in secret, hasty flight.
And he forthwith, this hearing, knowing not
The Hellene's guile, nor yet the God's great wrath,
Gives this command to all his admirals,
Soon as the sun should cease to burn the earth
With his bright rays, and darkness thick invade
The firmament of heaven, to set their ships
In three-fold lines, to hinder all escape,
And guard the billowy straits, and others place
In circuit round about the isle of Aias:

For if the Hellenes 'scaped an evil doom,
And found a way of secret, hasty flight,
It was ordained that all should lose their heads.
Such things he spake from soul o'erwrought with pride,
For he knew not what fate the Gods would send;
And they, not mutinous, but prompt to serve,
Then made their supper ready, and each sailor
Fastened his oar around true-fitting thole
And when the sunlight vanished, and the night
Had come, then each man, master of an oar,
Went to his ship, and all men bearing arms,
And through the long ships rank cheered loud to rank;
And so they sail, as 'twas appointed each,
And all night long the captains of the fleet
Kept their men working, rowing to and fro;
Night then came on, and the Hellenic host
In no wise sought to take to secret flight.
And when day, bright to look on with white steeds,
O'erspread the earth, then rose from the Hellenes
Loud chant of cry of battle, and forthwith
Echo gave answer from each island rock;
And terror then on all the Persians fell,
Of fond hopes disappointed. Not in flight
The Hellenes then their solemn pæans sang:
But with brave spirit hasting on to battle.
With martial sound the trumpet fired those ranks;
And straight with sweep of oars that flew through foam,
They smote the loud waves at the boatswain's call;
And swiftly all were manifest to sight.
Then first their right wing moved in order meet;
Next the whole line its forward course began,
And all at once we heard a mighty shout, —

"O sons of Hellenes, forward, free your country;
Free too your wives, your children, and the shrines
Built to your fathers' Gods, and holy tombs
Your ancestors now rest in. Now the fight
Is for our all." And on our side indeed
Arose in answer din of Persian speech,
And time to wait was over; ship on ship
Dashed its bronze-pointed beak, and first a barque
Of Hellas did the encounter fierce begin,
And from Phœnikian vessel crashes off
Her carved prow. And each against his neighbor
Steers his own ship: and first the mighty flood
Of Persian host held out. But when the ships
Were crowded in the straits, nor could they give
Help to each other, they with mutual shocks,
With beaks of bronze went crushing each the other,
Shivering their rowers' benches. And the ships
Of Hellas, with manœuvring not unskilful,
Charged circling round them. And the hulls of ships
Floated capsized, nor could the sea be seen,
Strown, as it was, with wrecks and carcases;
And all the shores and rocks were full of corpses.
And every ship was wildly rowed in flight,
All that composed the Persian armament.
And they, as men spear tunnies, or a haul
Of other fishes, with the shafts of oars,
Or spars of wrecks went smiting, cleaving down;
And bitter groans and wailings overspread
The wide sea-waves, till eye of swarthy night
Bade it all cease: and for the mass of ills,
Not, though my tale should run for ten full days,
Could I in full recount them. Be assured

That never yet so great a multitude
Died in a single day as died in this.

Atossa. Ah, me! Great then the sea of ills that breaks
On Persia and the whole barbaric host.

Messenger. Be sure our evil fate is but half o'er:
On this has supervened such bulk of woe,
As more than twice to outweigh what I've told.

Atossa. And yet what fortune could be worse than this?
Say, what is this disaster which thou tell'st,
That turns the scale to greater evils still?

Messenger. Those Persians that were in the bloom of life,
Bravest in heart and noblest in their blood,
And by the king himself deemed worthiest trust,
Basely and by most shameful death have died.

Atossa. Ah! woe is me, my friends, for our ill fate!
What was the death by which thou say'st they perished?

Messenger. There is an isle that lies off Salamis,
Small, with bad anchorage for ships, where Pan,
Pan the dance-loving, haunts the sea-washed coast.
There Xerxes sends these men, that when their foes,
Being wrecked, should to the islands safely swim,
They might with ease destroy th' Hellenic host,
And save their friends from out the deep sea's paths;
But ill the future guessing: for when God
Gave the Hellenes the glory of the battle,
In that same hour, with arms well wrought in bronze
Shielding their bodies, from their ships they leapt,
And the whole isle encircled, so that we

Return of the Victorious Greeks from the Battle of Salamis

Were sore distressed, and knew not where to turn;
For here men's hands hurled many a stone at them;
And there the arrows from the archer's bow
Smote and destroyed them; and with one great rush,
At last advancing, they upon them dash
And smite, and hew the limbs of these poor wretches,
Till they each foe had utterly destroyed.
And Xerxes when he saw how deep the ill,
Groaned out aloud, for he had ta'en his seat,
With clear, wide view of all the army round,
On a high cliff hard by the open sea;
And tearing then his robes with bitter cry,
And giving orders to his troops on shore,
He sends them off in foul retreat. This grief
'Tis thine to mourn besides the former ills.

Atossa. O hateful Power, how thou of all their hopes
Hast robbed the Persians! Bitter doom my son
Devised for glorious Athens, nor did they,
The invading host who fell at Marathon,
Suffice; but my son, counting it his task
To exact requital for it, brought on him
So great a crowd of sorrows. But I pray,
As to those ships that have this fate escaped,
Where did'st thou leave them? Can'st thou clearly tell?

Messenger. The captains of the vessels that were left,
With a fair wind, but not in meet array,
Took flight: and all the remnant of the army
Fell in Bœotia — some for stress of thirst
About the fountain clear, and some of us,
Panting for breath, cross to the Phokians' land,

The soil of Doris, and the Melian gulf,
Where fair Spercheios waters all the plains
With kindly flood, and then the Achæan fields
And city of the Thessali received us,
Famished for lack of food; and many died
Of thirst and hunger, for both ills we bore;
And then to the Magnetian land we came,
And that of Macedonians, to the stream
Of Axios, and Bolbe's reed-grown marsh,
And Mount Pangaios and the Edonian land.
And on that night God sent a mighty frost,
Unwonted at that season, sealing up
The whole course of the Strymon's pure, clear flood;
And they who erst had deemed the Gods as nought,
Then prayed with hot entreaties, worshipping
Both earth and heaven. And after that the host
Ceased from its instant calling on the Gods,
It crosses o'er the glassy, frozen stream;
And whosoe'er set forth before the rays
Of the bright God were shed abroad, was saved;
For soon the glorious sun with burning blaze
Reached the mid-stream and warmed it with its flame,
And they, confused, each on the other fell.
Blest then was he whose soul most speedily
Breathed out its life. And those who yet survived
And gained deliverance, crossing with great toil
And many a pang through Thrakè, now are come,
Escaped from perils, no great number they,
To this our sacred land, and so it groans,
This city of the Persians, missing much
Our country's dear-loved youth. Too true my tale,
And many things I from my speech omit,

Ills which the Persians suffer at God's hand.

Chorus. O Power resistless, with what weight of woe
On all the Persian race have thy feet leapt!

Atossa. Ah! woe is me for that our army lost!
O vision of the night that cam'st in dreams,
Too clearly did'st thou show me of these ills!
But ye (*to Chorus*) did judge them far too carelessly;
Yet since your counsel pointed to that course,
I to the Gods will first my prayer address.
And then with gifts to Earth and to the Dead,
Bringing the chrism from my store, I'll come.
For our past ills, I know, 'tis all too late,
But for the future, I may hope, will dawn
A better fortune! But 'tis now your part
In these our present ills, in counsel faithful
To commune with the Faithful; and my son,
Should he come here before me, comfort him,
And home escort him, lest he add fresh ill
To all these evils that we suffer now. [*Exit.*

LEONIDAS

By GEORGE CROLY.

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed — a storm of sword and spear;
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear —
Greece is a hopeless slave.

Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! — the surge,
The tree, the rock, the sand
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell
Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear? —
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
Greece shall be a new-born star!

DANTE AND THE UNION OF ITALY

(From Torch-Bearers of History.)

By AMELIA H. STIRLING.

YOU have heard a great deal hitherto about fights and fighting-men; now I am going to tell you about a poet — the greatest poet since the time of Virgil, or perhaps, as some say, since Homer — Dante, the greatest poet of Italy and the first of modern times.

Dante, or, to give his name in full, Dante Alighieri, was born in 1265 in Florence, a city which, like many other cities of Italy at that time, or like the cities of ancient Greece, was a republic governed by its own citizens. In the ninth century, when the Northmen were wandering about attacking and plundering whatever and wherever they could, and when the Arabs too had spread into Europe, the Italian cities were surrounded with strong walls, to protect the peaceful citizens from the attacks of those rude tribes; and since then they had gradually risen in importance and prosperity.

Three centuries later, not very many years before Richard Cœur de Lion led his army of Crusaders to the Holy Land, and when his father, Henry II., was ruling in England, the cities of Lombardy had to fight hard for their freedom against the tyranny of the emperor of

Germany. After the death of Charlemagne, his empire was broken up, and France was ruled over by one king and Germany by another. But the king of Germany still called himself emperor, and he was acknowledged as chief by a large part of Italy. Now Frederick Barbarossa, or Red Beard, who was emperor of Germany from 1152 till 1190, was not content with being acknowledged as chief by the free cities of Lombardy. He made up his mind to take their freedom from them. Then the cities united together against the emperor, and formed what was called the League of Lombardy; and bravely they fought in defence of their freedom. In the end they conquered the emperor in a great battle, and then there was a treaty, called the Peace of Constance, by which they secured their freedom.

Dante.

But though they had so nobly come out of the struggle against the tyranny of the emperor, the Italian cities did not thenceforth remain at peace. On the contrary, they were almost always at war with one another, and all of them sided with one or the other of the two great parties which for a great many years divided Europe — the party of the Ghibellines and the party of the Guelphs. The quarrel between these two parties was whether the emperor of Germany or the pope of Rome was to have chief power. During the last centuries the power of the pope, or bishop of Rome,

had been gradually becoming greater, and at last, in the eleventh century, a very able pope, Gregory VII., had declared that the emperor should not have the right of choosing the popes and appointing them, as he used to do, but that they should be quite independent of him. In the wars that followed later, the party that supported the pope were called the Guelphs, while the emperor's party were called Ghibellines.

At the time that Dante was born, all the Italian cities took a side in this great quarrel, and Dante's native city, Florence, sided with the Guelphs, or the party favorable to the pope. Dante's own family were Guelphs, and seem to have been in a good position in the city. His great-grandfather had died fighting in the Holy Land at the time of the Second Crusade.

As a boy, Dante seems to have been well educated, and afterwards we hear of him studying at universities both in Italy and in France; but this is not certain. There is no doubt, however, that he was a distinguished scholar, and we are told, too, that he was skilled in music, and even in drawing. But scholar though he was, he could fight for his city when it was necessary, and we twice hear of him taking part in battle against the Ghibellines.

What was of greatest importance, however, in Dante's youth was his love for Beatrice — a love which had the greatest power over him throughout his life. He was only nine years of age, a shy, sensitive boy, with large, dreamy, dark eyes, and a head filled with strange fancies which he told no one, and *could* tell no one, when his parents took him to a party at a neighbor's house, where he saw Beatrice for the first

time. She was the daughter of the neighbor (Folco Portinari) who was giving the party, and was a little girl of about Dante's own age, dressed in a simple childish frock of a crimson color. No doubt to the other people present Beatrice was only a beautiful little girl and nothing more, but to the dreamy poetic boy she seemed like an angel — a vision of beauty and goodness. From that night Beatrice became to the boy Dante what Rome was to Regulus, what knighthood was to the noble young men of the Middle Ages — his *ideal*, what he must always try to live up to and be worthy of, even though he never hoped to win her.

In his first work, the *Vita Nuova* ("New Life"), he tells all about his love for Beatrice; and we see how the mere thought of her, which was almost always in his mind, helped to make him nobler and better. When he was still quite a young man, Beatrice died; and the grief of the young poet was very deep. But though she was dead, Beatrice still continued to be his ideal; he still constantly thought of her, and dreamed of her, and wrote of her, and looked forward to the time when it should please God "to suffer my soul to see the glory of my lady, of that blessed Beatrice." In his great poem he describes how he meets the soul of Beatrice in Paradise, and how she is his guide over the heavenly regions.

But between the death of Beatrice and the writing of his great poem, many important events happened in the life of Dante. Florence was at that time much disturbed by a quarrel between two less important parties than the Guelphs and Ghibellines — the *Bianchi* and *Neri*, or Whites and Blacks — and Dante threw himself

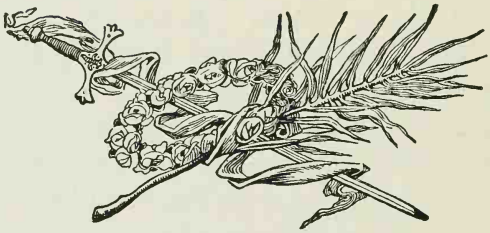
into public affairs, and did what he could to bring peace to the city, which he loved almost as Socrates loved Athens, or as Regulus loved Rome. He went on several embassies in behalf of the city, and for a while he was one of its chief rulers, and did his best to put an end to disputes and strife. But in the year 1301, when he had gone on an embassy to Rome, a party who were unfavorable to him got into power, and they sentenced him to be exiled forever from his native city. If he was found within its walls — so ran the sentence — he was to be burnt to death.

So for the next twenty years of his life, till 1321 when he died, the great poet wandered about from place to place, taking refuge wherever he could, and trying by every means in his power to get back to his beloved Florence. But in vain: his great poem was written in exile, and in exile he died in 1321, at Ravenna.

During the twenty years of his homeless wanderings, although he often received much kindness both from friends and from strangers, who took him into their houses and gave him food and lodging, he felt to the full the misery of exile. He tells us himself how bitter to the banished man is the bread of others, and how hard it is to go up and down by other people's stairs. I think it was what he suffered himself as an exile, and what he saw other people suffering, that made him see what a great misfortune these divisions between parties were, that made him think what a glorious thing it would be for Italy if, instead of being divided between pope and emperor, Ghibelline and Guelph, it were to become one united nation governed by one king. But

many centuries were to pass after Dante's time before this union could be realized. Still I think he helped to bring it about, or at least laid the foundation for it, though not by fighting and conquering as Charlemagne did in order to found *his* united empire, but by writing a book — his *Divina Commedia* ("Divine Comedy"). You will be surprised at my saying that Dante helped to unite Italy by writing a book; but I think I can explain what I mean. Before the time of Dante, every great book that was written in any country in Europe was written in Latin or Greek. During the Middle Ages, Latin was considered the proper language to write in; the languages spoken by the peoples of the different countries were thought by the few learned men who lived at the time to be much too rude and barbarous to be put into books. A few books had been translated into the language of the people by Alfred the Great of England and by other scholars; and there were some songs and ballads composed in the language of France, of Italy, and even of the Anglo-Saxons, before the time of Dante. But no great work had been written in any of the languages of modern Europe till Dante wrote his *Divina Commedia* in Italian. Now don't you think it would help to bring the people of the different cities of Italy more together, to make them feel more like one people, that here was a book written in the language which they all spoke and could all understand? The people of Genoa and Pisa and Milan would not call Dante a Florentine, you may be sure; they would be eager to claim him as a countryman, and would call him *Italian*, as they would gradually come to call themselves, so losing sight in time of the smaller divisions, and learn-

ing to think of all Italian-speaking people as one nation. Have not the works of Shakespeare helped to make all English-speaking people one; and do not the songs of Burns make all Scotsmen friends and brothers? That is what I meant when I said that Dante had laid the foundation of the union of Italy.



ROBERT BRUCE AND THE INDEPENDENCE OF SCOTLAND

(From Torch-Bearers of History.)

By AMELIA H. STIRLING.

WHILE Dante was wandering about, an exile from his native city, two countries of Europe — both of them lands "of the mountain and the flood" — were making a glorious struggle for their freedom against the tyranny and oppression of a much stronger power. These countries were Switzerland and Scotland.

The struggle against tyranny had already been begun in modern Europe, as we have seen, by the free cities of Italy; and it was carried on later in England where the subjects of the tyrant King John (the brother of Richard Cœur de Lion) forced him to acknowledge their rights by signing Magna Charta. But I think it was in the mountain passes of Switzerland, and among the wilds and wastes of Scotland, that the noblest, bravest fight was fought for freedom.

Of the struggle in Switzerland I cannot tell you here, much though I should have liked to tell you the story of Tell, the great hero of the Swiss, and of the three brave men, with their thirty followers, who met by night in a dark, deep valley, and swore an oath to free their country from the tyrant; and of the glorious

battle that was fought — and won! — by a band of Swiss peasants against the trained army of the emperor of Germany — the battle of Mogarten, the "Marathon of Switzerland," as it has been called. But I think it will be better to tell you more particularly how the people of Scotland fought for and won their independence.

For centuries the Scottish people had been governed by their own kings. During the twelfth century their king, William the Lion, had been taken prisoner by the king of England, Henry II., and had only been set free after swearing allegiance to Henry; but he was afterwards freed from this oath of allegiance by Richard Cœur de Lion in return for a large sum of money. A century later, however, Scotland again came into the hands of the English king. This king was Edward I., the grand-nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion, and perhaps the greatest of all the Norman kings who had yet ruled in England. He had all the strength and courage of his great-uncle Richard, and like him he fought as a Crusader in the Holy Land; but he was a much wiser and abler statesman and general than Richard.

A Crusader.

Now while Edward I. was reigning in England, the king of Scotland died, leaving no children. Two noblemen claimed the Scottish throne — John Baliol and Robert Bruce; and as the Scottish people could not decide themselves who had the better right to be king, they asked Edward to settle the dispute. Ed-

ward was willing enough to do so; but he demanded that he should be acknowledged as Lord Paramount over Scotland. This was granted; and then Edward marched into Scotland with a large army and took possession of all the strongest castles. When the claims to the Scottish throne of the two nobles were brought before him, he decided in favor of John Baliol, who was therefore crowned king, but was given to understand that he was only the vassal or subject of England.

The Scottish nobles, however, could not bear the humiliating position of being subject to England, and they entered into a treaty with the king of France against Edward. Edward got together a large army, and having entered Scotland, carried everything before him. John Baliol appeared before him, and humbly asked for pardon, which was granted only on condition of the crown of Scotland being resigned into Edward's hands. Edward then sent the crown, with the sceptre, and the stone chair on which the ancient kings of Scotland had been crowned, to Westminster Abbey; and he forced the chief Scottish nobles to swear allegiance to him. Thus Scotland became part of Edward's kingdom.

But the Scots would not submit to English rule: no sooner was Edward out of the country than they rose in rebellion and attacked the English garrisons which he had left in the castles. At first they could not venture on any open attack on the English; but at length they found an able leader in Sir William Wallace, a Scottish hero no less celebrated than Robert Bruce. Under the leadership of this brave man they gradually increased in strength and daring, and at last they were

able to meet and overcome the English forces at Stirling. I cannot tell you here all the brave deeds of Wallace — all that he did and all that he tried to do for Scotland — as it is the portrait of Bruce that I am to give you now. In the end, after all his glorious struggles for the freedom of his country, he fell into the hands of the English by the treachery of a Scotsman, and was put to death as a traitor in 1305.

It was after the death of Wallace that Bruce came to the front in Scotland. He was the son of the Earl of Carrick, and grandson of Baliol's rival for the Scottish throne. As a young man, he did not show the great strength of character and decision of purpose that afterwards appeared in him. We hear of him at one time siding with Wallace, and at another swearing allegiance to Edward. But after the death of Wallace, when the hearts of all true Scotsmen were full of indignation against his destroyer, Edward of England, Bruce seems to have thought that the time had come to take possession of the throne which by right belonged to him, and to free his country from its English conquerors.

At that time Baliol was in prison, and the only other claimant of the Scottish crown besides Bruce himself was the Earl of Badenoch, generally called the Red Comyn. Bruce offered to give this man the estates which he had inherited from his father, in return for which Comyn was to help Bruce to gain possession of the throne. Comyn consented to this proposal; but Bruce afterwards discovered that he had told the English king what had been arranged, and had even advised him to put Bruce to death. Indignant at his treachery,

Bruce hastened to Dumfries, where Comyn was staying; and a meeting took place between the two in the chapel belonging to the convent of the Minorite Friars. Bruce, with fierce anger and indignation, accused Comyn of treachery. Comyn retorted angrily, "You lie!" Overwrought with excitement at the discovery he had made, and with fatigue from his long rapid journey (for he was in London when he first heard of Comyn's treachery), Bruce could not restrain himself when he heard these words. A sudden fury seized him, and before he knew what he was doing he had drawn his dagger, and the Red Comyn was lying bathed in a pool of blood at his feet. I think he was horror-struck at what he had done almost as soon as he had done it: when he appeared at the porch of the church where a few friends were waiting for him, he was pale and scared and haggard looking. "I doubt I have slain the Comyn!" he said, in a shamed, awe-stricken tone, when his friends, alarmed at his appearance, asked what was the matter. "You doubt it?" replied Kirkpatrick, who seems to have been a regular pattern of the rude, savage Scottish noble of the time—"you doubt it? I mak siccar" (I'll make sure); and he entered the church and killed the Comyn, who was lying wounded on the steps of the altar.

This story of the murder of the Comyn has left a terrible blot on the character of Bruce. I have told it to you because I must try to give you as true a portrait as possible, and it would not be true if I were to tell you only what is good, and nothing that is bad. After this you can imagine what a very dangerous position Bruce was in, and how nearly every one was

against him. All the friends and relatives of the Comyn (and he belonged to a large and powerful family) were his deadly enemies; all clergymen and church people were deeply indignant against him for having profaned the church by committing a murder in it; and Edward I. was, of course, furious at being openly defied. There was nothing left for Bruce to do but to try to gather a few brave followers round him, and fight his way to freedom and the throne of Scotland. That was what he did. In March, 1306, surrounded by a small band of Scottish nobles, he was crowned at Scone, near Perth, by the Countess of Fife, she taking the place of her husband, who, according to custom, ought to have performed the ceremony, but who was then on the side of Edward; while a little golden circlet, taken from the image of some saint, took the place of the Scottish crown, then in Westminster.

When Edward heard what had taken place in Scotland, he took a solemn oath to march into the country and punish the Scots for what he called their treachery; and he got together a large army, and accompanied by his son, afterwards Edward II., he immediately began his march. Meantime, Bruce and his few followers were suffering the greatest hardships. Outcasts and exiles, with neither home nor country, they wandered about the wilds of Perthshire, accompanied by their wives and sisters, who, like their husbands and brothers, had no place of safety where they could take shelter. Often they had nothing to eat but the roots and wild berries which they could gather; at other times they would perhaps catch some fish or game. It is curious to think that while the Italian Dante was learning in exile how

bitter was the bread of the stranger, in Scotland Bruce was forgetting the taste of bread altogether.

During this time, Bruce often amazed his companions by his wonderful strength and courage; and there are stories told of his feats of daring which I have not space to tell you here. Nor was it only by his courage in fight that he surprised and delighted his followers; he showed equal courage and strength in endurance. Often when they were worn out and dejected with want and fatigue and suffering, he would cheer and inspirit them by telling them stirring tales which he had read of brave knights who had gone through great hardships and trials, but had conquered in the end.

The first winter after his coronation Bruce and his followers spent in Ireland, after having sent their wives and sisters, under the escort of Bruce's youngest brother Nigel, to Kildrummie. That castle was stormed by the English, who hanged the brave young Nigel and threw the women into prison. In the following spring, Bruce and his companions landed on the coast of Carrick, his family estate, attacked the village of Turnberry at night, killed the English soldiers who were quartered there, and carried off several horses and a quantity of silver plate, which afterwards helped to buy him soldiers. This was the first stroke of luck that Bruce had as yet had; but his troubles were by no means over. Two of his brothers, who had been gathering an army for him in Ireland, were taken by the English and brought before Edward, who instantly had them put to death. Bruce and his few followers were again obliged to wander about in concealment, this time in Carrick, pursued by the enemy; and many were the hairbreadth escapes

of the exile king and his friends from the hands of the enemy, and many were the wonderful adventures they experienced — adventures as romantic as those of any knight-errant of fiction. One night when Bruce and a few wearied followers had got separated from the rest of his men, they suddenly heard through the darkness the deep bark of a bloodhound. They listened, and they heard it again and again, each time sounding nearer

Bruce in Hiding.

than the time before. Then they knew that the enemy were on their track, and would soon overtake them. Bruce at once sent two men to bring up the rest of his followers; the others who were with him he posted behind a small stream, while he himself took his place alone at the ford, which only one man could cross at a time. Silently he waited in the darkness, a solitary, motionless, massive figure, prepared to meet whatever was in store for him. Louder and louder became the

yells of the bloodhound, nearer and nearer came the enemy — two hundred men strong. Soon the first man plunged with a splash into the stream. But he never reached the other side: Bruce's spear pierced his body, and it fell lifeless into the water. So it befell the second, the third, and even the fourth. Then Bruce's followers came up, and by their sudden onset and their shouts frightened the enemy and put them to flight.

That is only one of the many wonderful feats of strength and courage performed by Bruce. I should like to tell you of others; but I must go on to relate the more important events of his life. After more than a year of the life of a mere outcast, who was hunted like a wild beast, he had managed to gather round him more followers; and when the English believed that he was dead, or his little band dispersed, he made two sudden attacks on their outposts. In 1307, he was able to meet the Earl of Pembroke in open battle at Loudon Hill, when the English were totally defeated.

Shortly after this battle, the best event took place that could have happened for the cause of Bruce: the brave, able Edward I. died on his march almost within sight of Scotland, after making his son and his chief barons swear that they would carry his bones before them into Scotland, and keep them unburied until that country should be conquered.

I cannot tell you here of all the successes gained by Bruce, while Edward II., forgetful of his oath to his father, was enjoying himself in London. In 1310, the English king did indeed lead three invading armies into Scotland; but they effected nothing, as the Scots

simply laid waste the country before them, and then retreated northwards, leaving the English to advance if they liked into a country where there was nothing for them to eat. At last all the strong castles in Scotland which had been taken by Edward I. were in the hands of Bruce, except the castle of Stirling, which the English governor had promised to give up to the Scots at midsummer of the year 1314, if an English army did not come to his help before that time.

Before the day fixed on for the surrender of the castle, Edward II. had assembled an enormous army, and was advancing towards Stirling. But Bruce was prepared for him: when on the 23rd of June the English arrived within sight of Stirling, they found the small Scottish army drawn up in readiness for battle on the field of Bannockburn. I could fill pages if I were to attempt to describe to you the fight that took place there the following day, or to tell you one-half of the stories in connection with it that are cherished in the proud hearts of the Scots: how carefully and prudently Bruce had made his preparations for the battle (for with all his courage, and no man ever had more, he had the caution of his countrymen); how the Scots spent the night before the fight in prayer and watching, while the English feasted and revelled; how nobly Edward Bruce, the brother of the king, and the young Randolph his nephew, with the good Sir James Douglas and others of the Scottish nobles, bore themselves in the fight; how the English cavalry were powerless against the close-formed squares of the Scottish foot; and how the flower of the English archers went down before the impetuous charge

of Bruce's small body of horse. After the battle, when the English king and the remains of his army were fleeing from the country, thirty thousand English were found dead on the field, and the prisoners were so many that their ransoms made Scotland rich in one day. We are told that the loss of this battle was such a blow to English pride that afterwards a hundred English would not be ashamed to flee from four Scottish soldiers!

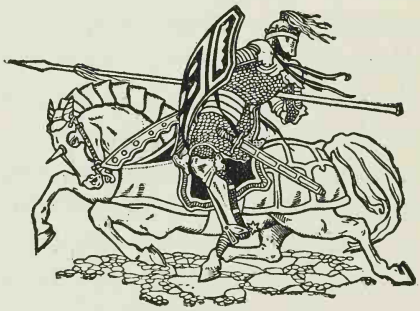
The next thirteen or fourteen years of Bruce's life are still the story of fights and conquests on the part of the Scots; for England had not yet acknowledged their independence. At length, in 1328, when Edward II. had died, and his son Edward III. was still a boy of some fourteen or fifteen years, a peace was concluded between the two countries, and the freedom of Scotland was acknowledged by the English. After that, Bruce, who was now worn out and feeble in body from the hardships he had undergone, retired to his palace of Cardross, where he led a quiet, peaceful life, employing his leisure time in improving his grounds and gardens, followed by his pet, a tame lion. Here he died in 1329.

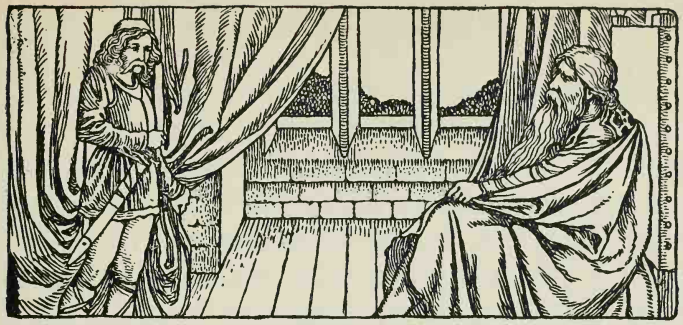
Before he died, he gave a last charge to his faithful follower Sir James Douglas, which the other with sobs promised to fulfil. It had been a dream of Bruce's that when his country should be at peace, he would go to Palestine to fight against the infidel. Now he had to give up this dream; but he begged his trusty friend and follower, that when he was no more, Douglas would take his heart to the Holy Land and bury it there. When Sir James gave his promise, Bruce

thanked him. "For now," he said, "I shall die more in ease of my mind, sith I know that the most worthy and sufficient knight of my realm shall achieve for me that which I could never attain unto."

So in the following spring Douglas set out to fulfil his promise to the king, carrying with him the heart of Bruce enclosed in a casket of silver. But he never reached Palestine: when he was in Holland on his way there, he heard that the Christian king of Castile in Spain was at war with the Moorish sultan of Granada. He made his way to the south of Spain, where the war was going on. While pursuing the Moors in battle, he and his followers got separated from the Christian army, and found themselves surrounded by the Moorish army. Taking the silver casket from his neck, to which he wore it fastened, he flung it into the midst of the enemy, exclaiming, "Forward, brave heart, as thou wert wont! Douglas will fight thee or die!"

The next day he was found lying dead on the field beside the heart of his master, which he had reached through the midst of the foe. Thus perished one of Scotland's bravest heroes.





FREEDOM'S CONSPIRATORS

(From William Tell, by Friedrich von Schiller.)

Translated by THE REV. EDWARD MARRIE.

Act II. Scene I.

The mansion of the Baron of Attinghausen. *A gothic hall, decorated with armor, shields and helmets. The* Baron, *a white-haired man eighty-five years of age, tall and of noble carriage, leaning on a staff with a chamois-horn handle, and dressed in a fur jacket.* Kuoni *and six other servants stand around him, with rakes and scythes.* Ulrich von Rudentz *enters in the dress of a knight.*

Rudentz. Here am I, uncle — what's your will and pleasure?

Attinghausen. First let me keep the custom of my house,
And with my servants share the morning cup.
(*He drinks out of a goblet and then sends it round.*)
Once I went with them into field and wood,

To guide with watchful eye their industry,
Ev'n as my banner led them in the fight;
But now I can but play the steward's part.
Come not the sun to me with cheering warmth,
I cannot seek it on the mountain heights.
In circles, ever narrowing, I am drawn
Slowly within the last and innermost,
Where life stands still and motionless. I'm but
My shadow, soon naught of me but my name.

Kuoni (*to* RUDENTZ *offering him the cup*).
To you, young man.

(*As* RUDENTZ *hesitates to take it.*)

Come drink! Out of one cup
We pledge each other, out of one heart too.

Attinghausen. Go, children, when the evening's rest is come,
We will debate on commonwealth affairs.

(*The servants go off.*)

. . . . . .

Rudentz. What part is this, mine uncle, that ye play?
Have ye no higher pride than this, to rule
As president and banneret in the midst
Of low-born clowns and shepherds such as these?
What? Is it not by far a nobler choice
To pay due homage to a royal lord,
And join one's self unto the glittering camp,
Than thus to be the peer of your own serfs,
And sit upon the bench beside the boor?

Attinghausen. O Uly, Uly, there I recognize
Seduction's treacherous voice! Ay, ay, 'tis that
Hath ta'en thy ready ear, poisoned thy heart.

Rudentz. I own it frankly. In my inmost soul
I feel deep anguish thus to be the sport
And bye-word of the strangers; to be called
In scurrilous jest, boor-nobles. Oh, it galls,
While other youths of spirit far and near
Are reaping laurels under Hapsburg's flag,
To yawn and sleep on mine inheritance,
And waste on daily labor in the fields
The spring of life. Great deeds are done abroad,
A world of glory lies beyond those hills,
While on our walls hang rusting helm and shield;
The trumpet's warlike blast, the herald's voice
Inviting to the lists of chivalry,
To these dull valleys never find their way;
Naught but the cow-call, and the cattle-bells'
Monotonous tinkling, falls upon the ear.

Attinghausen. O blind young man, by vanity's glare misled!
Despise thy native land! Ay, be ashamed
Of thy forefathers' good and virtuous ways!
With scalding tears some future day wilt thou
Long with homesickness for thy native hills;
And this same cowman's touching melody,
Which thou disdainest in thy scornful pride,
Will with regretful anguish seize thy soul,
When it shall strike thine ear in some strange land.
Oh, mighty is the instinctive love of country!
The false and stranger world is not for thee;
There in the haughty grandeur of the court
Thou wilt feel ever strange with thy true heart!
Far other virtues doth the world require
Than such as in these valleys thou hast learnt.

— Go hence, and sell thy freedom, sell thy soul,
Take land in fief, become a prince's serf,
Thou who mayst here a freeborn sovereign be,
An independent prince on thine own lands!
O Uly, Uly, stay here with thine own!
Go not to Altorf! Do not, do not leave
The sacred cause of thine own native land!
— I am the last of all my race. My name
Dies out with me. There hang my helm and shield,
— They will be buried with me in the grave.
And must this thought disturb my latest breath,
That thou but waitest till my eyestrings break,
To go before this upstart court of leet,
And my own fair possessions, which I free
From God received, from Austria to receive!

Rudentz. 'Tis vain for us to strive against the king;
The world is his; and shall we then alone,
With obstinate resolve and stiff-necked pride,
Presume to crack asunder the strong links
With which his mighty power hath chained all lands?
His are the markets, his all rights and dues,
The highroads his; the very pack-horse, which
Toils up the Gothard pass, must pay him toll.
With his surrounding lands as with a net
We are hemmed in and closed on every side.
— Will then the empire guard us? Can she guard
Herself against great Austria's growing power?
Unless God help, no emperor can help us.
What trust can in the emperor's word be placed,
Him who, when pressed in war for gold, whole towns,
Crouching for safety 'neath the eagle's wings,
Could pledge and make away for his own ends?

— No, uncle! 'tis the wisest policy,
In perilous times of party strife like these,
To join ourselves to some all-powerful head.
The emperor's crown is passed from branch to branch,
And no regard is paid to loyal service;
But when one serves hereditary power,
That's scattering seed for future crops.

Attinghausen. So wise?
And more clear-sighted than thy noble sires,
Who for that precious jewel Liberty
With goods and blood and deeds heroic strove?

. . . . . .

Rudentz. What can we do,
Shepherds against great Albert's steel-clad hosts?

Attinghausen. Thou dost not know this shepherd people, boy!
I know them well, have led them in the fight,
Have seen them at Fäenza in the field.
They come forsooth to force a yoke upon us,
Which we have long determined not to wear!
— Oh, learn to feel from what stock thou art raised!
Throw not away for show and tinsel glitter
The genuine pearl of worth and dignity!
To be the head of a free grateful people,
Who for pure Love will serve thee heartily,
Who will stand by thee faithful unto death,
Be that thy pride, thy glory and thy boast!
Knit by the ties of kindred born with thee,
Cling to thine own, thy precious fatherland,
And hold it fast with all thy heart and soul.
Here deeply rooted lies thy real strength;
There in the stranger would thou stand'st alone,

A feeble reed, which the first storm will snap,
Come, come, 'tis long since we have seen thee here,
Try but one day with us — go not this day
To Altorf — dost thou hear me? not to-day!
This one day only grant unto thy friends!

. . . . . .

Rudentz. Enough! I've heard enough; so fare ye well. (*He goes off.*)

Attinghausen. Stay, rash, misguided boy! Alas, he's gone!
I cannot keep him, cannot save the lad.
So Wolfenschiessen from us fell away,
And left his country; so will others follow.
A strong delusion overvaults our hills,
And fascinates our youth with fatal spell.
O cursed hour which brought the stranger here,
To these once happy and untroubled vales,
Our pure and simple manners to corrupt!
The tide of novelty flows strong, the old,
The good old ways are vanishing, an age
Of change comes on, new thoughts, new hopes and schemes!
What do I here? Those whom I loved are gone,
With whom I lived and acted, all are gone!
Beneath the ground my generation lies;
Happy who needs not with the new to live!
(*Goes out.*)

Scene II.

A meadow surrounded with high rocks and forests. Upon the rocks are steep paths with rails and ladders, by which country-people are seen descending. In the

background appears the lake, over which at first is seen a lunar rainbow. Lofty mountains shut in the view, behind which and higher still rise snow-capped peaks. There is complete darkness over the scene, only the lake and the snowy glaciers glisten in the moonlight. MELCTHAL, BAUMGARTEN, WINKELRIED, MEIER OF SARNEN, BURKHARDT AM BÜHEL, ARNOLD VON SEWA, KLAUS VON DER FLÜE, AUF DER MAUER *and others, all armed.*

. . . . . .

Winkelried. Hark, hark! They come. Hark to the horn of Uri!

(*Right and left are seen men in arms descending the rocks with torches.*)

Auf der Mauer. See! Comes not hither down our worthy pastor,
The servant of the Lord? He doth not fear
The hardship of the way, nor dead of night,
A faithful shepherd caring for the flock.

Baumgarten. The sacristan is there and Walter Fürst;
But in the crowd I look in vain for Tell.

(WALTER FÜRST, RÖSSELMANN *the pastor*, PETERMANN *the sacristan*, KUONI *the herdsman*, WERNI *the huntsman*, RUODI *the fisherman*, CONRAD HUNN, REDING, STAUFFACHER, IM HOFE, *and others. All in a body come forward and arrange themselves around the fire.*)

Walter Fürst. Thus must we on our own inheritance,
The soil of our forefathers, stealthily
In fear together slink, like murderers,
And in the night, which should her inky mantle

But o'er ill deeds and light-abhorring treason
Throw for concealment, our just rights maintain,
Which are in truth unquestionable, clear,
And patent as the cloudless face of day.

Melcthal. No matter! That which murky night hath spun
Shall joyous spread its bravery to the sun.

Rösselmann. Confederates, hear what God puts in my mind!
We stand here for a general assembly,
And justly represent the people's will;
So let us in our meeting ancient forms
Observe, as we are wont in quiet times;
Whate'er there is unusual in our gathering,
The present need may well excuse it. God
Is everywhere with those who walk upright,
And here beneath his own free heaven we stand.

Stauffacher. Well said, we will observe the ancient laws;
And though 'tis night, our just cause makes it day.

Melcthal. And though our numbers are not full, the best
Are present, and the people's heart is here.

Conrad Hunn. And if the ancient books are not at hand,
The country's laws are written in our hearts.

Rösselmann. 'Tis well, so let the ring be formed at once,
Some one set up the swords, emblem of power!

. . . . . .

Reding (*comes into the middle*). I cannot lay my hand upon the books,

And so I swear by yon eternal stars,
That I will never turn aside from right.

(*The two swords are held up before him; the ring is formed round him,* SCHWYTZ *takes the centre,* URI *the right hand and* UNTERWALDEN *the left. He leans upon his broadsword.*)

Say what it is hath brought the mountain folks
Here to the lake's inhospitable shore
Assembled at the hour when spirits walk?
What is to be the scope of this new league
Which here beneath the stars of heaven we 'stablish?

Stauffacher (*steps into the ring*).

'Tis no new league we seek to 'stablish; 'tis
An ancient bond from our forefathers' time,
Which we renew! Be 't known, Confederates,
Albeit the mountains and the lake divide us,
And though each people hath self-government,
Yet are we of one stock and of one blood,
And 'twas one home from which we sallied forth.

Winkelried. 'Tis true then, as it in our ballads runs,
That we came hither wanderers from afar.
Oh, let us share the story, all ye know,
That our new league be strengthened with the old.

Stauffacher. This is the legend of our older shepherds.

—There was a mighty people, far away
Towards the sunless north, with grievous famine
So straitened, that 'twas publicly resolved,
One citizen in every ten by lot
Should quit his native land. 'Twas done, and forth
From home a numerous host toward the south,

Weeping and wailing, men and women, went,
Slashing their way with steel through Germany,
Ev'n to the highlands of these mountain wilds.
Nor did they halt from weariness, but marched
Until they reached the valley waste and wild,
Where now through smiling vales the Muotta sweeps.
No trace of human beings then was seen
Save on the rock-bound shore a single hut,
Where sat a lonely man who watched the ferry.
The lake was rough and boisterous, unfit
For passing over; so they viewed the land
More near, and found fair promise, plenteous store
Of wood and springs of water clear and sweet
Discovered; and their own dear native land
Seemed mirrored in the scene. Here they resolved
To dwell, and built yon town, time-honored Schwytz;
And many a day they spent of weary toil,
The forest trees fast anchored in the ground
Uprooting. As their numbers grew, the soil
No more sufficing, to the dusky range,
Hence Brunig named, they crossed; then on to Weissland,
Where, hid behind eternal walls of ice,
Another people speaks another tongue.
The hamlet now called Stantz they built in Kernwald,
And Altorf in the valley of the Reuss.
Yet still they bore their origin in mind;
From every stranger race which since that time
Has settled in the middle of their land
The men of Schwytz stand out as separate,
One heart, one blood may plainly be discerned.
(*Extends his hands right and left.*)

Auf der Mauer. Yes, we are of one heart, and of one blood!

All (*holding out their hands to one another*). We are one people, and will act as one.

Stauffacher. The other peoples wear a foreign yoke,
And prostrate lie beneath the conqueror's feet.
Even within the borders of our land
Live strangers to the stranger tributary,
Who to their children leave their servitude.
But we, true scions of the ancient tree,
Have our own freedom steadfastly maintained.
We never bowed the knee to any prince,
Freely we chose the emperor's sheltering shield.

Rösselmann. Free men we chose the emperor's shield and shelter;
In the Emperor Frederic's charter so it stands.

Stauffacher. No one so free but owns some lord and master.
There needs must be a head, a judge supreme,
In all disputes to see that right is done.
And therefore did our fathers for the land,
Which from the ancient wilderness they won,
This honor give to the emperor, who is
The lord of German and Italian soil,
And, like all other free men of his kingdom,
An armed and honorable service vow.
For this the free man's single duty is,
To shield the empire which themselves doth shield.

Melcthal. All which o'ersteps that line is slavery.

Stauffacher. The emperor's banner, at his call to arms,
They followed loyally, his battles fought,

And even to Italy in arms went forth
To set the crown of Rome upon his head.
But still by ancient custom and self-rule,
They managed their affairs free of control;
The power of life and death alone was his.
And for that end a noble earl was named,
But had no settlement within the land.
When blood demanded blood he was called in.
  And in the light of heaven, pure and clear,
Gave righteous judgment without fear of men.
Who sees herein a trace of servitude?
If any can gainsay me, let him speak!
  Im Hofe. No, no, 'tis as you say, none can deny it.
Despotic power by us was ne'er endured.
  Stauffacher. Nay, we withstood the emperor to his face,
When he warped justice favoring the priests.
For when the convent of Einsiedeln laid
An unjust claim to certain alps, which we
Had always pastured from our fathers' time,
The abbot brought an ancient parchment forth,
Which waste and unclaimed lands on him conferred —
Our right of occupation was concealed —
Then spake we out: "These letters are a fraud!
No emperor can give what's ours away;
And if the Crown refuse to do us justice,
We in our hills can with the Crown dispense."
So spake our fathers! And shall we endure
The infamy of this new-fangled yoke?
And tamely from a stranger vassal bear
What th' emperor in his power durst not demand?
We have this soil for our own selves created

By toil of our own hands; the ancient forest,
Once the wild habitation of the bear,
We have converted to a home for men,
The dragon's hateful brood we have destroyed,
Which came up from the quagmire poison-swollen;
The fog's gray mantle we have rent asunder,
Which hung for ages round this wilderness;
Burst the hard rock; across the yawning rift
Flung a safe pathway for the traveller;
By occupation of a thousand years
The land is ours — and shall a vassal lord
Dare come, and fetters forge for us, inflict
Disgrace and outrage here on our own soil?
Is there no help against such insolence?

(*A great sensation in the assembly.*)

Yes, tyranny has a bound it cannot pass.
When the down-trodden justice claim in vain,
And the yoke grows unbearable, they lift
Their spirit up with confidence to heaven,
And draw down everlasting laws of right
Which dwell above unchanged, unchangeable,
That can't be broken, fixed as the stars themselves.
Then nature, as of old, resumes her sway,
And man to man stands, front to front, opposed.
As the last means, when others all have failed,
And naught else can be found, the sword is given;
Our best most precious goods we may defend
'Gainst lawless might. We stand up for our land,
We stand up for our wives, and for our children!

All (*brandishing their swords*). We stand up for our wives, and for our children!

. . . . . .

Reding. Time brings good counsel. So in patience wait,
And something too to fair occasion trust.
— See, while our midnight meeting we prolong,
On yonder highest peaks the morning sets
His glowing watch. Come, let us separate,
Lest tell-tale daylight find us lingering here.

Walter Fürst. Fear not, the night yields slowly in the vales.

(*All involuntarily raise their caps, and watch in silent groups the reddening dawn.*)

Rösselmann. By that blest light, which greets us first of all,
Long ere it visits yonder towns beneath us,
Where men can scarcely breathe the smoky air,
Let us our new-made compact seal by oath.
We will one people be, a band of brothers,
In need and peril undivided, one.

(*All repeat his words, holding up three fingers.*)

We will be free, free as our fathers were,
And rather die than live in slavery.

(*As before.*)

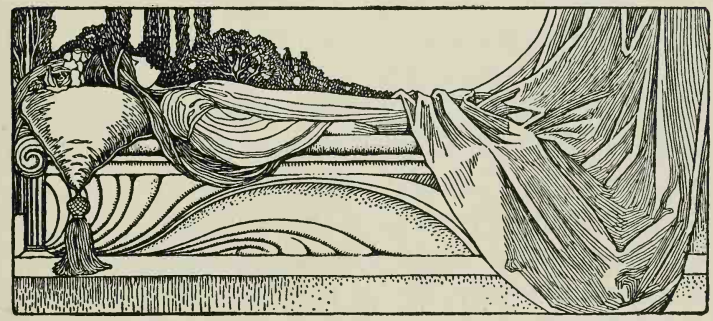
We will put trust in God o'er all supreme,
And will not fear what man can do to us.

(*As before, the people embracing one another.*)

Stauffacher. Now go in peace each on your several ways,
By ties of friendship and acquaintance bound,
The shepherd tend his flock in quietness,
And gather friends in silence to our league.
Meanwhile what must be borne, bear it in patience;
And let the tyrants' heavy debt run on

And grow until the day of reckoning come,
When they shall pay in full and once for all.
Let each restrain his wrath and righteous zeal,
Endure his own griefs to redress his brother's:
He robs for selfish ends the common weal,
Who on his own things looks, and not on others.

(*As they go out three different ways in solemn silence, the full orchestra strikes up a majestic strain. The stage remains empty some time before the curtain falls, when the sun is seen rising above the snow-mountains.*)



SPEECH FROM THE SCAFFOLD

(Delivered at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, June 26, 1685.)

By RICHARD RUMBOLD.

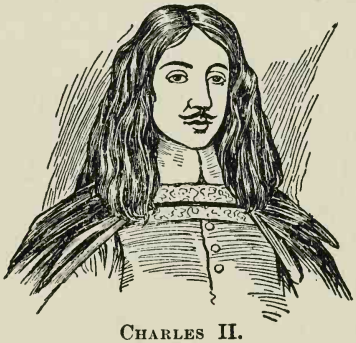
Richard Rumbold, an English soldier, a maltster by trade, and connected with the famous Rye-House Plot, the Whig conspiracy to kill Charles II., and also with the Argyle rising in Scotland, which brought Argyle, and Rumbold with him, to the scaffold. The latter was born about the year 1622, and entering the Parliamentary army at the age of eighteen was one of Cromwell's own regiment who guarded the scaffold at Whitehall at the execution of Charles I.

GENTLEMEN AND BRETHREN,—It is for all men that come unto the world once to die, and after death to judgment; and since death is a debt that all of us must pay, it is but a matter of small moment what way it be done; and seeing the Lord is pleased in this manner to take me to himself, I confess, something hard to flesh and blood, yet, blessed be his name, who hath made me not only willing but thankful for his honoring me to lay down the life he gave, for his name; in which, were every hair in this head and beard of mine a life, I should joyfully sacrifice them for it, as I do this. And, Providence having brought me hither, I think it most necessary to clear myself of some aspersions laid on my name; and first, that I should have had so horrid an intention of destroying the king and his brother.

[Here he repeated what he had said before to the justices on this subject.]

It was also laid to my charge that I was anti-monarchical.

It was ever my thought that kingly government was the best of all, justly executed: I mean, such as by our ancient laws; that is, a king, and a legal, free-chosen Parliament, the king having, as I conceive, power enough to make him great; the people also as much property as to make them happy; they being, as it were, contracted to one another. And who will deny me that this was not the just constituted government of our nation? How absurd is it, then, for men of sense to maintain that though the one party of this contract breaketh all conditions, the other should be obliged to perform their part? No; this error is contrary to the law of God, the law of nations, and the law of reason. But as pride hath been the bait the devil hath catched most by ever since the creation, so it continues to this day with us. Pride caused our first parents to fall from the blessed estate wherein they were created; they aiming to be higher and wiser than God allowed, which brought an everlasting curse on them and their posterity. It was pride caused God to drown the old world. And it was Nimrod's pride in building Babel that caused that heavy curse of division of tongues to be spread among us, as it is at this day one of the greatest afflictions the Church of God groaneth under, that there should be so many divisions dur-



Charles II.

ing their pilgrimage here; but this is their comfort, that the day draweth near where, as there is but one shepherd, there shall be but one sheepfold. It was therefore in the defence of this party, in their just rights and liberties, against popery and slavery —

[At these words they beat the drums: at which he said they need not trouble themselves, for he should say no more of his mind on that subject, since they were so disingenuous as to interrupt a dying man; only to assure the people that he adhered to the true Protestant religion, detesting the erroneous opinions of many that called themselves so, and continued:]

— and I die this day in the defence of the ancient laws and liberties of these nations. And though God, for reasons best known to himself, hath not seen fit to honor us as to make us the instruments for the deliverance of his people; yet, as I have lived, so I die in the faith, that he will speedily arise for the deliverance of his Church and people. And I desire all of you to prepare for this with speed. I may say, This is a deluded generation, veiled with ignorance, that though popery and slavery be riding in upon them, do not perceive it; though I am sure there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle on his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him; not but that I am well satisfied that God hath wisely ordered different stations for men in the world, as I have already said: kings having as much power as to make them great, and the people as much property as to make them happy. And to conclude, I shall only add my wishes for the salvation of all men, who were created for that end.

THE MOTIVES OF CONSPIRACY

(Speech when under Sentence of Death, Delivered at the Session House, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, Sept. 19, 1803.)

By ROBERT EMMET.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became distinguished for his eloquence. In July, 1803, a small body of insurrectionists murdered the chief justice, Lord Kilcolman. Emmet, their leader, was arrested, tried for treason, and condemned to death. He was executed Sept. 20, 1803.

HAVE always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty: that a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame of the scaffold's terrors would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit: I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear at the great day at one

Robert Emmet.

common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives — my country's oppressors or —

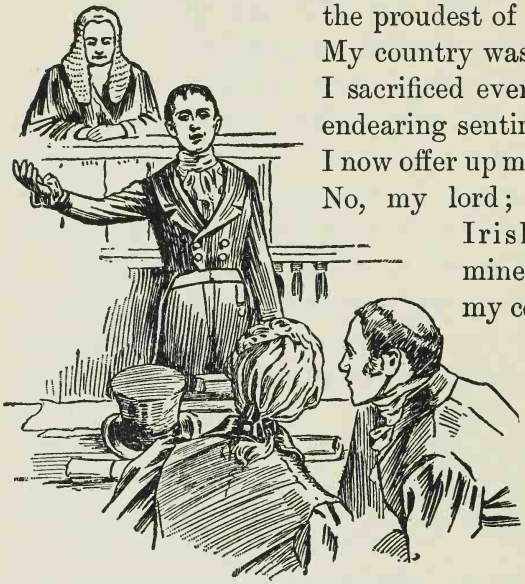
[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me, or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with — and so might the whole ceremony of trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was impanelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power nor in profit,

but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me, had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. Oh God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism.



"My Country was My Idol."

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt you to that proud station in the world.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it as we had assurances we should obtain it, — as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land; I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America; to procure

an aid which by its example would be as important as its valor, disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honor over-much. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend — who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand —

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny of which you are only the intermediary executioner has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has

and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? — shall you tell me this — and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here?

[Here the judge interrupted.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor.

In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Doctor Emmet, who was a man, if alive,

that would not countenance such opinions. To which Emmet replied:] —

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, Oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice: the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven.

Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, — it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

BRUTUS AND ANTONY

(From Julius Cæsar — After the Assassination.)

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Act III. Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Brutus *and* Cassius.
Enter Trebonius.

Cassius. Where is Antony?
Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony, —

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take your Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

Assassination of Julius Cæsar

And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou are the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*

Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

Scene II. *The Forum.*

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius *and a throng of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou are fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

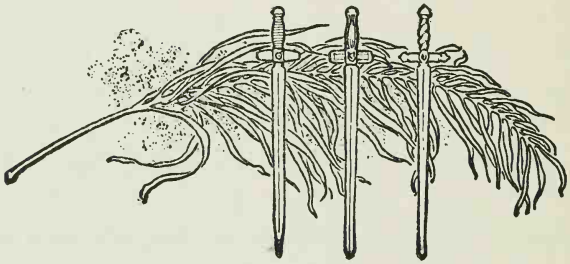
First Citizen. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!



HATRED OF DESPOTISM

(From the Speech on The Situation of France.)

By PIERRE VICTURNIEN VERGNIAUD.

THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER. At this cry of alarm you will see all the citizens rally, recruiting become active, the battalions of national guards reach completion, public spirit rekindle, the departments multiply their military exercises, the land fill with soldiers, and you will see repeated the wonders which covered several peoples of antiquity with immortal glory.

What! why should the French be less great? Will they not have as sacred objects to defend? Are they not fighting for their sires, their children, their wives, their country and liberty? Have the centuries as they passed weakened those sublime and tender affections in the human heart or enervated the courage which they inspire? No, surely not; they are eternal like the nature from which they take their rise; and in the French regenerated, in the French of '89, Nature will not show herself degraded; but, I repeat, it is urgent to make this declaration.

To feel secure much longer would prove the greatest of our dangers. Do you not see the smile of our interior enemies, announcing the approach of tyrants combined against you? Do you not foresee their guilty

hopes and their criminal plots? Have you no fear regarding the character of animosity which our internal dissensions assume? Has the day not come to unite those who are in Rome and those who are on Mount Aventine?

Weary of the hardships of the Revolution, or corrupted by the habit of grovelling in a castle and by the insidious preachings of moderantism, will you wait until weak men grow accustomed to speak of liberty without enthusiasm, and of slavery without horror? How does it happen that the constituted authorities are opposed to one another in their proceedings; that armed force forgets that its duty is to be obedient; that soldiers or generals undertake to mislead the legislative body and misguided citizens to direct the action of the chief of the executive power by the appearance of violence?

Is it wished to establish a military government? That is perhaps the most imminent, the most terrible of our dangers. Murmurs are arising against the Court: who shall dare to say they are unjust? It is suspected of perfidious plans; what facts can be quoted about it to scatter these suspicions? They speak of popular movements, of martial law; they try to familiarize the imagination with the blood of the people; the palace of the King of the French is suddenly changed to a stronghold; yet where are his enemies? Against whom are these cannon and these bayonets pointed? The defenders of the constitution have been repulsed by the ministry; the reins of the empire have remained floating at random at the moment when to hold them it needed as much vigor as

patriotism. Everywhere discord is fomenting; fanaticism triumphing. Instead of taking a firm and patriotic direction to save it from torment, the government lets itself be carried away by the stormy winds which agitate it; its mobility inspires scorn in powerful foreigners; the audacity of those who vomit armies and swords against us chills the good will of the peoples who make secret vows for the triumph of liberty.

The hostile cohorts are moving on, and perhaps in their insulting presumption they are already sharing our territory and crushing us with all the pride of a conquering and implacable tyrant. We are divided within; intrigue and perfidy are weaving treasons. The legislative body opposes the plots with rigorous but necessary decrees: an all-powerful hand tears them in pieces. In order to defend ourselves without, are our armies strong enough, disciplined enough, brought to sufficient perfection in those tactics which more than bravery decide the victory? Our fortunes, our lives, liberty are threatened; anarchy is approaching with all the scourges which disorganize political bodies. Despotism alone, lifting its long-humiliated head, enjoys our misery and awaits its prey to devour it. Call, it is time, call all the French to save the country; show them the abyss in all its immensity. Only by an extraordinary effort will they be able to clear it: it is for you to prepare them for it by an electrical movement which will give an impetus to the whole empire.

This means is worthy of the august mission which you fill, of the generous people whom you represent; it can even gain some celebrity for that name and make you worthy to live in the memory of men: it will be to

imitate the brave Spartans who sacrificed themselves at Thermopylæ; those venerable old men who, on leaving the Roman Senate, went to await death on their thresholds, the death which cruel conquerors caused to march before them. No, you will not need to make vows to have avengers rise from your ashes. Ah! The day when your blood shall redden the earth, tyranny, its

"It will be to Imitate the Brave Spartans."

pride, its protectors, its palaces, its satellites, will vanish away forever before the national omnipotence. And if grief for not having made your country happy poisons your last moments, you will at least carry away the consolation that your death will hasten the ruin of the people's oppressors, and that your devotion will have saved liberty.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By JULIA KAVANAGH.

AMONGST the women of the French Revolution, there is one who stands essentially apart: a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed, — heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means, — and disappears forever: lost in the shadow of time — an unfathomed mystery.

And it is, perhaps, this very mystery that has invested with so much interest the name of one known by a single deed; which, though intended by her to deliver her country, changed little in its destinies. To admire her entirely is impossible; to condemn her is equally difficult. No one can read her history without feeling that, to judge her absolutely, lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and a murderess, she attracts and repels us in almost equal degrees; like all those beings whose nature is inexplicable and strange, according to the ordinary standard of humanity. Although it is generally acknowledged that she did not exercise over contemporary events that repressing power for which she sacrificed her life, it is felt, nevertheless, that no history of the times in which she lived, is complete without her name; and to her brief and tragic

history an eloquent modern historian has devoted some of his most impressive pages.

France was rapidly sinking into that state of silent apathy which foreboded the Reign of Terror: discouraged by their experience of the past, men lost their faith in humanity, and selfishly despaired of the future. A maiden's heroic spirit alone conceived the daring project of saving those who had so long and so nobly striven for freedom ; or, if this might not be, of avenging their fall, and striking terror into the hearts of their foes, by a deed of solemn immolation, worthy of the stern sacrifices of paganism, offered up of yore on the blood-stained shrines of the goddess Nemesis.

This maiden was Marie-Anne Charlotte of Corday and of Armont, one of the last descendants of a noble though impoverished Norman family, which counted amongst its near relatives, Fontenelle, the wit and philosopher of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and amongst its ancestors, the father of the great tragic poet of France, Pierre Corneille.

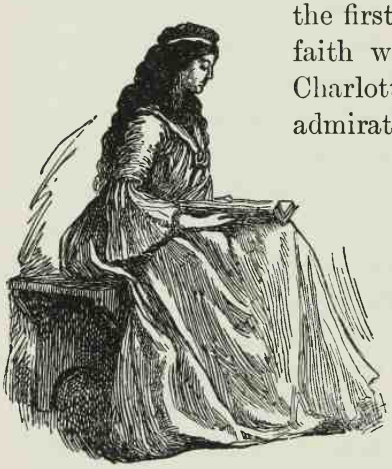
Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint-Saturnin des Lignerets; and that in the register of the parish church where she was baptized on the 28th of July,

1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble dame Marie Charlotte-Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh in energetic terms against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young; and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighboring town of Caen.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday — to give her the name by which she is generally known — was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude. Many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations, already haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested, lost in thought, beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself forever from the world in her monastic retreat; but, affected by the scepticism of the age, which penetrated even beyond convent walls, she gave up this project. From these early religious feelings, Charlotte derived, however, the calm devotedness which characterized her brief career; for though self-sacrifice may not be the exclusive attribute of Christianity, it cannot be denied that the deep humility by which it is accompanied — a feeling almost unknown to the ancients —

is in itself the very spirit of Christ. The peaceful and solemn shadow of the old cloister favored the mild seriousness of Charlotte's character. Within the precincts of her sacred retreat she grew up in grave and serene loveliness, a being fit for the gentlest duties of woman's household life, or for one of those austere and fearless deeds which lead to the scaffold and give martyrdom in a holy cause.

The scepticism that prevailed for the last few years preceding the Revolution was not the sensual atheism which had disgraced the eighteenth century so long. The faith in a first and eternal Cause, in the sacredness of human rights and the holiness of duty, was firmly held by many noble spirits, who hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of democracy. This faith was blended in the soul of Charlotte Corday, with a passionate admiration of antiquity. All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to his young descendant. Even Rousseau and Raynal, the apostles of democracy, had no pages that could absorb her so deeply as those of ancient history, with its stirring deeds and immortal recollections. Often, like Manon Phlipon in the recess of her father's workshop, might Charlotte



Bending Over an Open Volume of Plutarch's Lives.

Corday be seen in her convent cell, thoughtfully bending over an open volume of Plutarch; that powerful and eloquent historian of all heroic sacrifices.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed in consequence of the Revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity; her hands, arms, and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterized her fair oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance; her nose was straight and well-formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the fine Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity; enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterized her dress of sombre hue, and the low and becoming lace cap which she habitually wore is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was of respect, blended with involuntary admiration for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been edu-

cated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame de Bretteville Gouville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the Revolution. The feelings of her father were similarly engrossed: he wrote several pamphlets in favor of the revolutionary principles; and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, outpouring strength which those opinions acquired in her soul, during the long hours she devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed — more stern and fearful in one so gentle — had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterized this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life: her enthusiasm was not external, but inward: she listened to the discussions that were carried on around her without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude; that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterwards became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction; and there was something so touching in her youthful and almost child-

like utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears those who heard her, on her trial, calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying with the same low, sweet tones, in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, of the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto too passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caen, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Péthion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed with a smile, "So the beautiful aristocrat is come to see the republicans." "Citizen Péthion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am." With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists, of Madame Roland and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she prescribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be coun-

selled," afterwards said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

Whilst this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free; but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamored, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate; his last request was, that her portrait and a few letters he had formerly received from her, might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought; often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed; the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness for the deliverance of Israel," was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion, Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone; she inquired the cause of her tears. "They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country." Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept perchance over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed forever. No personal considerations altered her resolve. She procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that considering the unsettled condition of France, she

thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caen, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she travelled. One of them struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage; she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind; she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply; her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has been pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched

attic into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her, — unwilling to part from her favorite author, even in her last hours, — and probably composed that energetic address to the people which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris; her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the Convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly. This Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the Convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the Convention to proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features; until, like one overpowered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out. A sudden shower of rain which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded

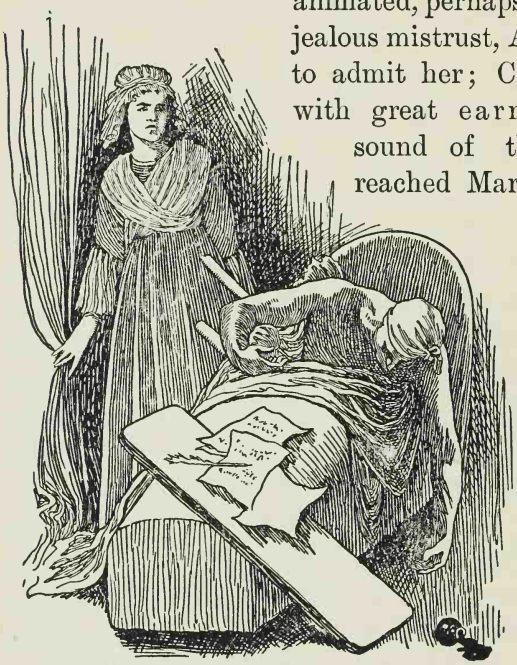
him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais, she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had business. "Marat is ill; it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger. "I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance; he complied, and before departing from her, begged to be favored with her name. She refused; adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter, seeing a strange woman

pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognizing the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her; Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat; he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognized as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly: she allowed Charlotte to enter, and after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the *Ami du Peuple*, she ushered her through two other



"He Gave One Loud Cry for Help."

rooms, until they came to a narrow closet where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound around his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath; a board likewise placed transversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised horror and disgust, but answered as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caen, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added with a smile of triumph, "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." "These words," afterwards said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead in the bath. By an instinctive impulse, Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet, and sat down in the neighboring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing

his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round towards Charlotte, and with a blow of a chair, felled her to the floor; whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the people, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her dishevelled hair loosely bound by a broad green ribbon falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration. "Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed, many years afterwards, to an old man, one of the remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed, enthusiastically; adding, with the eternal regrets of old age: "Ay, there is none such now!"

The commissary of police began her interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognized the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary.

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. An immense and infuriated crowd had

gathered around the door of Marat's house; one of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty; her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre. On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the Convention. She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness; observing, in conclusion, "I have done my task, let others do theirs." Chabot threatened her with the scaffold; she answered him with a smile of disdain. Her behavior until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness.

On the morning of the 17th she was led before her judges. She was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat. "Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the President.

"I needed not the hate of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied; "besides, we do not execute well that which we have not ourselves conceived."

"What, then, did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution, and had never failed in energy.

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the President.

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practised in crime.

"The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation. This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontecoulant — who had not received her letter — but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the President. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honor. He spoke, and she perceived that her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervor of her conviction, which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the President, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and, walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully. "These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me

that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison; as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the conciergerie, she found an artist named Hauer waiting for her, to finish her portrait which he had begun at the tribunal. They conversed freely together until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance. "What, so soon!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but, rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauer, as the only reward in her power to offer. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauer was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden. "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the conciergerie for the Place de la Revolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations at first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance and the sculptural beauty of her figure became more fully revealed, pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified as to

rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them.

Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent; never was error more sincere. If she could have repented she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful royalist lady fell down on her knees and invoked "Saint Charlotte Corday." The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet, Andre Chenier — who, before a year, followed her on the scaffold — sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!" It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honors were paid to his memory; forms of prayer were addressed to him; altars were erected to his honor, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre: a new impulse was given to the "Reign of Terror." Such was the "peace" which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY

By NAPOLEON.

May, 1796.

SOLDIERS, — You have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one stand of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and several fortresses, and overrun the richest part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded upwards of ten thousand men.

Hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, made memorable by your valor, though useless to your country, but your exploits now equal those of the Armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, and bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread.

None but Republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty, could have endured what you have done; thanks to you, soldiers, for your perseverance! Your grateful country owes its safety to you; and if the taking of Toulon was an earnest of the immortal campaign of 1794, your present victories foretell one more glorious.

The two armies which lately attacked you in full confidence now flee before you in consternation; the perverse men who laughed at your distress and inwardly rejoiced at the triumph of your enemies are now confounded and trembling.

But, soldiers, you have as yet done nothing, for there still remains much to do. Neither Turin nor Milan are yours; the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trodden underfoot by the assassins of Basseville. It is said that there are some among you whose courage is shaken, and who would prefer returning to the summits of the Alps and Apennines. No, I cannot believe it. The victors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi are eager to extend the glory of the French name!

NAPOLEON.

TO SOLDIERS ON ENTERING MILAN

Proclaimed May 15, 1796.

By NAPOLEON.

SOLDIERS, — You have rushed like a torrent from the top of the Apennines; you have overthrown and scattered all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian tyranny, indulges her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours, and the Republican flag waves throughout Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their political existence to your generosity alone.

The army which so proudly threatened you can find no barrier to protect it against your courage; neither the Po, the Ticino, nor the Adda could stop you for a single day. These vaunted bulwarks of Italy opposed you in vain; you passed them as rapidly as the Apennines.

These great successes have filled the heart of your country with joy. Your representatives have ordered a festival to commemorate your victories, which has been held in every district of the Republic. There your fathers, your mothers, your wives, sisters, and mistresses rejoiced in your good fortune, and proudly boasted of belonging to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much, — but remains there nothing more to do? Shall it be said of us that we knew how to conquer, but not how to make use of victory? Shall posterity reproach us with having found Capua in Lombardy?

But I see you already hasten to arms. An effeminate repose is tedious to you; the days which are lost to glory are lost to your happiness. Well, then, let us set forth! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have sharpened the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely murdered our ministers and burnt our ships at Toulon, tremble!

The hour of vengeance has struck; but let the people of all countries be free from apprehension; we are the friends of the people everywhere, and those great men whom we have taken for our models. To restore the capitol, to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious, to rouse the Roman people, stupefied by several ages of slavery, — such will be the fruit of our victories; they will form an era for posterity; you will have the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest part of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace, which will indemnify them for the sacrifices of every kind which for the last six years they have been making. You will then return to your homes and your country. Men will say, as they point you out, "He belonged to the Army of Italy."

REVOLUTIONS

(From Philip Van Artevelde.)

By SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THERE was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none,
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great;
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave
Supremacy of merit, the sole means
And broad highway to power, that ever then
Was meritoriously administered,
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood,

Was verily a crime; a treason it was,
Conspiracies to hatch against this state
And its free innocence. But now, I ask,
Where is there on God's earth that polity
Which it is not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold?
Whom may we now call free? whom great? whom wise?
Whom innocent? the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they alone are great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness, — whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent, — alas!
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,
For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocency out! What then remains
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND THE REVOLUTION OF HAYTI

By JAMES McCUNE SMITH.

INSTEAD of one, as is usually believed, there were three distinct revolutions in the island of Hayti during the fourteen years which elapsed from 1789 to 1803. The first was for the establishment of republican principles, and was confined to the whites. The second established the emancipation of the slaves. The third achieved the independence of the colony from the mother country. . . .

The third revolution, which terminated in the independence of the colony, was not completed until 1802. The intervening time was distinguished by a series of events over which Toussaint L'Ouverture became the presiding genius.

In estimating the character of Toussaint, regard must be paid not to the enlightened age in which he lived, but to the rank in society from which he sprang — a rank which must be classed with a remote and elementary age of mankind.

Born forty-seven years before the commencement of the revolt, he had reached the prime of manhood, a slave, with a soul uncontaminated by the degradation which surrounded him. Living in a state of society where worse than polygamy was actually urged, we

find him at this period faithful to one wife — the wife of his youth — and the father of an interesting family. Linked with such tender ties, and enlightened with some degree of education, which his indulgent master, M. Bayou, had given him, he fulfilled, up to the moment of the revolt, the duties of a Christian man in slavery.

At the time of the insurrection — in which he took no part — he continued in the peaceable discharge of his duties as coachman; and when the insurgents approached the estate whereon he lived, he accomplished the flight of M. Bayou, whose kind treatment (part of this kindness was teaching this slave to read and write) he repaid by forwarding to him produce for his maintenance while in exile in these United States.

Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Having thus faithfully acquitted himself as a slave, he turned towards the higher destinies which awaited him as a free man. With a mind stored with patient reflection upon the biographies of men, the most eminent in civil and military affairs; and deeply versed in the history of the most remarkable revolutions that had yet occurred amongst mankind, he entered the army of the insurgents under Jean François. This chief rapidly promoted him to the offices of physician to the forces, aide-de-camp, and colonel.

Jean François, in alliance with the Spaniards, maintained war at this time for the cause of royalty.

Whilst serving under this chief, Toussaint beheld another civil war agitating the French colony. On one side, the French Commissioners, who had acknowledged the emancipation of the slaves, maintained war for the Republic; on the other side, the old noblesse, or planters, fought under the royal banner, having called in the aid of the British forces in order to reëstablish slavery and the Ancient Régime.

A Slave.

In this conflict, unmindful of their solemn oaths against the decree of May 15, 1791, the whites of both parties, including the planters, hesitated not to fight in the same ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with the blacks. Caste was forgotten in the struggle for principles!

At this juncture Jean François, accompanied by his principal officers, and possessed of all the honors and emoluments of a captain-general in the service of his Catholic Majesty, retired to Spain, leaving Toussaint at liberty to choose his party. Almost immediately joining that standard which acknowledged and battled for equal rights to all men, he soon rendered signal service to the Commissioners, by driving the Spaniards from the northern, and by holding the British at bay in the eastern part of the island. For these services he was raised to the rank of general, by the French commander at Porte aux Paix, General Laveaux: a promotion which he soon repaid by saving that veteran's life under the following circumstances: Villate, a mulatto general, envi-

ous of the honors bestowed on Toussaint, treacherously imprisoned General Laveaux in Cape François.

Immediately upon hearing this fact, Toussaint hastened to the Cape at the head of ten thousand men, and liberated his benefactor. And, at the very moment of his liberation, a commission arrived from France appointing General Laveaux Governor of the Colony; his first official act was to proclaim Toussaint his lieutenant. "This is the black," said Laveaux, "predicted by Raynal, and who is destined to avenge the outrages committed against his whole race." A remark soon verified, for on his attainment of the supreme power, Toussaint avenged those injuries — by forgiveness.

As an acknowledgment for his eminent services against the British, and against the mulattoes, who, inflamed with all the bitterness of caste, had maintained a sanguinary war under their great leader Rigaud, in the southern part of the colony, the Commissioners invested Toussaint with the office and dignity of general-in-chief of St. Domingo.

From that moment began the full development of the vast and versatile genius of this extraordinary man. Standing amid the terrible, because hostile, fragments of two revolutions, harassed by the rapacious greed of commissioners upon commissioners, who, successively despatched from France, hid beneath a republican exterior a longing after the spoils; with an army in the field accustomed by five years' experience to all the license of civil war, Toussaint, with a giant hand, seized the reins of government, reduced these conflicting elements to harmony and order, and raised the colony to nearly its former prosperity.

Sending his children to the French directory, at once as hostages for his good conduct and as pupils for education, he received the commissioners sent out by that body with respect; but, as soon as he found them likely to mar his own policy, he politely and skilfully procured their absence from the colony. His lofty intellect always delighting to effect its object rather by the tangled mazes of diplomacy, than by the strong arm of physical force, yet maintaining a steadfast and unimpeached adherence to truth, his word and his honor.

General Maitland, commander of the British forces, finding the reduction of the island to be utterly hopeless, signed a treaty with Toussaint for the evacuation of all the posts which he held. "Toussaint then paid him a visit, and was received with military honors. After partaking of a grand entertainment, he was presented by General Maitland, in the name of his majesty, with a splendid service of plate, and put in possession of the government-house which had been built and furnished by the English.

"General Maitland, previous to the disembarkation of the troops, returned the visit at Toussaint's camp; and such was his confidence in the integrity of his character, that he proceeded through a considerable extent of country full of armed negroes, with only three attendants. Roume, the French commissioner, wrote a letter to Toussaint on this occasion, advising him to seize his guest as an act of duty to the Republic: on the route General Maitland was secretly informed of Roume's treachery, but in full reliance on the honor of Toussaint, he determined to proceed. On arriving at headquarters, he was desired to wait. It was some

time before Toussaint made his appearance; at length, however, he entered the room with two open letters in his hand. 'There, General,' said he, 'before we talk together, read these; one is a letter from the French commissary — the other is my answer. I could not see you till I had written my reply, that you might be satisfied how safe you were with me, and how incapable I am of baseness.' "

Bonaparte, on becoming First Consul, sent out the confirmation of Toussaint as commander-in-chief, who, with views infinitely beyond the short-sighted and selfish vision of the Commissioners, proclaimed a general amnesty to the planters who had fled during the revolutions, earnestly invited their return to the possession of their estates, and, with a delicate regard to their feelings, decreed that the epithet emigrant should not be applied to them. Many of the planters accepted the invitation, and returned to the peaceful possession of their estates.

In regard to the army of Toussaint, General Lacroix, one of the planters who returned, affirms "that never was a European army subjected to a more rigid discipline than that which was observed by the troops of Toussaint." Yet this army was converted by the commander-in-chief into industrious laborers, by the simple expedient of paying them for their labor. "When he restored many of the planters to their estates, there was no restoration of their former property in human beings. No human being was to be bought or sold. Severe tasks, flagellations, and scanty food, were no longer to be endured. The planters were obliged to employ their laborers on the footing of hired servants.

And under this system," says Lacroix, "the colony advanced, as if by enchantment, toward its ancient splendor; cultivation was extended with such rapidity that every day made its progress more perceptible. All appeared to be happy, and regarded Toussaint as their guardian angel. In making a tour of the island, he was hailed by the blacks with universal joy, nor was he less a favorite of the whites."

Toussaint, having effected a bloodless conquest of the Spanish territory, had now become commander of the entire island. Performing all the executive duties, he made laws to suit the exigency of the times. His Egeria was temperance accompanied with a constant activity of body and mind.

Here is undeniable evidence, that the slavery of the time was more destructive of human life than the wars, insurrections, and massacres of which it gave birth! For we have shown that slavery in this colony destroyed no less than five thousand human beings per annum!

In consequence of the almost entire cessation of official communication with France, and for other reasons equally good, Toussaint thought it necessary for the public welfare to frame a new constitution for the government of the island. With the aid of M. Pascal, Abbé Molière, and Marinit, he drew up a constitution, and submitted the same to a General Assembly convened from every district, and by that assembly the constitution was adopted. It was subsequently promulgated in the name of the people. And, on July 1, 1801, the island was declared to be an independent state, in which all men, without regard to complexion or creed, possessed equal rights.

This proceeding was subsequently sanctioned by Napoleon Bonaparte, whilst First Consul. In a letter to Toussaint, he says, "We have conceived for you esteem, and we wish to recognize and proclaim the great services you have rendered the French people. If their colors fly on St. Domingo, it is to you and your brave blacks that we owe it. Called by your talents and the force of circumstances to the chief command, you have terminated the civil war, put a stop to the persecution of some ferocious men, and restored to honor the religion and the worship of God, from whom all things come. The situation in which you were placed, surrounded on all sides by enemies and without the mother country being able to succor or sustain you, has rendered legitimate the articles of that constitution."

Although Toussaint enforced the duties of religion, he entirely severed the connection between church and state. He rigidly enforced all the duties of morality, and would not suffer in his presence even the approach to indecency of dress or manner. "Modesty," said he, "is the defence of woman."

The chief, nay the idol of an army of one hundred thousand well-trained and acclimated troops ready to march or sail where he wished, Toussaint refrained raising the standard of liberty in any one of the neighboring islands, at a time when, had he been fired with what men term ambition, he could easily have revolutionized the entire Archipelago of the west. But his thoughts were bent on conquest of another kind; he was determined to overthrow an error which designing and interested men had craftily instilled into the civilized world, a belief in the natural inferiority of the

negro race. It was the glory and the warrantable boast of Toussaint, that he had been the instrument of demonstrating that, even with the worst odds against them, this race is entirely capable of achieving liberty and of self-government. He did more: By abolishing caste he proved the artificial nature of such distinctions, and further demonstrated that even slavery cannot unfit men for the full exercise of all the functions which belong to free citizens.

"Some situations of trust were filled by free negroes and mulattoes, who had been in respectable circumstances under the old government; but others were occupied by negroes, and even by Africans, who had recently emerged from the lowest condition of slavery."

But the bright and happy state of things which the genius of Toussaint had almost created out of elements the most discordant, was doomed to be of short duration. For the dark spirit of Napoleon, glutted, but not satiated with the gory banquet afforded at the expense of Europe and Africa, seized upon this, the most beautiful and happy of the Hesperides, as the next victim of its remorseless rapacity.

With the double intention of getting rid of the republican army, and reducing back to slavery the island of Hayti, he sent out his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, with twenty-six ships of war and twenty-five thousand men.

Like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, or the Bruce at Bannockburn, Toussaint determined to defend from thraldom his sea-girt isle, made sacred to liberty by the baptism of blood.

On Jan. 28, 1802, Leclerc arrived off the bay of

Samana, from the promontory of which Toussaint, in anxious alarm, beheld for the first time in his life so large an armament.

"We must all perish," said he, "all France has come to St. Domingo!" But this despondency passed away in a moment, and then this man, who had been a kindly-treated slave, prepared to oppose to the last that system which he now considered worse than death.

It is impossible, after so long a tax on your patience, to enter on a detailed narration of the conflict which ensued. The hour of trial served only to develop and ennoble the character of Toussaint, who rose, with misfortune, above the allurements of rank and wealth which were offered as the price of his submission; and the very ties of parental love he yielded to the loftier sentiment of patriotism.

On Feb. 2, a division of Leclerc's army, commanded by General Rochambeau, an old planter, landed at Fort Dauphin, and ruthlessly murdered many of the inhabitants, freedmen, who, unarmed, had been led by curiosity to the beach, in order to witness the disembarkation of the troops.

Christophe, one of the generals of Toussaint, commanding at Cape François, having resisted the menaces and the flattery of Leclerc, reduced that ill-fated town to ashes, and retired with his troops into the mountains, carrying with him two thousand of the white inhabitants of the Cape, who were protected from injury during the fierce war which ensued.

Having full possession of the plain of the Cape, Leclerc, with a proclamation of liberty in his hand, in

March following reëstablished slavery with all its former cruelties.

The treacherous movement thickened the ranks of Toussaint, who thenceforward so vigorously pressed his opponent that, as a last resort, Leclerc broke the shackles of the slave, and proclaimed "Liberty and Equality to all the inhabitants of St. Domingo."

This proclamation terminated the conflict for the time. Christophe and Dessalines, general officers, and at length Toussaint himself, capitulated, and, giving up the command of the island to Leclerc, he retired, at the suggestion of that officer, to enjoy rest with his family, on one of his estates near Gonaives. He had remained at this place about one month, when Leclerc caused him to be seized and placed on board of a ship of war, in which he was conveyed to France, where, without trial or condemnation, he was imprisoned in a loathsome and unhealthy dungeon. Unaccustomed to the chill and damp of this prison, the aged frame of Toussaint gave way, and he died.

The highest encomium on his character is contained in the fact that Napoleon believed that by capturing him he would be able to re-enslave Hayti; and even this encomium is, if possible, rendered higher by the circumstances which afterward transpired, which showed that his principles were so thoroughly disseminated among his brethren, that without the presence of Toussaint, they achieved that liberty which he had taught them so rightly to estimate.

SPEECH TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY

(Delivered at Milan, July 25, 1848.)

By GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Giuseppe Mazzini was born at Genoa, June 22, 1805, and died at Pisa, Italy, March 12, 1872. In 1832 he organized "La Giovine Italia," or Young Italy party, whose avowed aims were the liberation of Italy both from foreign and internal tyranny and its unification under a republic. Mazzini devoted his life to the promotion of these objects, and lived to see them practically fulfilled in 1859–60, though he was never entirely reconciled to the substitution of a monarchical government for the republic which he preferred.

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Wherefore lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt by foreign foes. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save words of war."

But another thought arose: "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, while we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in

the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months, with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought, and of our every thought an action; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and Independence are one, that God and the People, the Fatherland and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be One, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe — we should now have had, not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, gathered here

Brothers Bandiera.

together, might gladly invoke their sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls: "Rejoice! for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime programme which they, dying, bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines, which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge among us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our Peninsula; but the soul of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement — where is the Word that should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear phrases usurping the national omnipotence — "The Italy of the North — the league of the States — Federative compacts between Princes," but Italy, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice Initiatrix of a new era of European civilization?

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress

to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe toward the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet.

I will sum up for you in a few words this faith of our martyrs; their external life is known to you all; it is now a matter of history, and I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple incontrovertible truths, which few, indeed, venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten or betrayed by most.

God and the People.

God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and Educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of

attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application. There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is one law for all those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being and of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties, — our faculties and liberty are the means, not the end, — not to work out our own happiness upon earth; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine law; to practise it as far as our individual circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to labor fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it shall represent a single sheepfold with a single shepherd — the spirit of God, the Law.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition and the voice of our own conscience. Wherever they are opposed, is error. To attain harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the fatherland, and humanity are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice toward this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles — indicated in their letters, in their

proclamations, and in their conversation — with a profound sense of the mission intrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, these principles sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm certainty of the realization of their immortal hopes for the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love! love is the flight of the soul toward God; toward the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows; love the dead who were dear to you and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us — the love of souls that aspire together; do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty; but it cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Act always — even at the price of increasing her earthly trials — so that the

sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that, by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe. An immense future is before you; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants — you are bound to be such or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-five millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond destined to join you together; let not a glance be raised to that heaven which is not the glance of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of

Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; draw from these a third world greater than the two. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love (*Amor*), the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and fortified by the inspiration of a whole people, shall dictate the Pact that shall make us one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you will either have no country, or have her contaminated and profaned.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal — improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and re-link earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm will suffice to conquer; but say to them that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the word of God. High above every coun-

try, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living among you; and here, where it may be that, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; storms which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

(From an Oration Delivered at Boston, March 5, 1774.)

By JOHN HANCOCK.

LET this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story through the long tracts of future time: let every parent tell the shameful story to his listening children until tears of pity glisten in their eyes and boiling passions shake their tender frames; and whilst the anniversary of that ill-fated night is kept a jubilee in the grim court of pandemonium, let all America join in one common prayer to heaven that the inhuman, unprovoked murders of the 5th of March, 1770, planned by Hillsborough and a lot of treacherous knaves in Boston, and executed by the cruel hand of Preston and his sanguinary coadjutors, may ever stand in history without a parallel.

But what, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from executing instant justice on the vile

assassins? Perhaps you feared promiscuous carnage might ensue, and that the innocent might share the fate of those who had performed the infernal deed. But were not all guilty? Were you not too tender of the lives of those who came to fix a yoke on your necks? But I must not too severely blame a fault which great souls only can commit. May that magnificence of spirit which scorns the low pursuits of malice, may that generous compassion which often preserves from ruin even a guilty villain, forever actuate the noble bosoms of Americans!

But let not the miscreant host vainly imagine that we feared their arms. No; them we despised; we dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brains; 'tis immortality to sacrifice ourselves for the salvation of our country. We fear not death. That gloomy night, the palefaced moon, and the affrighted stars that hurried through the sky, can witness that we fear not death. Our hearts which, at the recollection, glow with rage that four revolving years have scarcely taught us to restrain, can witness that we fear not death; and happy it is for those who dared to insult us that their naked bones are not now piled up an everlasting monument of Massachusetts' bravery.

But they retired, they fled, and in that flight they found their only safety. We then expected that the hand of public justice would soon inflict that punishment upon the murderers which by the laws of God and man they had incurred. But let the unbiassed pen of a Robertson, or perhaps of some equally famed American, conduct this trial before the great tribunal

of succeeding generations. And though the murderers may escape the just resentment of an enraged people; though drowsy justice, intoxicated by the poisonous draught prepared for her cup, still nods upon her rotten seat, yet be assured such complicated crimes will meet their due reward. Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived as well as you who executed the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms?

Though some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height that bids defiance to human justice; and others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks; arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror?

But if the unappeased manes of the dead should not disturb their murderers, yet surely even your obdurate hearts must shrink, and your guilty blood must chill within your rigid veins, when you behold the miserable Monk, the wretched victim of your savage cruelty.

Observe his tottering knees, which scarce sustain his wasted body; look on his haggard eyes; mark well the death-like paleness on his fallen cheek, and tell me, does not the sight plant daggers in your souls? Unhappy Monk! cut off, in the gay morn of manhood, from all the joys which sweeten life, doomed to drag on a pitiful existence without even a hope to taste the

pleasures of returning health! Yet Monk, thou livest not in vain; thou livest a warning to thy country, which sympathizes with thee in thy sufferings; thou livest an affecting, an alarming instance of the unbounded violence which lust of power, assisted by a standing army, can lead a traitor to commit.

For us he bled and now languishes. The wounds by which he is tortured to a lingering death were aimed at our country! Surely the meek-eyed charity can never behold such sufferings with indifference. Nor can her lenient hand forbear to pour oil and wine into these wounds, and to assuage, at least, what it cannot heal.

Patriotism is ever united with humanity and compassion. This noble affection which impels us to sacrifice everything dear, even life itself, to our country, involves in it a common sympathy and tenderness for every citizen, and must ever have a particular feeling for one who suffers in a public cause. Thoroughly persuaded of this, I need not add a word to engage your compassion and bounty towards a fellow-citizen who, with long protracted anguish, falls a victim to the relentless rage of our common enemies.

Ye dark designing knaves, ye murderers, parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drunk in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But if the laboring earth doth not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death; yet, hear it and tremble! The eye of heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul, traces the leading clew

through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose death you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God!

But I gladly quit the gloomy theme of death and leave you to improve the thought of that important day when our naked souls must stand before that Being from whom nothing can be hid. I would not dwell too long upon the horrid effects which have already followed from quartering regular troops in this town. Let our misfortunes teach posterity to guard against such evils for the future. Standing armies are sometimes (I would by no means say generally, much less universally) composed of persons who have rendered themselves unfit to live in civil society; who have no other motives of conduct than those which a desire of the present gratification of their passions suggests; who have no property in any country; men who have given up their own liberties and envy those who enjoy liberty; who are equally indifferent to the glory of a George or a Louis; who for the addition of one penny a day to their wages would desert from the Christian cross and fight under the crescent of the Turkish sultan.

From such men as these what has not a state to fear? With such as these usurping Cæsar passed the Rubicon; with such as these he humbled mighty Rome and forced the mistress of the world to own a master in a traitor. These are the men whom sceptred robbers now employ to frustrate the designs of God and render vain the bounties which his gracious hand pours indiscriminately upon his creatures. By these the

miserable slaves in Turkey, Persia, and many other extensive countries are rendered truly wretched, though their air is salubrious and their soil luxuriously fertile. By these, France and Spain, though blessed by nature with all that administers to the convenience of life, have been reduced to that contemptible state in which they now appear; and by these, Britain—but if I was possessed of the gift of prophecy I dare not, except by divine command, unfold the leaves on which the destiny of that once powerful kingdom is inscribed.

But since standing armies are so hurtful to a state, perhaps my countrymen may demand some substitute, some other means of rendering us secure against the incursions of a foreign enemy. But can you be one moment at a loss? Will not a well-disciplined militia afford you ample security against foreign foes? We want not courage; it is discipline alone in which we are exceeded by the most formidable troops that ever trod the earth. Surely our hearts flutter no more at the sound of war than did those of the immortal band of Persia, the Macedonian phalanx, the invincible Roman legions, the Turkish janissaries, the *gens d'armes* of France, or the well-known grenadiers of Britain.

A well-disciplined militia is a safe, an honorable guard to a community like this, whose inhabitants are by nature brave, and are laudably tenacious of that freedom in which they were born. From a well-regulated militia we have nothing to fear; their interest is the same with that of the state. When a country is invaded, the militia are ready to appear in its defence; they march into the field with that fortitude which a consciousness of the justice of their cause inspires; they

do not jeopard their lives for a master who considers them only as the instruments of his ambition, and whom they regard only as the daily dispenser of the scanty pittance of bread and water.

No, they fight for their houses, their lands, for their wives, their children, for all who claim the tenderest names and are held dearest in their hearts; they fight *pro aris et focis*, for their liberty, and for themselves, and for their God. And let it not offend if I say that no militia ever appeared in more flourishing condition than that of this province now doth; and pardon me if I say, of this town in particular. I mean not to boast; I would not excite envy, but manly emulation.

We have all one common cause; let it, therefore, be our only contest who shall most contribute to the security of the liberties of America. And may the same kind Providence which has watched over this country from her infant state still enable us to defeat our enemies.

THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA

(From Oration on the Boston Massacre, Delivered March 6, 1775, at the Old South Church.)

By JOSEPH WARREN.

Joseph Warren was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 11, 1741, graduated at Harvard, studied medicine, and began to practise in Boston in 1762. In 1772, on the second anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," he was chosen to deliver the civic oration, and in 1775 was again the orator of the occasion. In 1775 he was president of the Provincial Congress. He organized the volunteers and received a major-general's commission. He was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

OUR fathers, having nobly resolved never to wear the yoke of despotism, and seeing the European world, at that time, through indolence and cowardice, falling a prey to tyranny, bravely threw themselves upon the bosom of the ocean, determined to find a place in which they might enjoy their freedom or perish in the glorious attempt. Approving heaven beheld the favored ark dancing upon the waves, and graciously preserved it until the chosen families were brought in safety to these western regions. They found the land swarming with savages, who threatened death with every kind of torture.

But savages, and death with torture, were far less terrible than slavery. Nothing was so much the object of their abhorrence as a tyrant's power. They knew it was more safe to dwell with man in his most unpolished

state than in a country where arbitrary power prevails. Even Anarchy itself, that bugbear held up by the tools of power (though truly to be deprecated), is infinitely less dangerous to mankind than arbitrary government. Anarchy can be but of a short duration; for, when men are at liberty to pursue that course which is more conducive to their own happiness, they will soon come into it; and from the rudest state of nature, order and good government must soon arise. But tyranny,

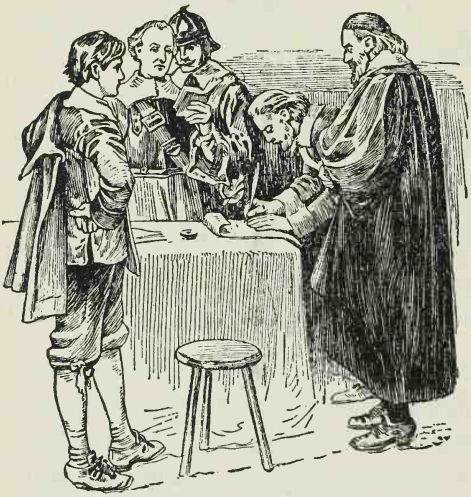
"Swarming with Savages."

when once established, entails its curses on a nation to the latest period of time; unless some daring genius, inspired by heaven, shall, unappalled by danger, bravely form and execute the arduous designs of restoring liberty and life to his enslaved, murdered country.

The tools of power, in every age, have racked their inventions to justify the few in sporting with the happiness of the many; and, having found their sophistry too weak to hold mankind in bondage, have impiously dared to force religion, the daughter of the King of

Heaven, to become a prostitute in the service of hell. They taught that princes, honored with the name of Christian, might bid defiance to the founder of their faith, might pillage pagan countries and deluge them with blood, only because they boasted themselves to be the disciples of that Teacher who strictly charged his followers to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

This country, having been discovered by an English subject in the year 1620, was (according to the system which the blind superstition of those times supported) deemed the property of the Crown of England. Our ancestors, when they resolved to quit their native soil, obtained from King James a grant of certain lands in North America. This they probably did to silence the cavils of their enemies, for it cannot be doubted but they despised the pretended right which he claimed thereto. Certain it is that he might with equal propriety and justice have made them a grant of the planet Jupiter. And their subsequent conduct plainly shows that they were too well acquainted with humanity and



"A Grant to Certain Lands in North America."

the principles of natural equity to suppose that the grant gave them any right to take possession. They therefore entered into a treaty with the natives and bought from them the lands. Nor have I ever yet obtained any information that our ancestors ever pleaded, or that the natives ever regarded, the grant from the English Crown: the business was transacted by the parties in the same independent manner that it would have been had neither of them ever known or heard of the island of Great Britain.

Having become the honest proprietors of the soil, they immediately applied themselves to the cultivation of it; and they soon beheld the virgin earth teeming with richest fruits, a grateful recompense for their unwearied toil. The fields began to wave with ripening harvests, and the late barren wilderness was seen to blossom like the rose.

The savage natives saw with wonder the delightful change, and quickly formed a scheme to obtain that by fraud or force, which nature meant as the reward of industry alone. But the illustrious emigrants soon convinced the rude invaders that they were not less ready to take the field for battle than for labor; and the insidious foe was driven from their borders as often as he ventured to disturb them.

The Crown of England looked with indifference on the contest; our ancestors were left alone to combat with the natives. Nor is there any reason to believe that it ever was intended by the one party, or expected by the other, that the grantor should defend and maintain the grantees in the peaceable possession of the lands named in the patents. And it appears plainly

from the history of those times that neither the prince nor the people of England thought themselves much interested in the matter. They had not then any idea of a thousandth part of those advantages which they since have reaped, and we are most heartily willing they should still continue to reap from us.

But when, at an infinite expense of toil and blood, this widely extended continent had been cultivated and defended; when the hardy adventurers justly expected that they and their descendants should peaceably have enjoyed the harvest of those fields which they had sown, and the fruit of those vineyards which they had planted, this country was then thought worthy the attention of the British ministry; and the only justifiable and only successful means of rendering the colonies serviceable to Britain was adopted. By an intercourse of friendly offices the two countries became so united in affection that they thought not of any distinct or separate interests, they found both countries flourishing and happy.

Britain saw her commerce extended and her wealth increased; her lands raised to an immense value; her fleets riding triumphant on the ocean; the terror of her arms spreading to every quarter of the globe. The colonist found himself free and thought himself secure; he dwelt under his own vine and under his own fig-tree and had none to make him afraid. He knew, indeed, that by purchasing the manufactures of Great Britain he contributed to its greatness: he knew that all the wealth that his labor produced centred in Great Britain.

But that, far from exciting his envy, filled him with

"From that Heroic yet Feeble Folk"

the highest pleasure; that thought supported him in all his toils. When the business of the day was past, he solaced himself with the contemplation, or perhaps entertained his listening family with the recital of some great, some glorious transaction which shines conspicuous in the history of Britain; or, perhaps, his elevated fancy led him to foretell, with a kind of enthusiastic confidence, the glory, power, and duration of an empire which should extend from one end of the earth to the other. He saw, or thought he saw, the British nation risen to a pitch of grandeur which cast a veil over the Roman glory, and, ravished with the preview, boasted a race of British kings whose names should echo through those realms where Cyrus, Alexander, and the Cæsars were unknown; princes for whom millions of grateful subjects redeemed from slavery and pagan ignorance, should, with thankful tongues, offer up their prayers and praises to that transcendently great and beneficent Being, "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice."

These pleasing connections might have continued; these delightful prospects might have been every day extended; and even the reveries of the most warm imagination might have been realized; but, unhappily for us, unhappily for Britain, the madness of an avaricious minister of state has drawn a sable curtain over the charming scene, and in its stead has brought upon the stage discord, envy, hatred and revenge, with civil war close in their rear.

Some demon, in an evil hour, suggested to a short-sighted financier the hateful project of transferring the whole property of the king's subjects in America to his

subjects in Britain. The claim of the British Parliament to tax the colonies can never be supported but by such a transfer; for the right of the House of Commons of Great Britain to originate any tax or grant money is altogether derived from their being elected by the people of Great Britain to act for them; and the people of Great Britain cannot confer on their representatives a right to give or grant anything which they themselves have not a right to give or grant personally.

Therefore it follows that if the members chosen by the people of Great Britain to represent them in Parliament have, by virtue of their being so chosen, any right to give or grant American property, or to lay any tax upon the lands or persons of the colonists, it is because the lands and people in the colonies are, *bona fide*, owned by and justly belonging to the people of Great Britain. But (as has been before observed) every man has a right to personal freedom; consequently a right to enjoy what is acquired by his own labor. And it is evident that the property in this country has been acquired by our own labor; it is the duty of the people of Great Britain to produce some compact in which we have explicitly given up to them a right to dispose of our persons or property. Until this is done, every attempt of theirs, or of those whom they have deputed to act for them, to give or grant any part of our property, is directly repugnant to every principle of reason and natural justice.

But I may boldly say that such a compact never existed, no, not even in imagination. Nevertheless, the representatives of a nation long famed for justice and the exercise of every noble virtue have been pre-

vailed on to adopt the fatal scheme; and although the dreadful consequences of this wicked policy have already shaken the empire to its centre, yet still it is persisted in. Regardless of the voice of reason; deaf to the prayers and supplications, and unaffected with the flowing tears of suffering millions, the British ministry still hug the darling idol; and every rolling year affords fresh instances of the absurd devotion with which they worship it. Alas! how has the folly, the distraction of the British councils blasted our swelling hopes and spread a gloom over this western hemisphere.

The hearts of Britons and Americans, which lately felt the generous glow of mutual confidence and love, now burn with jealousy and rage. Though but of yesterday, I recollect (deeply affected at the ill-boding change) the happy hours that passed whilst Britain and America rejoiced in the prosperity and greatness of each other. Heaven grant those halcyon days may soon return! But now the Briton too often looks on the American with an envious eye, taught to consider his just plea for the enjoyment of his earnings as the effect of pride and stubborn opposition to the parent country, whilst the American beholds the Briton as the ruffian, ready first to take away his property, and next, what is still dearer to every virtuous man, the liberty of his country.

When the measures of administration had disgusted the colonies to the highest degree, and the people of Great Britain had, by artifice and falsehood, been irritated against America, an army was sent over to enforce submission to certain acts of the British Parlia-

ment which reason scorned to countenance and which placemen and pensioners were found unable to support.

Martial law and the government of a well-regulated city are so entirely different that it has always been considered as improper to quarter troops in populous cities; frequent disputes must necessarily arise between the citizen and the soldier, even if no previous animosities subsist. And it is further certain, from a consideration of the nature of mankind, as well as from constant experience, that standing armies always endanger the liberty of the subject. But when the people, on the one part, considered the army as sent to enslave them, and the army, on the other, were taught to look on the people as in a state of rebellion, it was but just to fear the most disagreeable consequences. Our fears, we have seen, were but too well grounded.

The many injuries offered to the town I pass over in silence. I cannot now mark out the path which led to that unequalled scene of horror, the sad remembrance of which takes the full possession of my soul. The sanguinary theatre again opens itself to view. The baleful images of terror crowd around me; and discontented ghosts, with hollow groans, appear to solemnize the anniversary of the fifth of March.

Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. Hither let me call the gay companion; here let him drop a farewell tear upon that body which so late he saw vigorous and warm with social mirth; hither let me lead the tender mother to weep over her beloved son — come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief; behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground, and to complete the pompous show of wretchedness,

bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their father's fate — take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, whilst your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly corpse, your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your father's brains!

Enough; this tragedy need not be heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him that gave it birth. Nature, reluctant, shrinks already from the view, and the chilled blood rolls slowly backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, and with amazement ask who spread this ruin around us? What wretch has dared deface the image of his God? Has haughty France, or cruel Spain, sent forth her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again from the far distant wilderness; or does some fiend, fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang her destructive bow and hurl her deadly arrows at our breast?

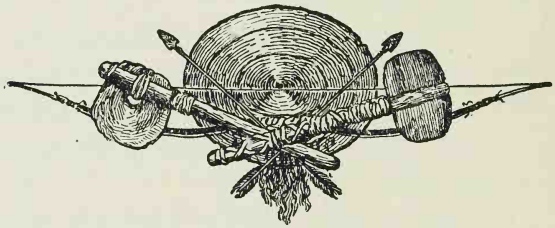
No, none of these — but, how astonishing! it is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound! The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had called his subjects to the field.

But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the softer movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger passions. Say, fellow-citizens, what dreadful thought now swells your heaving bosoms; you fly to arms — sharp indignation flashes from each eye — revenge gnashes her iron teeth — death grins a hideous smile, secure to drench his greedy jaws in human gore — whilst hovering furies darken all the air!

But stop, my bold, adventurous countrymen; stain

not your weapons with the blood of Britons. Attend to reason's voice; humanity puts in her claim and sues to be again admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps, compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do from their inmost souls detest the barbarous action. The winged death, shot from your arms, may chance to pierce some breast that bleeds already for your injured country.

The storm subsides — a solemn pause ensues — you spare — upon condition they depart. They go — they quit your city — they no more shall give offence. Thus closes the important drama.



LIBERTY OR DEATH

(Delivered in the Virginia Convention, March 23, 1775.)

By PATRICK HENRY.

THIS is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may

cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all the accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years! Have

we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

(From the Patriotic Oration Delivered in Boston, July 4, 1850.)

By EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

Edwin Percy Whipple was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8, 1819. In 1837 he was appointed superintendent of the reading-room of the Merchants' Exchange in Boston, a position which he kept until 1860, when he devoted himself wholly to literature. He was engaged on a life of Governor Andrew when he died, June 16, 1886.

THE history, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors, and statesmen; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering up above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration

and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of this wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies.

How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues"; and by a constant repetition of this odious cant we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplaces; in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant. Now the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington is hissed out of existence the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals; contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom.

He had no genius it seems. O no! genius we must suppose is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles

Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun, — he dwindles in comparison into a kind of angelic dunce! What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit, — that which it recedes from or tends toward? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of duty and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if by the genius of action you mean will enlightened by intelligence and intelligence energized by will; if force and insight be its characteristics and influence its test; and especially if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind, then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds.

His genuis it is true was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought, and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men — rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons — who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have nature broad

enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.

Washington in short had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind, for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not built up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but grows up through an actual contact of thought with things,—the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power so that their mighty energies put on personality as it were and act through one centralizing human will.

This process may not if you please make the great philosopher or the great poet but it does make the great man,—the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition, the man whose vital expression is not in words but deeds, the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson and the lucid genius of Hamilton recognize with unwonted meekness his awful superiority.

But you may say how does this account for Washington's virtues? Was his disinterestedness will? Was

his patriotism intelligence? Was his morality genius? These questions I should answer with an emphatic yes, for there are few falser fallacies than that which represents moral conduct as flowing from moral opinions detached from moral character. Why, there is hardly a tyrant, sycophant, demagogue, or liberticide mentioned in history, who had not enough moral opinions to suffice for a new Eden; and Shakespeare, the sure-seeing poet of human nature, delights to put the most edifying maxims of ethics into the mouths of his greatest villains, of Angelo, of Richard III., of the uncle-father of Hamlet. Without doubt Cæsar and Napoleon could have discoursed more fluently than Washington on patriotism, as there are a thousand French republicans of the last hour's coinage who could prattle more eloquently than he on freedom.

But Washington's morality was built up in warring with outward temptations and inward passions, and every grace of his conscience was a trophy of toil and struggle. He had no moral opinions which hard experience and sturdy discipline had not vitalized into moral sentiments and organized into moral powers; and these powers, fixed and seated in the inmost heart of his character, were mighty and far-sighted forces which made his intelligence moral and his morality intelligent, and which no sorcery of the selfish passions could overcome or deceive.

In the sublime metaphysics of the New Testament his eye was single, and this made his whole body full of light. It is just here that so many other eminent men of action, who have been tried by strong temptations, have miserably failed. Blinded by pride or

whirled on by wrath they have ceased to discern and regard the inexorable moral laws, obedience to which is the condition of all permanent success; and in the labyrinths of fraud and unrealities in which crime entangles ambition, the thousand-eyed genius of wilful error is smitten with folly and madness. No human intellect however vast its compass and delicate its tact can safely thread those terrible mazes. "Every heaven-stormer," says a quaint German, "finds his hell as sure as every mountain its valley."

Let us not doubt the genius of Washington because it was identical with wisdom, and because its energies worked with and not against the spiritual order its "single eye" was gifted to divine. We commonly say that he acted in accordance with moral laws, but we must recollect that moral laws are intellectual facts, and are known through intellectual processes. We commonly say that he was so conscientious as ever to follow the path of right and obey the voice of duty. But what is right but an abstract term for rights? What is duty but an abstract term for duties? Rights and duties move not in parallel but converging lines; and how in the terror, discord, and madness of a civil war, with rights and duties in confused conflict, can a man seize on the exact point where clashing rights harmonize, and where opposing duties are reconciled and act vigorously on the conception without having a conscience so informed with intelligence that his nature gravitates to the truth as by the very instinct and essence of reason?

The virtues of Washington therefore appear moral or mental according as we view them with the eye of

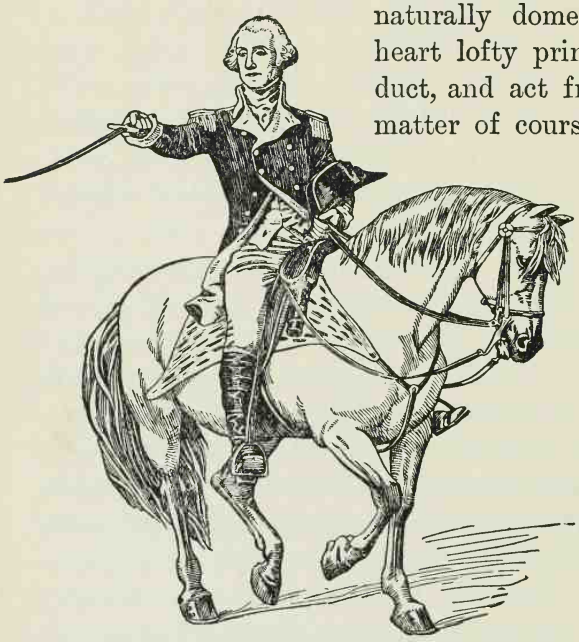
conscience or reason. In him loftiness did not exclude breadth, but resulted from it; justice did not exclude wisdom, but grew out of it; and, as the wisest as well as justest man in America, he was pre-eminently distinguished among his contemporaries for moderation, — a word under which weak politicians conceal their want of courage, and knavish politicians their want of principle, but which in him was vital and comprehensive energy, tempering audacity with prudence, self-reliance with modesty, austere principles with merciful charities, inflexible purpose with serene courtesy, and issuing in that persistent and unconquerable fortitude in which he excelled all mankind.

In scrutinizing the events of his life to discover the processes by which his character grew gradually up to its amazing height, we are arrested at the beginning by the character of his mother, a woman temperate like him in the use of words, from her clear perception and vigorous grasp of things.

There is a familiar anecdote recorded of her, which enables us to understand the simple sincerity and genuine heroism she early instilled into his strong and aspiring mind. At a time when his glory rang through Europe; when excitable enthusiasts were crossing the Atlantic for the single purpose of seeing him; when bad poets all over the world were sacking the dictionaries for hyperboles of panegyric; when the pedants of republicanism were calling him the American Cincinnatus and the American Fabius — as if our Washington were honored in playing the adjective to any Roman however illustrious! — she, in her quiet dignity, simply said to the voluble friends who were striving to

flatter her mother's pride into an expression of exulting praise, "that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man."

Under the care of a mother who flooded common words with such a wealth of meaning, the boy was not likely to mistake mediocrity for excellence, but would naturally domesticate in his heart lofty principles of conduct, and act from them as a matter of course, without expecting or obtaining praise. The consequence was that in early life, and in his first occupation as surveyor, and through the stirring events of the French war, he built up character day by day in a systematic endurance of hardship; in a constant sacrifice of inclinations to duty; in taming hot passions into the service of reason; in assiduously learning from other minds; in wringing knowledge, which could not be taught him, from the reluctant grasp of a flinty experience; in completely mastering every subject on which he fastened his intellect, so



George Washington.

that whatever he knew he knew perfectly and forever, transmuting it into mind, and sending it forth in acts.

Intellectual and moral principles, which other men lazily contemplate and talk about, he had learned through a process which gave them the toughness of muscle and bone. A man thus sound at the core and on the surface of his nature; so full at once of integrity and sagacity; speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds; a man without any morbid egotism or pretension or extravagance; simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible; never giving advice which events did not endorse as wise, never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being overruled: such a man could not but exact that recognition of commanding genius which inspires universal confidence.

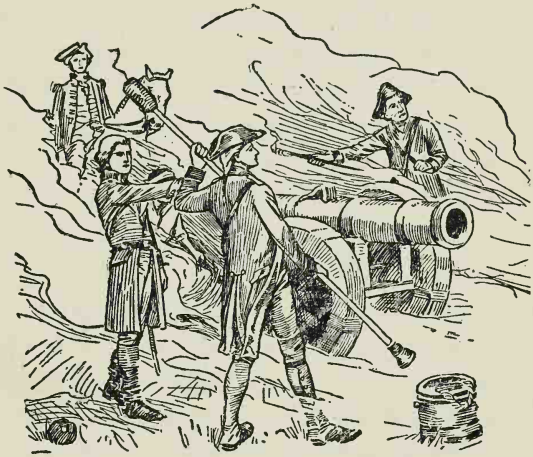
Accordingly, when the contest between the colonies and the mother country was assuming its inevitable form of civil war, he was found to be our natural leader in virtue of being the ablest man among a crowd of able men. When he appeared among the eloquent orators, the ingenious thinkers, the vehement patriots of the Revolution, his modesty and temperate professions could not conceal his superiority; he at once, by the very nature of great character, was felt to be their leader; towered up, indeed, over all their heads as naturally, as the fountain sparkling yonder in this July sun, which, in its long, dark, downward journey forgets not the altitude of its parent lake, and no sooner finds an outlet in our lower lands than it mounts by an

impatient instinct, surely up to the level of its far-off inland source. . . .

He was the soul of the Revolution, felt at its centre, and felt through all its parts, as an uniting, organizing, animating power. Comprehensive as America itself, through him, and through him alone, could the strength of America act. He was security in defeat, cheer in despondency, light in darkness, hope in despair, the one man in whom all could have confidence, the one man whose sun-like integrity and capacity shot rays of light and heat through everything they shone upon. He would not stoop to thwart the machinations of envy; he would not stoop to contradict the fictions and forgeries of calumny; and he did not need to do it. Before the effortless might of his character they stole away and withered and died; and through no instrumentality of his did their abject authors become immortal as the maligners of Washington.

To do justice to Washington's military career we must consider that he had to fuse the hardest individual materials into a mass of national force, which was to do battle not only with disciplined armies, but with frost, famine, and disease. Missing the rapid succession of brilliant engagements between forces almost equal, and the dramatic storm and swift consummation of events which European campaigns have made familiar, there are those who see in him only a slow, sure, and patient commander, without readiness of combination or energy of movement. But the truth is the quick eye of his prudent audacity seized occasions to deliver blows with the prompt felicity of Marlborough or Wellington.

He evinced no lack of the highest energy and skill when he turned back the tide of defeat at Monmouth, or in the combinations which preceded the siege of Yorktown, or in the rapid and masterly movements by which, at a period when he was considered utterly ruined, he swooped suddenly down upon Trenton, broke up all the enemy's posts on the Delaware, and snatched Philadelphia from a superior and victorious foe.



"At the Siege of Yorktown."

Again, some eulogists have caricatured him as a passionless, imperturbable, "proper" man; but at the battle of Monmouth General Lee was privileged to discover that from those firm, calm lips could leap words hotter and more smiting than the hot June sun that smote down upon their heads. Indeed, Washington's incessant and various activity answered to the strange complexity of his position, as the heart and brain of a Revolution, which demanded not merely generalship, but the highest qualities of the statesman, the diplomatist, and the patriot.

As we view him in his long seven years' struggle with the perilous difficulties of his situation, his

activity constantly entangled in a mesh of conflicting considerations; with his eye fixed on Congress, on the States, and on the people, as well as on the enemy; compelled to compose sectional quarrels, to inspire faltering patriotism, and to triumph over all the forces of stupidity and selfishness; compelled to watch, and wait, and warn, and forbear, and endure, as well as to act; compelled, amid vexations and calamities which would sting the dullest sensibilities into madness, to transmute the fire of the fiercest passion into an element of fortitude; and, especially, as we view him coming out of that terrible and obscure scene of trial and temptation, without any bitterness in his virtue, or hatred in his patriotism, but full of the loftiest wisdom and serenest power; as we view all this in the order of its history, that placid face grows gradually sublime, and in its immortal repose looks rebuke to our presumptuous eulogium of the genius which breathes through it!

We all know that toward the end of the wearying struggle, and when his matchless moderation and invincible fortitude were about to be crowned with the hallowing glory which liberty piously reserves for her triumphant saints and martyrs, that a committee of his officers proposed to make him king; and we sometimes do him the cruel injustice to say that his virtue overcame the temptation. He was not knave enough, or fool enough, to be tempted by such criminal baubles.

What was his view of the proposal? He who had never sought popularity but whom popularity had sought; he who had entered public life not for the pleasure of exercising power but for the satisfaction of

performing duty; he to be insulted and outraged by such an estimate of his services and such a conception of his character, — why, it could provoke in him nothing but an instantaneous burst of indignation and abhorrence! — and in his reply you will find that these emotions strain the language of reproof beyond the stern courtesy of military decorum.

The war ended, and our independence acknowledged, the time came when American liberty, threatened by anarchy, was to be reorganized in the constitution of the United States. As president of the convention which framed the constitution, Washington powerfully contributed to its acceptance by the States. The people were uncertain as to the equity of its compromise of opposing interests and adjustment of clashing claims. By this eloquent and learned man they were advised to adopt it; by that eloquent and learned man they were advised to reject it; but there, at the end of the instrument itself, and first among many eminent and honored names, was the bold and honest signature of George Washington, a signature which always carried with it the integrity and the influence of his character: and that was an argument stronger even than any furnished by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay.

The constitution was accepted; and Washington, whose fame, to use Allston's familiar metaphor, was ever the shadow cast by his excellence, was of course unanimously elected President.

This is no place to set forth the glories of his civil career. It is sufficient to say that placed amid circumstances where ignorance, vanity, or rashness would have worked ruinous mischief and disunion, he consolidated

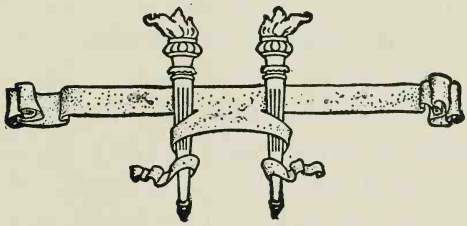
the government. One little record in his diary, just before he entered upon his office, is a key to the spirit of his administration. His journey from Mount Vernon to the seat of government was a triumphal procession. At New York the air was alive with that tumult of popular applause which has poisoned the integrity by intoxicating the pride of so many eminent generals and statesmen.

What was the feeling of Washington? Did he have a misanthrope's cynical contempt for the people's honest tribute of gratitude? Did he have a demagogue's fierce elation in being the object of the people's boundless admiration? No, his sensations, he tells us, were as painful as they were pleasing. His lofty and tranquil mind thought of the possible reverse of the scene after all his exertions to do good. The streaming flags, the loud acclamations, the thunder of the cannon, and the shrill music piercing through all other sounds, — these sent his mind sadly forward to the solitude of his closet, where, with the tender and beautiful austerity of his character, he was perhaps to sacrifice the people's favor for the people's safety, and to employ every granted power of a constitution he so perfectly understood in preserving peace, in restraining faction, and in giving energy to all those constitutional restraints on popular passions, by which the wisdom of to-morrow rules the recklessness of to-day.

In reviewing a life thus passed in enduring hardship and confronting peril, fretted by constant cares, and worn by incessant drudgery, we are at first saddened by the thought that such heroic virtue should have been purchased by the sacrifice of happiness. But we wrong

Washington in bringing his enjoyments to the test of our low standards. He has everything for us to venerate, nothing for our commiseration. He tasted of that joy which springs from a sense of great responsibilities willingly incurred, and great duties magnanimously performed. To him was given the deep bliss of seeing the austere countenance of inexorable duty melt into approving smiles, and to him was realized the poet's rapturous vision of her celestial compensations:

> "Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace,
> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face."



THE PICTURE OF A HERO

(From the Eulogy on Andrew Jackson, Delivered at Philadelphia, June 26, 1845.)

By GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS.

George Mifflin Dallas was born in Philadelphia, July 10, 1792. He was educated at Princeton College, studied law with his father, and after his admission to the bar was for a year private secretary to Gallatin during his mission to Russia. After Jackson became President in 1829 he was appointed attorney-general for Philadelphia. He sat in Congress as senator, 1831–33, was attorney-general of his State, 1833–35, and minister to Russia, 1837–39. In 1844 he was elected vice-president of the United States. From 1856 to 1861 he was minister to Great Britain, but retired to private life on his return to America in May, 1861. He died Dec. 31, 1864.

AT the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of eleven colonies assembled at our Carpenters' Hall before the first gun was fired at Lexington in the cause of western liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander-in-Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec: that boy, moulded in the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American

people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age — is just now dead; and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration; to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history and was himself an inseparable part of it; who was born on your soil when in fact it was a mere margin of eastern coast, and had sunk into it when a continent; who knew you when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent, and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful, and peaceful nation!

It is impossible on the present occasion and with short notice to do justice to a task so protracted, complicate, and ennobling; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of Andrew Jackson with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistibly to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and neighbors, imbibed during the storms of our revolution a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce love of country that never lost its sway over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrepressible as breathing, and cannot but be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence as the master-passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but that too youthful for his trials;

nor was there ever a moment in his after-being when this devotion can be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast.

Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying, — as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before, — as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington — invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undissembled and undissenting praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame as it was the stimulant to every achievement.

From his fight under Davie with Bryan's regiment of Tories in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida when fifty-two, and thenceforward through all the diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783 found him the only survivor of his family; left as it were alone to face the snares of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence; no one to lead him into the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquillity — but Jackson wanted no one.

At this, perhaps the most critical period of his life, the "iron will" subsequently attributed to his treatment of others was nobly exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after

attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence but to carve his way to recognized distinction. The sphere of his professional practice, the western district of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, exacted labors and teemed with dangers such only as a resolution like his could encounter and surmount.

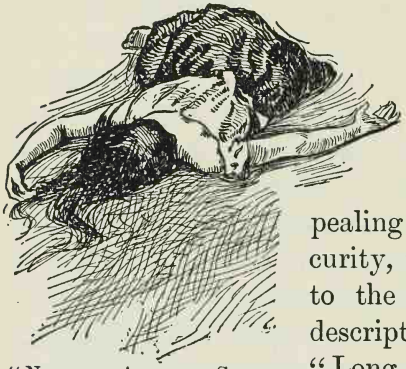
Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, its wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, inured him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to attacks and artifices of savage enemies whom he was destined signally to subdue and disperse. . . .

A Cherokee.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not unusually recoils, and of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak yet fierce and wily tribes of savages still occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unregulated by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age nor sex nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed.

In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such

a system is the necessity of perfecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When, in the midst of the great struggle with a European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence for security, to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of "Long Arrow" and "Sharp Knife." No one, indeed, exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest — sagacity and courage.



"Neither Age nor Sex is Spared."

The sagacity of General Jackson was the admiration of the sophist and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both without the slightest seeming effort. Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance the toils of an adversary and discerned the mode by which these toils could best be baffled.

His courage was equally finished and faultless; quick but cool; easily aroused but never boisterous; concentrated, enduring, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him; no surprise shook his presence of mind as no emergency transcended his self-control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their highest virtues, General Jackson equalled the most celebrated of their chiefs.

Invoked to the rescue, he roused from a bed of suffering and debility among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation: "Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your general is restored; he will command in person."

It was the progress of this expedition in regions at once desolated and unproductive, that this patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude; and here it was that, with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talledega, Emuckfaw and Enotochopco, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure, and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crisis of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the battle of New Orleans?—recall, did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country it springs to mind as Thermopylæ or Marathon when Greece is named. He who gave that battle with all its splendid preliminaries and results to our chronicles of national valor may cease to

be mortal but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but, like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument but posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution, the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed nor paused nor counted, the skill that trebled every resource, the activity that was everywhere, the end that accomplished everything; — it was a masterpiece of work, which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington could unite in applauding.

Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings. . . .

If as a Revolutionary lad he clung to the cause of the colonists; if as a soldier he knew no shrinking from his flag; as a president of these States he stood without budging on the rock of their union. It seemed as if, to him, that was hallowed ground, ungenial to the weeds of party, identical indeed with country. Count the cost of this confederacy, and he was scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms. On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all

the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was as uncompromising, perhaps as unrefining and undiscriminating, as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis that will keep forever ringing in the ears of his successors — "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

Such was the hero we mourn.

THE OPENING BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

(From the Oration at Concord.)

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

T was a brilliant April night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with blossoming orchards. Already the robins whistled, the bluebirds sang, and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went, spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news. Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired.

And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore, wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born," so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, "Good-will to men; America is born!"

There is a tradition that long before the troops reached Lexington an unknown horseman thundered at the door of Captain Joseph Robbins in Acton, waking every man and woman and the babe in the cradle, shouting that the Regulars were marching to Concord, and that the rendezvous was the old North Bridge. Captain Robbins's son, a boy of ten years, heard the summons in the garret where he lay, and in a few minutes was on his father's old mare, a young Paul Revere, galloping along the road to rouse Captain Isaac Davis, who commanded the minute-men of Acton. He was a young man of thirty, a gunsmith by trade, brave and thoughtful, and tenderly fond of his wife and four children. The company assembled at his shop, formed and marched a little way when he halted them and returned for a moment to his house. He said to his wife, "Take good care of the children," kissed her, turned to his men, gave the order to march and saw his home no more. Such was the history of that night in how many homes! The hearts of those men and women of Middlesex might break, but they could not waver. They had counted the cost. They knew what and whom they served; and as the midnight summons

came they started up and answered, "Here am I!" Meanwhile the British bayonets, glistening in the moonlight, moved steadily along the road. Colonel Smith heard and saw that the country was aroused, and sent back to Boston for reinforcements, ordering Major Pitcairn with six companies to hasten forward and seize the bridges at Concord.

Paul Revere and Davis had reached Lexington by midnight and had given the alarm. The men of Lexington instantly mustered on the green, but as there was no sign of the enemy, they were dismissed to await his coming.

He was close at hand.

Pitcairn swiftly advanced, seizing every man upon the road, and was not discovered until half-past four in the morning, within a mile or two of Lexington meeting house.

Then there was a general alarm. The bell rang, drums beat, guns fired, and sixty or seventy of the Lexington militia were drawn up in line upon the green, Captain John Parker at their head.

Pitcairn rode up and angrily ordered the militia to surrender and disperse. But they held their ground. The troops fired over their heads. Still the militia stood. Then a deadly volley blazed from the British line, and eight of the Americans fell dead and ten wounded at the doors of their homes and in sight of their kindred. Captain Parker seeing that it was massacre, not battle, ordered his men to disperse. They obeyed, some firing upon the enemy. The British troops, who had suffered little, with a loud huzza of victory pushed on toward Concord, six miles beyond.

Four hours before, Paul Revere and William Davis had left Lexington to rouse Concord, and were soon overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott of that town who had been to Lexington upon a tender errand. A British patrol captured Revere and Davis, but Prescott leaped a stone wall and dashed on to Concord. Between one and two o'clock in the morning Amos Melvin, the sentinel at the court house, rang the bell and roused the town. He sprang of heroic stock. One of his family thirty years before had commanded a company at Louisburg and another at Crown Point, while four brothers of the same family served in the late war; and the honored names of three who perished are carved upon your soldiers' monument. When the bell rang, the first man that appeared was William Emerson, the minister, with his gun in his hand. It was his faith that the scholar should be the minute-man of liberty, a faith which his descendants have piously cherished and illustrated before the world. The minute-men gathered hastily upon the Common. The citizens, hurrying from their homes, secreted the military stores. Messengers were sent to the neighboring villages, and the peaceful town prepared for battle. The minute-men of Lincoln, whose captain was William Smith, and whose lieutenant was Samuel Hoar, a name not unknown in Middlesex, in Massachusetts, and in the country, and wherever known still honored for the noblest qualities of the men of the Revolution, had joined the Concord militia and minute-men, and part of them had marched down the Lexington road to reconnoitre. Seeing the British, they fell back toward the hill over the road at the entrance of the village, upon which stood the liberty-pole.

It was now seven o'clock. There were perhaps two hundred men in arms upon the hill. Below them, upon the Lexington road, a quarter of a mile away, rose a thick cloud of dust, from which, amidst proudly rolling drums, eight hundred British bayonets flashed in the morning sun. The Americans saw that battle where they stood would be mere butchery, and they fell gradually back to a rising ground about a mile north of the meeting house, the spot upon which we are now assembled. The British troops divided as they entered the town, the infantry coming over the hill from which the Americans had retired, the marines and grenadiers marching by the high road. The place was well known to the British officers through their spies, and Colonel Smith, halting before the court house, instantly sent detachments to hold the two bridges, and others to destroy the stores. But so carefully had these been secreted that during the two or three hours in which they were engaged in the work the British merely broke open about sixty barrels of flour, half of which was afterward saved, knocked off the trunnions of three cannon, burned sixteen new carriage wheels and some barrels of wooden spoons and trenchers; they threw some five hundred pounds of balls into the pond and wells, cut down the liberty-pole, and fired the court house.

The work was hurriedly done, for Colonel Smith, a veteran soldier, knew his peril. He had advanced twenty miles into a country of intelligent and resolute men, who were rising around him. All Middlesex was moving. From Acton and Lincoln, from Westford, Littleton, and Chelmsford, from Bedford and Billerica,

from Stow, Sudbury, and Carlisle, the sons of Indian fighters and of soldiers of the old French war poured along the roads, shouldering the fire-locks and fowling-pieces and old king's arms that had seen famous service when the earlier settlers had gone out against King Philip, or the later colonists had marched under the flag on which George Whitefield had written "*Nil desperandum Cristo Duce*"—Never despair while Christ is captain—and those words the children of the Puritans had written on their hearts. As the minute-men from the other towns arrived, they joined the force upon the rising ground near the North Bridge, where they were drawn into line by Joseph Hosmer of Concord, who acted as adjutant. By nine o'clock some five hundred men were assembled, and a consultation of officers and chief citizens was held.

"Poured Along the Roads."

That group of Middlesex farmers, here upon Punkatasset, without thought that they were heroes, or that the day and its deed were to be so momentous, is a group as memorable as the men of Rutli on the Swiss Alps, or the barons of the meadow of Runnymede. They confronted the mightiest empire in the world, invincible on land, supreme on the sea, whose guns had just been heard in four continents at once, girdling the globe with victory. And that empire was their mother-

land, in whose renown they had shared — the land dear to their hearts by a thousand ties of love, pride, and reverence. They took a sublime and awful responsibility. They could not know that the other colonies, or even their neighbors of Massachusetts, would justify their action. There was as yet no Declaration of Independence, no continental army. There was, indeed, a general feeling that a blow would soon be struck, but to mistake the time, the place, the way might be to sacrifice the great cause itself and to ruin America. But their conscience and their judgment assured them that the hour had come. Before them lay their homes, and on the hill beyond the graveyard in which their forefathers slept. A guard of the king's troops opposed their entrance to their own village. Those troops were at that moment searching their homes, perhaps insulting their wives and children. Already they saw the smoke as of burning houses rising in the air, and they resolved to march into the town and to fire upon the troops if they were opposed. They resolved upon organized, aggressive, forcible resistance to the military power of Great Britain, the first that had been offered in the colonies. All unconsciously every heart beat time to the music of the slave's epitaph in the graveyard that overhung the town:

> "God wills us free; man wills us slaves;
> I will as God wills; God's will be done."

Isaac Davis of Acton drew his sword, turned toward his company, and said, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." Colonel Barrett of Concord gave the order to march. In double file and with trailed arms the men

The Battle of Lexington

moved along the causeway, the Acton company in front, Major John Buttrick of Concord, Captain Isaac Davis of Acton, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Robertson of Westford leading the way. As they approached the bridge the British forces withdrew across it and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick ordered his men to hasten their march. As they came within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge a shot was fired by the British which wounded Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men, and Luther Blanchard, fifer of the Acton company. A British volley followed, and Isaac Davis of Acton, making a way for his countrymen like Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach, fell dead, shot through the heart. By his side fell his friend and neighbor, Abner Hosmer, a youth of twenty-two. Seeing them fall, Major Buttrick turned to his men, and raising his hand, cried, "Fire, fellow soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" John Buttrick gave the word. The cry ran along the line. The Americans fired. The Revolution began! It began here. Let us put off the shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

Such was the opening battle of the Revolution — a conflict which, so far as we can see, saved civil liberty in two hemispheres, saved England as well as America, and whose magnificent results shine through the world as the beacon light of free popular government. And who won this victory? The minute-men and militia, who in the history of our English race have been always the vanguard of freedom. The minute-man of the Revolution — who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress,

left the plough in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system.

CONCORD HYMN

(Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.)

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

NATHAN HALE

ANONYMOUS.

NATHAN HALE was born in Coventry, Conn., on the 6th of June, 1755. Of a large family of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, he was the sixth. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Strong; his father was Richard Hale, third in descent from John Hale, the first minister of Beverly, Mass. His father was an honest, upright, Christian man, and as farmer, magistrate, and deacon of the church, performed his duties, and maintained his position faithfully and honorably. His boys were trained in true New England habits, — hardy, self-reliant, honest and true. . . .

After receiving such education as the village school afforded, Nathan, with two of his brothers, was placed under the care of Dr. Joseph Huntington, the minister of the parish. Schools of a higher order were not common in those days, and it was the custom for the minister to receive and educate such boys as wished to prepare for college. Happily for these boys, their teacher was a man of learning and acquirements, much respected for his talents, and a good and holy man.

In 1770, at the age of fifteen, Nathan Hale entered Yale College at New Haven, where he pursued his course of study with diligence, faithfulness, and success.

He graduated in September, 1773, among the first thirteen in a class of thirty-six, and on leaving college, as was the case with many young men in those days, entered on the discipline of teaching before commencing the study of his profession.

All who knew him in New London spoke in the same terms of his fair and irreproachable life; his high moral character; his fine powers and attainments; his remarkable success as a teacher, combining mildness with decision, commanding at once respect and affection. Added to all, his pleasant and most engaging manners seem to have rendered him a general favorite among all with whom he was brought in contact. . . .

April 19, 1775. Hale had been so engaged for two years, when the alarm at Lexington rang through the nation, arousing all to action, as one man. The news came from Boston to New London by express — a man riding fast from one town to another spread the alarm, changing his horse when he was weary, and giving up his errand to another when he himself was too much worn out to go any further.

The news of Lexington reached New London, and the people were at once aroused. Public meetings were called, strong expressions of patriotism poured forth, and those who were ready set out at once.

At the first meeting which was called the voice of Nathan Hale was heard. His soul was awake, and he was among the first to offer himself. "Let us march immediately," was his proposal, "and never lay down our arms till we obtain our independence." He enlisted as a volunteer, and bade farewell to his school. Before leaving he addressed his pupils most affection-

ately, gave them earnest counsel, prayed with them, and taking each of them by the hand, so bade them farewell.

On the 6th of July, Nathan Hale enlisted as lieutenant in the 3rd company of the 7th Connecticut regiment, commanded by Colonel Charles Webb. Before he left he addressed a note to the proprietors of the school in which he had been engaged, stating what he had done, and expressing the hope that as only two weeks of his term of service remained to be fulfilled, they would release him and suffer him to go at once. Having an opportunity for "more extended public service," he says, he feels inclined to go. We hear nothing of the dreams of ambition, nothing of striving for glory; only an earnest desire to be where he could be of most use to the world.

The company to which Hale was attached was ordered first, under the direction of the Council of Safety, to remain for a time for the defence of New London, supposed to be in danger from British ships of war, then off the coast. Regular military duty was performed, and some defences thrown up; but on the 14th of September, 1775, in consequence of urgent and imperative orders from the commander-in-chief, all the troops proceeded to join General Washington at Boston. In January, 1776, Hale received a commission as captain in the 19th regiment, and remained in and near Boston until April, when his regiment was ordered to New York. . . .

At one time there arose discontent among the men, and their term of service having expired, many of them resolved to return to their homes. They had enlisted

for a limited period; some of them were poorly fed, clothed, and paid, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to remain. Hale joined with some of the other officers in offering every inducement to the men to stay; and the following is the entry in his journal, Nov. 28, 1775: —

"Promised the men, if they would tarry for another month, they should have my wages for that time."

This promise he kept, borrowing the money from a brother officer on the credit of the pay due to him.

In the new organization of the army, Hale was one of the first to offer himself, and also made every exertion to procure recruits, and to induce men to enlist.

Hale went with his regiment to New York, in April, 1776; and of his personal movements during that season there is no record. We have only the narrative of one adventure. A British sloop laden with supplies was anchored in the East River, directly under the guns of the enemy's batteries. Captain Hale, with a party of picked men at the dead hour of the night, with muffled oars, crept over to the other side, seized the sloop, silenced the single watchman who was on deck, and quietly assumed the command. Favored by the darkness they hoisted sail, and quickly moved the sloop over to the other side of the river, when the supplies it contained were gladly

"Seized the Sloop."

received by our own suffering troops, and at once appropriated to their use. . . .

Soon after this time was fought the disastrous battle of Long Island, to add new discouragement to our already disheartened army. They were encamped at various points, from the Battery for miles up the Island, while the British army lay on Long Island, at points directly opposite. The latter numbered twenty-five thousand men, were well supplied with provisions, and equipped with all the necessaries for a long and successful campaign.

The Americans were poorly supplied—short of provisions, clothing, money, and ammunition, in every way destitute, and only numbering about fourteen thousand effective men. The enemy evidently meditated an attack, but at what point it was impossible to guess; and with so many miles to defend, so many exposed points, the number of our men was not equal to guarding efficiently every place exposed to attack. Our officers were ignorant of the number and disposition of the enemy, who was every day growing stronger, while our forces were becoming weaker and more discouraged.

Should their troops cross at any intermediate point, they might divide our already weakened army, and hem in a portion in the lower part of the Island, cut off from means to escape. Or, if our troops retreated to the northward, the whole lower portion of the Island would be in their power.

In these circumstances, Washington earnestly desired that some one should be found who could penetrate the enemy's lines, and gain such information as would enable him to prepare to meet them on terms more nearly

equal. A mere common soldier, as a spy, would not answer his purpose, as he needed reports of the plans of the camps, the military disposition of the troops, and, if possible, some idea of their intentions, while the messenger would require peculiar wisdom and tact in evading inquiry, and passing unsuspected and unharmed through a hostile camp.

Washington communicated his wishes to Colonel Knowlton, that they might be made known, and diligent inquiry be made for any one who would be willing to undertake so dangerous an errand. But it was not easy at once to find any one to volunteer for work like that proposed. The business of a spy involves more danger than either honor or profit. The reward is not proportioned to the risk of certain death in case of detection.

Application was made to a French sergeant, who had served in the French war, with the hope that he would not be as scrupulous, and that his daring spirit of adventure, which had led him to cross the ocean to fight with us, might prompt him to undertake the expedition. "No, no," he answered promptly, "I am ready to fight the British at any place and time, but I do not feel willing to go among them to be hung up like a dog."

The case looked desperate, and Colonel Knowlton was preparing to report to General Washington that none could be found ready for so dangerous an errand, when, in the silence of the disappointed assemblage of officers, arose a clear voice, saying, "I will undertake it." It was the voice of Captain Nathan Hale. Who shall tell what a struggle had passed in his mind; what waves of doubt and uncertainty had rolled over him;

what a giving up of cherished hopes and sundering of the nearest ties; what upward, earnest prayer for strength before he could come to the resolution thus to risk all?

His friends, his military friends, remonstrated with him upon the sacrifice he proposed — the risk he incurred. If he were successful, he gained little honor; if he failed, there was no result but death, sudden and disgraceful. "He spoke," said Hull, "with warmth and decision, and this was his answer: —

"'I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by the commander of her armies; and I know no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return.

"'Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious.'" And so he prepared himself for the undertaking.

Hale was absent about two weeks. He went up from Harlem to Norwalk, with his faithful attendant, Asher Wright, left with him his uniform and all his effects except his diploma, adopted the plain brown dress and broad-brimmed hat of the schoolmaster, and departed

on his perilous errand. He crossed in a vessel to Long Island, and was set on shore from a small boat, near Huntington, making arrangements for the boat to meet him at a given time and place, in obedience to certain signals. From that time nothing is known of his movements.

Hale, in his wanderings, must have penetrated their lines, made himself familiar with their camps, their numbers and strength. In the completeness of his disguise, he may, in his intercourse with them, have learned something of their plans and intentions — must have crossed to New York and recrossed to Long Island. He had passed safely through all these dangers, and was on his return already on the shore where he had disembarked. Still in his character of schoolmaster, he had stopped at a house, met several persons, and partaken of some refreshment. Standing on the shore, awaiting the boat which was to come in obedience to his signal, he went forward as a boat approached, and when it was too late, perceived his mistake. It was a British boat, and the muskets of the soldiers were levelled at him. He attempted to retreat, but it was too late; any movement to escape was certain death — so he resigned himself to his fate. Various stories are told as to the manner of his betrayal. By some it was asserted that it was by a renegade countryman, who had formerly known him, and who recognized him at the last place at which he stopped. Let us hope that no American was vile enough for such a service.

Be that as it may, from a British vessel which lay around the point, out of sight, a boat had been sent for his capture, and the attempt was but too successful.

He was put on board the vessel, and speedily conveyed to New York. He had been previously searched. The very fact of his being there, within the enemy's lines, an officer of the American army, was proof against him. As a truthful man he could give no other account of himself. In the search nothing was found upon him but his college diploma, which had perhaps aided him in maintaining his disguise; but, on further examination, there were found, under the inner soles of his shoes, thin pieces of paper, on which were drawn accurate plans of the enemy's camps, with notes in Latin which could bear but one interpretation. It would be vain to attempt to deny the fact. He was a spy.

Immediately on arriving in New York, Hale was brought before General Howe, whose headquarters were in that city. The house is said to be still standing, about three and a quarter miles from the Park, and now at the corner of Fifty-first Street and First Avenue, the property of the Beekman family. In the same house André, the British spy, spent his last night in New York, before going up the river on his ill-fated expedition.

Hale appeared before General Howe. The charges were made; the proof was clear; there could be no question, no explanation, no evasion. He did not attempt to deny his position, and only regretted that his efforts, thus far successful, had been suddenly arrested, and that he had done no good. The trial was short, the sentence summary — that he should be removed to prison, and hanged "to-morrow morning at daybreak." The prison in which he spent his few

remaining hours is said to be the old prison, in one of the buildings still standing at the north end of the City Hall Park. Here he was committed to the tender mercies of the Provost-Marshal, Cunningham, a brutal and unfeeling wretch, proverbial for his cruelties. Here, with but a few hours between him and death, Nathan Hale spent that dismal night. He was denied the privilege of seeing a clergyman — a favor seldom refused to the vilest felons; was not allowed a Bible, or even pen and paper for a last communication to his absent friends. Finally, at the urgent solicitation of a young lieutenant, who was interested in his fate and moved by the sudden and violent manner in which it had overtaken him, the last indulgence was granted.

Alas, that words so precious should have been lost to his heart-broken friends and to his countrymen! But when his letters were written, they were examined, of course, by his brutal jailer, who grew furiously angry at the noble sentiments expressed in them, and at once destroyed every line. He gave his own reasons afterwards: "The rebels should never know they had a man who could die with so much firmness."

This is all we know of the events of that fearful night, the last hours of a young and brave spirit cut off in the midst of his days, when life had so much of brightness and hope in its future. Hale was a Christian man; his refuge was in God, and we cannot doubt he was sustained in that hour of bitter trial, with no earthly friend near— not even a minister of religion — to receive a message or speak words of peace to his sinking soul.

Hale was executed at daybreak, according to his

sentence; and the only particulars that could be learned were such as could be gathered long afterward from such strangers as chanced to be present, spectators of the scene. A file of soldiers was marched out, and Hale was conducted to the place of execution, and hanged on a tree; his execution being marked by the same brutality which had added bitterness to his last hours, destroyed the last records of his life, the letters which would have given some comfort to the friends who could never cease to mourn his sad fate. The place of his execution and the place of his burial are equally unknown, though both were said to have been in the neighborhood of his prison.

His memory passed away, save from the heart-broken friends who mourned for him. His mother never recovered from the blow.

The memory of Nathan Hale was unhonored, and while André's name was on every tongue, while the English nation gave him a place in Westminster Abbey and erected a monument to his memory, and even our own countrymen spoke with sympathy of his untimely fate, the name of Hale, the martyr, is hardly known.

A few years since, by a great effort, funds were raised in his native town, to which the State of Connecticut contributed, and a granite monument was erected to his memory. On it are recorded the last words of the patriot — the martyr: —

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM

By H. W. R. HOYT.

ALMOST a century, filled with historic deeds, and brilliant with the annals of great events, has gone by since General Israel Putnam was gathered to his fathers, but his fame has not been lessened, and the halo that surrounds his name has become brighter with the lapse of time. His fiery courage, his generous qualities, his patriotic zeal and his important services, have made him a most prominent figure among the heroes of those days in which, amid the thunder of cannon and the tread of contending armies, the foundations of a great nation were established. His nature and education had well fitted him for leadership in that time of turmoil and achievement. His experience in the French and Indian wars, and the estimation in which he was held by the authorities, had given him a high position in the military forces of the State; and when, at Cambridge, in 1775, Washington assumed command of the Revolutionary army, bringing with him the commissions of the four major generals, issued by the Continental Congress, Putnam's alone was delivered, in consequence of a want of confidence in those upon whom the others were to have been conferred. The incidents of his whole life are tinged with romance. He was familiar

with peril from his early youth, and had he lived in the days of mythology, the popular fancy would have invested him with all the attributes and endowments which were bestowed upon the ancient divinities.

The exploit of General Putnam, which we now commemorate, occurred at a period of deep gloom and depression in the course of the struggle for independence. The spirit of the colonists was unconquerable; the fires of their patriotism were unquenched, but their government was a rope of sand. There seemed to be no power in the Continental Congress to enforce its recommendations and resolutions, or to provide for the supplies and payment of the troops. The value of the Continental issues had become greatly depreciated. The masses of the people were enduring hardship and privation with patience and resolution. Occasional discontent manifested itself, and mutterings were heard among the soldiery, but their faith was unfaltering, their determination unflinching, and although without pay, and partially without food, they remained steadfast to the good cause.

Soldier of the Revolution.

The headquarters of the army for that winter were at Middlebrook, on the Raritan River, in New Jersey. The battle line extended from the Delaware northerly

along the Highlands to West Point, and then, turning eastward, followed the Connecticut shore as far as Stonington. In the fall campaign, Savannah had been captured by the enemy, and the province of Georgia was under the dominion of the British. Above the island of New York, and a portion of Long Island, floated the banner of St. George, and foreign sentinels paced their beats from the Hudson to the East River. The British General Pigot commanded in Rhode Island; but with these exceptions, the Atlantic coast was in the possession of the patriots. Sir Henry Clinton held supreme command of the British forces, and from his headquarters in New York City caused frequent predatory excursions to be made up the fertile valley of the Bronx; along the range of hills that forms the backbone of Westchester County, and from point to point along the shores of Long Island and Connecticut.

In 1778 General Putnam had been relieved from duty in the Highlands, and was afterwards assigned to the command of the forces in Connecticut. He had the two brigades of the Connecticut line, one brigade of New Hampshire troops, Colonel Hazen's regiment of infantry, and one of the four regiments of cavalry commanded by Colonel Sheldon. His headquarters were at Redding, Connecticut, about six miles southerly from Danbury. From this point he supervised the military operations in this State, and maintained connection with the Continental forces on the Hudson. Detachments were stationed at advantageous places, one of his most important outposts being located in this vicinity. The territory from Kingsbridge to Greenwich was known as the Debatable Ground, and for the people

within its limits there was nothing but anxiety and danger. Living along the border of the disputed territory, the people of Greenwich were in a most deplorable condition. Many of her sons were in the military service. Of those who were at home, a large proportion were openly avowed Loyalists, and a third class, who were living under the protection of British permits, secretly gave information and furnished supplies to the enemy. It was a winter of unusual

"Many of Her Sons were in the Military Service."

severity. With but few exceptions the people were weighed down by poverty. Cold and hunger were their daily companions, and the most rigid economy was scarcely sufficient to supply them with the scantiest means for supporting life. The depreciation of the Continental currency, the severe taxation that had been resorted to to enable the State to pay the proportion of the public debt, and the expenses of the general government that had been assigned to her, and the uncertain tenure of life and property, had destroyed all enterprise

and rendered business undertakings impossible. Men moved about in fear and trepidation. Their hiding-places were in the fields and woods. No one knew the moment when a bullet from a concealed enemy might strike him down. Families were divided against each other; social ties were disrupted; old friends and neighbors regarded each other with hatred and distrust.

The 26th day of February, 1779, is memorable in the annals of Greenwich. Guided by the records and traditions that exist; by the statements of eye-witnesses that have been handed down from generation to generation, we are able to put forth our hands into the shadows of the past, and rescue from oblivion the true story of the incidents of that day the recital of which stirs the blood.

As to a few minor details of Putnam's exploit there may be room for dispute, but the main fact is beyond question. The morning broke cold and dreary. A feeling of uneasiness and uncertain apprehension had gained a place in the community. Down toward the British lines there was a movement among the soldiery. Out of that region of silence and desolation that intervened, came the sound of marching battalions, and the clatter of squadrons of horsemen. Their purpose and destination were unknown, but to the people of Greenwich, accustomed to alarm, these signs were ominous of danger. The official records show that on the evening of Feb. 25, 1779, a marauding expedition started from Kingsbridge, commanded by Major-General Tryon, the Tory governor of New York. His force consisted of about fifteen hundred men composed of British and Hessian troops, and two regiments of Tories. At New

Rochelle they were met by a small body of Continental skirmishers, commanded by Captain Titus Watson, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre. This company at once retreated, but near Milton, in the town of Rye, was overtaken and attacked. Their force became divided. A number of them were killed. A portion of the company concealed themselves in the swamps, and the remainder made their escape along the highway to the Byram River, which they reached in time to destroy the bridge, before they were overtaken by their pursuers. Over the hills at full gallop rode Captain Watson and his companions, to give warning to the few troops then in Greenwich. Colonel Holdridge, of Hartford County, was in command of the outpost. General Putnam had arrived but a few days previous, to obtain information as to the military situation, and was then in the village. The enemy reached Greenwich at about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The small body of Americans were posted across the road on the eminence south of the Congregational church. They had two small cannon without horses or dragropes. A portion of them were deployed as skirmishers on either flank, leaving but about sixty men to hold this position.

A contest here would have been madness. They had no cavalry. The enemy outnumbered them ten to one. The guns were fired upon the advancing column, and then the order was given for retreat.

In the van of Tryon's forces rode Delancey's corps, composed of Tories from Westchester County, who had enrolled themselves beneath the royal banners, and were the most bitter and malignant enemies of the patriots. At the approach of this body, charging at a gallop, the

few Continentals withdrew from the field, and Putnam started his horse for Stamford to obtain reinforcements. Along the frozen highway ring the steel-shod hoofs of the Continental charger. Thundering on a swift pursuit, ride the emeny's dragoons. The unexpected prize is almost within their grasp. Every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. The rowels are driven deep into the flanks of their steeds.

A Dragoon.

Their steel flashes in the sunlight, their scabbards clank loudly in the frosty air. Each man, ambitious of the glory of being the captor of so distinguished an officer in the rebel service, leans forward in his saddle, as though to lessen the distance between himself and the flying horseman. Nearer and nearer to the old hero come the pursuers. Only a moment more and the mad chase will be ended, and the American general will be a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. But by this time, the brow of the hill is reached, and the bold rider, to whom fear is unknown, who in his life time has bearded the wild beasts of the forest in their den; who, in the line of duty has faced grim death a hundred times with unquailing eye, spurs his horse right onward across the precipice, and amid a volley of bullets from his baffled pursuers, none of whom dare follow, the undaunted horseman takes his leap into history.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

(From Oration Delivered June 17, 1825.)

By DANIEL WEBSTER.

THIS uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the seventeenth of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction of successive generations. But we

are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience

and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren, in another early and ancient colony, forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event, in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The

foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye to keep alive similar sentiments and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction

to sentiments and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come as Americans to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first

to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earlier light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years as since the seventeenth of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which under other circumstances might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt

in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

"The Loud Call to Repeated Assault."

In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

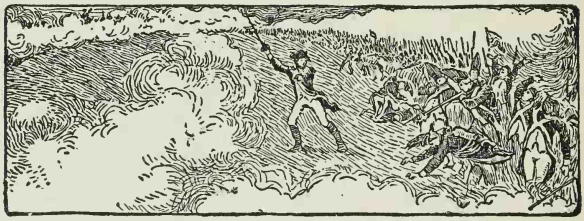
Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those who were active agents

in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here from every quarter of New England to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame, rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror

"Filled with Wives and Children."

there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!



DANIEL O'CONNELL[1]

By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

On the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell, Aug. 6, 1875, a celebration was held in Music Hall, Boston. Mr. Phillips was the orator of the occasion.

A HUNDRED years ago to-day Daniel O'Connell was born. The Irish race, wherever scattered over the globe, assembles to-night to pay fitting tribute to his memory, — one of the most eloquent men, one of the most devoted patriots, and the most successful statesman which that race has given to history. We of other races may well join you in that tribute, since the cause of constitutional government owes more to O'Connell than to any other political leader of the last two centuries. The English-speaking race, to find his equal among its statesmen, must pass by Chatham and Walpole, and go back to Oliver Cromwell, or the able men who held up the throne of Queen Elizabeth. If to put the civil and social elements of your day into successful action, and plant the seeds of continued strength and progress for coming times, — if this is to be a statesman, then most emphatically was O'Connell one. To exert this control, and secure this progress, while and because ample means lie ready for use under your hand, does not rob

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Walpole and Colbert, Chatham and Richelieu, of their title to be considered statesmen. To do it, as Martin Luther did, when one must ingeniously discover or invent his tools, and while the mightiest forces that influence human affairs are arrayed against him, that is what ranks O'Connell with the few masterly statesmen the English-speaking race has ever had.

It is natural that Ireland should remember him as her *Liberator*. But, strange as it may seem to you, I think Europe and America will remember him by a higher title. I said in opening, that the cause of constitutional government is more indebted to O'Connell than to any other political leader of the last two centuries. What I mean is, that he invented the great method of constitutional agitation. *Agitator* is a title which will last longer, which suggests a broader and more permanent influence, and entitles him to the gratitude of far more millions, than the name Ireland loves to give him. The "first great *agitator*" is his proudest title to gratitude and fame. Agitation is the method that puts the school by the side of the ballot-box. The Frémont canvass was the nation's best school. Agitation prevents rebellion, keeps the peace, and secures progress. Every step she gains is gained forever. Muskets are the weapons of animals; agitation is the atmosphere of brains. The old Hindoo saw, in his dream, the human race led out to its various fortunes. First, men were in chains which went back to an iron hand; then he saw them led by threads from the brain which went upward to an unseen hand. The first was despotism, iron, and ruling by force. The last was civilization, ruling by ideas.

Agitation is an old word with a new meaning. Sir Robert Peel, the first English leader who felt he was its tool, defined it to be "the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." O'Connell was the first to show and use its power, to lay down its principles, to analyze its elements, and mark out its metes and bounds. It is voluntary, public and above-board, — no oath-bound secret societies like those of old time in Ireland, and of the Continent to-day. Its means are reason and argument, — no appeal to arms. Wait patiently for the slow growth of public opinion.

"Muskets are the Weapons of Animals."

The Frenchman is angry with his government; he throws up barricades, and shots his guns to the lips. A week's fury drags the nation ahead a hand-breadth; reaction lets it settle half-way back again. As Lord Chesterfield said, a hundred years ago, "You Frenchmen erect barricades, but never any barriers." An Englishman is dissatisfied with public affairs. He brings his charges, offers his proofs, waits for prejudice to relax, for public opinion to inform itself. Then every step taken is taken forever; an abuse once removed never reappears in history. Where did he learn this method? Practically speaking, from O'Connell.

It was he who planted its corner-stone, — argument, no violence; *no political change is worth a drop of human blood.* His other motto was, "Tell the whole truth;" no concealing half of one's convictions to make the other half more acceptable; no denial of one truth to gain hearing for another; no compromise; or, as he phrased it, "Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong."

Above all, plant yourself on the millions. The sympathy of every human being, no matter how ignorant or how humble, adds weight to public opinion. At the outset of his career the clergy turned a deaf ear to his appeal. They had seen their flocks led up to useless slaughter for centuries, and counselled submission. The nobility repudiated him; they were either traitors or hopeless. Protestants had touched their *Ultima Thule* with Grattan, and seemed settling down in despair. English Catholics advised waiting till the tyrant grew merciful. O'Connell, left alone, said, "I will forge these four millions of Irish hearts into a thunderbolt which shall suffice to dash this despotism to pieces." And he did it. Living under an aristocratic government, himself of the higher class, he anticipated Lincoln's wisdom, and framed his movements "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

O'Connell has been charged with coarse, violent, and intemperate language. The criticism is of little importance. Stupor and palsy never understand life. White-livered indifference is always disgusted and annoyed by earnest conviction. Protestants criticised Luther in the same way. It took three centuries to carry us far off enough to appreciate his colossal pro-

portions. It is a hundred years to-day since O'Connell was born. It will take another hundred to put us at such an angle as will enable us correctly to measure his stature. Premising that it would be folly to find fault with a man struggling for life because his attitudes were ungraceful, remembering the Scythian king's answer to Alexander, criticising his strange weapon, — "If you knew how precious freedom was, you would defend it even with axes," — we must see that O'Connell's own explanation is evidently sincere and true. He found the Irish heart so cowed, and Englishmen so arrogant, that he saw it needed an independence verging on insolence, a defiance that touched extremest limits, to breathe self-respect into his own race, teach the aggressor manners, and sober him into respectful attention. . . .

We imagine an Irishman to be only a zealot on fire. We fancy Irish spirit and eloquence to be only blind, reckless, headlong enthusiasm. But, in truth, Grattan was the soberest leader of his day, holding scrupulously back the disorderly elements, which fretted under his curb. There was one hour, at least, when a word from him would have lighted a democratic revolt throughout the empire. And the most remarkable of O'Connell's gifts was neither his eloquence nor his sagacity: it was his patience, — "patience, all the passion of great souls;" the tireless patience, which, from 1800 to 1820, went from town to town, little aided by the press, to plant the seeds of an intelligent and united, as well as hot patriotism. Then, after many years and long toil, waiting for rivals to be just, for prejudice to wear out, and for narrowness to grow wise,

using British folly and oppression as his wand, he moulded the enthusiasm of the most excitable of races, the just and inevitable indignation of four millions of Catholics, the hate of plundered poverty, priest, noble, and peasant, into one fierce though harmonious mass. He held it in careful check, with sober moderation, watching every opportunity, attracting ally after ally, never forfeiting any possible friendship, allowing no provocation to stir him to anything that would not help his cause, compelling each hottest and most ignorant of his followers to remember that "he who commits a crime helps the enemy." At last, when the hour struck, this power was made to achieve justice for itself, and put him in London, — him, this despised Irishman, this hated Catholic, this mere demagogue and man of words, *him*, — to hold the Tory party in one hand, and the Whig party in the other; all this without shedding a drop of blood, or disturbing for a moment the peace of the empire.

While O'Connell held Ireland in his hand, her people were more orderly, law-abiding, and peaceful than for a century before, or during any year since. The strength of this marvellous control passes comprehension. Out West, I met an Irishman whose father held him up to *see* O'Connell address the two hundred thousand men at Tara, — literally to *see*, not to hear him. I said, "But you could not all hear even his voice." "Oh, no, sir! Only about thirty thousand could hear him; but we all kept as still and silent *as if we did*." With magnanimous frankness O'Connell once said, "I never could have held those monster meetings without a crime, without disorder, tumult, or quarrel, except for Father

Mathew's aid." Any man can build a furnace, and turn water into steam, — yes, if careless, make it rend his dwelling in pieces. Genius builds the locomotive, harnesses this terrible power in iron traces, holds it with master-hand in useful limits, and gives it to the peaceable service of man. The Irish people were O'Connell's locomotive; sagacious patience and moderation the genius that built it; Parliament and justice the station he reached.

"Whose Father Held Him Up to See O'Connell."

Every one who has studied O'Connell's life sees his marked likeness to Luther, — the unity of both their lives; their wit; the same massive strength, even if coarse-grained; the ease with which each reached the masses, the power with which they wielded them; the same unrivalled eloquence, fit for any audience; the same instinct of genius that led them constantly to acts which, as Voltaire said, "Foolish men call rash, but wisdom sees to be brave;" the same broad success. But O'Connell had one great element which Luther lacked, — the universality of his sympathy; the far-reaching sagacity which discerned truth afar off, just struggling above the horizon; the loyal, brave, and frank spirit which acknowledged and served it; the profound and rare faith which believed that "the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue." From the serene height of intellect and judgment to which God's gifts had lifted

him, he saw clearly that no one right was ever in the way of another, that injustice harms the wrong-doer even more than the victim, that whoever puts a chain on another fastens it also on himself. Serenely confident that the truth is always safe, and justice always expedient, he saw that intolerance is only want of faith. He who stifles free discussion secretly doubts whether what he professes to believe is really true. Coleridge says, "See how triumphant in debate and notion O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle, acts up to it, rests his body on it, and has faith in it." . . .

Learn of him, friends, the hardest lesson we ever have set us,— that of toleration. The foremost Catholic of his age, the most stalwart champion of the Church, he was also broadly and sincerely tolerant of every faith. His toleration had no limit and no qualification.

I scorn and scout the word "toleration"; it is an insolent term. No man, properly speaking, *tolerates* another. I do not tolerate a Catholic, neither does he tolerate me. We are equal, and acknowledge each other's right; that is the correct statement.

That every man should be allowed freely to worship God according to his conscience, that no man's civil rights should be affected by his religious creed, were both cardinal principles of O'Connell. He had no fear that any doctrine of his faith could be endangered by the freest possible discussion.

Learn of him, also, sympathy with every race and every form of oppression. No matter who was the sufferer, or what the form of the injustice, — starving

Yorkshire peasant, imprisoned Chartist, persecuted Protestant, or negro slave; no matter of what right, personal or civil, the victim had been robbed; no matter what religious pretext or political juggle alleged "necessity" as an excuse for his oppression; no matter with what solemnities he had been devoted on the altar of slavery, — the moment O'Connell saw him, the altar and the god sank together in the dust, the victim was acknowledged a man and a brother, equal in all rights, and entitled to all the aid the great Irishman could give him.

I have no time to speak of his marvellous success at the bar; of that profound skill in the law which enabled him to conduct such an agitation, always on the verge of illegality and violence, without once subjecting himself or his followers to legal penalty, — an agitation under a code of which Brougham said, "No Catholic could lift his hand under it without breaking the law." I have no time to speak of his still more remarkable success in the House of Commons. Of Flood's failure there, Grattan had said, "He was an oak of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty." Grattan's own success there was but moderate. The power O'Connell wielded against varied, bitter, and unscrupulous opposition was marvellous. I have no time to speak of his personal independence, his deliberate courage, moral and physical, his unspotted private character, his unfailing hope, the versatility of his talent, his power of tireless work, his ingenuity and boundless resource, his matchless self-possession in every emergency, his ready and inexhaustible wit; but any reference to O'Connell that omitted his eloquence would

be painting Wellington in the House of Lords without mention of Torres Vedras or Waterloo.

Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slave-holder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled, O'Connell. . . .

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate could cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit, and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle says, "He is God's own anointed king, whose single word melts all wills into his." This describes O'Connell. Emerson says, "There is no true eloquence, unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all

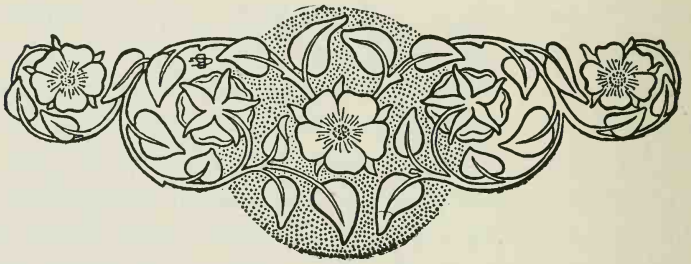
Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech,— one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand.

He owed this power to the courage that met every new question frankly, and concealed none of his convictions; to an entireness of devotion that made the people feel he was all their own; to a masterly brain that made them sure they were always safe in his hands. Behind them were ages of bloodshed: every rising had ended at the scaffold; even Grattan brought them to 1798. O'Connell said, "Follow me: put your feet where mine have trod, and a sheriff shall never lay hand on your shoulder." And the great lawyer kept his pledge. . . .

O'Connell had neither office nor title. Behind him were three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute.

For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them, and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle, I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offence, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets,— any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness, — his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no

matter how unpopular, or how embarrassing to his main purpose, — that clear, far-reaching vision, and true heart, which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; that sagacity which set at naught the malignant vigilance of the whole imperial bar, watching thirty years for a misstep; when I remember that he invented his tools, and then measure his limited means with his vast success, bearing in mind its nature; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, — I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race ever produced.



PATRIOTISM AND UNION

AMERICA'S FLAG AND HER FUTURE

LIBERTY AND UNION

(From the Reply to Hayne.)

By DANIEL WEBSTER.

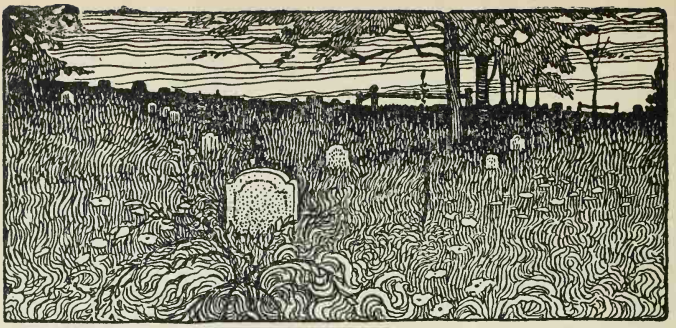
Daniel Webster, American statesman and lawyer, and an orator of more than national repute, was born at Salisbury (Franklin), New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1782, and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, Oct. 24, 1852. From 1823 to 1827, Mr. Webster represented Massachusetts in Congress, and from 1827 to 1841 he had a seat in the United States Senate. From 1841 to 1843, he was Secretary of State under Harrison and under Tyler, in which capacity he negotiated the Ashburton treaty with England. He then resumed his seat in the Senate and continued to hold it until from 1845 to 1850, when he became Secretary of State under Fillmore and, while holding this post, death took him ere he could attain the object of his ambition — the Presidency.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit. Under its benign influence, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with

fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that, on my vision, never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever one and inseparable!



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
  The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
  Alike for the friend and the foe:
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment-day;
    Under the roses, the Blue,
      Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
  The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
  On the blossoms blooming for all:
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment-day;
    Broidered with gold, the Blue,
      Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
  On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
  The cooling drip of the rain:
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment-day;
    Wet with the rain, the Blue,
      Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
  The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
  No braver battle was won:
    Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

IN HONOR OF PATRIOT HEROES

(At Commemoration Exercises Held in Cambridge, July 21, 1865.)

By GOVERNOR ANDREW.

John Albion Andrew, American statesman, Republican Governor of Massachusetts (1861–66), and orator, was born at Windham, Maine, May 31, 1818, and died at Boston, Oct. 30, 1867. In 1858 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1860 was chosen Republican Governor of Massachusetts, and became one of the most active of the "War Governors." During the Civil War he delivered many eloquent and patriotic addresses. He was a man of much executive ability and stainless integrity; as an orator he was both forcible and eloquent.

I RISE to speak a few words of allusion to those who are not here. So many are the struggling memories and contending fancies that rush thick upon the heart, that I hardly know whether I address myself to the dim shadows and dusky reminiscences that have passed away, or to the more palpable forms of this real presence; and if there were words of human speech fit to portray their history, to speak their praise, or to deck their graves, those words, alas! they are not mine. They spring not from human lips; they are not born from oral speech. But there are testimonies more potent, more impressive, more electric than the human voice, and they are here to-day, in that cloud of living witnesses who have come back laden with glory from the fields where their comrades fell. Let them speak! Let the hero of Gettysburg by

his presence speak! Of the ten sons of Harvard who left their fair young forms upon that gory field, let the young Murat of Harvard, the hero of twenty fights, by his presence speak! Let all these brave men, whatever uniform they wear, from that of the humble private to the more ambitious regalia of the commander, — they who saw their brethren go down at Gettysburg, and bite the dust at Fredericksburg, beneath the wall, or sink below the stream, — let them speak! At Ball's Bluff, where many a young life was lost in the Potomac or on the Virginia shore, at Chancellorsville, on the James River, in front of Petersburg, down along the shore of North Carolina, up the rivers of South Carolina, up the Savannah, on the Gulf, before New Orleans, all the way up the Mississippi River, wherever on land or sea, on field or deck, our flag was borne, whether in victory or defeat, there stood the sons of Massachusetts and of Harvard College.

Your president has alluded to some of the statistics of the sons of Harvard. I have already mentioned the fact that ten fell at Gettysburg; seven also fell at Antietam; five at Fredericksburg; five at Cedar Mountain; three at Chancellorsville; three at Bull Run; three in the Wilderness, and three at Fort Wagner. I need not detain you with the statistics of other engagements where your brothers fell; but every arm of the service, military and naval, was represented from your college; every rank, from major-general to private, was represented from your college, — represented in life and in death, — from Wadsworth, the major-general of the class of 1828, who fell in the Wilderness, to Emerson, the private of the class of 1861, who fell at Chancellors-

ville. So also upon the sea, from the rear-admiral to the lieutenant, you find also there the sons of Harvard College.

My eye has fallen this afternoon upon at least two field officers, to say nothing of others who during the first seven days of the war marched either to the rescue of the national capital or to the deliverance of the key of the Potomac River — Fortress Monroe. And I ought not to omit, as the thought occurs to me in speaking, especial reference to that Middlesex regiment, the Fifth Massachusetts militia, commanded by a graduate of Harvard College, who after their three months of duty had expired by voluntary election chose to remain to fight out the battle of Bull Run. And I know not that the history of the war records an instance of a single man who ever retired to the rear while the battle was going on, and he capable of service.

But not merely at the beginning and through the major part of the conflict, but down to its very close, your brethren remained, and two of your young brethren, Sumner Paine and Cabot Russell, who would have graduated in the class of the present year, laid down their lives in separate battles, one of them falling at Gettysburg, and the other by the side of Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner.

Nor did they win their honors in Massachusetts or New England regiments alone. Colonel Porter from New York fell at Cold Harbor; Colonel Peabody from Missouri fell at Pittsburg Landing; and not to delay you with the list of less conspicuous names, I beg your scrutiny of the catalogue laid before you, — to this record and roll of your honored sons, — as a testimony of

the wide diffusiveness of the patriotism and military heroism exhibited by the sons of your honored university. I allude to it because it illustrates the wide range of influence which belongs to this ancient and revered seminary of learning.

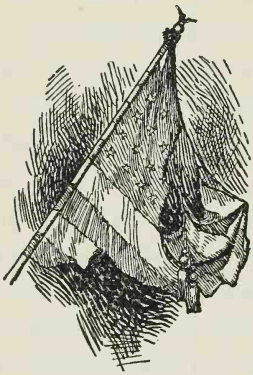
Nor has any particular class of the people of New England or of the other States, who in their own persons or in the persons of their sons have resorted here for the purposes of learning, been found alone in these works of war more than in the other ways of patriotic duty; but from every class and employment and interest of human society they have rushed to the service of their country. The sacred profession as well as the other learned professions has been amply represented; and I count it to be one of the crowning glories of the intellectual culture and intelligence in which properly you may take pride, that throughout the whole army of the Union the medical staff of Massachusetts stands preëminently and confessedly by universal consent the first. The first chaplain who laid down his life in the war was Arthur Fuller, your own brother of the Sixteenth Massachusetts, who, musket in hand, fell in front of Fredericksburg. All ages, too, — all ages of your alumni have been represented. It might easily have been true, were you to compare the ages without reference to the relationship of the men in the volunteer service or the regular service, on land or sea, that son and father and grandfather had been fighting at the same time on the same field and in defence of the same flag.

All the old historic names, or nearly all, which in former times have illustrated the fame of New England

and the memories of the college, have been found upon the rosters of our volunteer regiments. I hardly know whether I ought to trust myself, from mere recollection, to speak of half a dozen of them, since there are so many dozens who with equal honor ought to be remembered. But five names, represented each by two brothers, whose lives consecrated to their country were at last laid a forfeit upon its altar, need not be omitted. The family of Revere offered two brothers who gave their lives upon the field of battle; the name of Lowell two more, — two brothers slain in the conflict; the name of Abbott two more, — two brothers who from the field of battle ascended to immortality; the family of Dwight two more, — two brothers; the family of Stevens two more, — two brothers; and I speak no more than the simplicity of truth when I declare to you that if you will but look over the catalogue of your college and compare the list of names with the more honorable names in all that has distinguished the public service, the science, the patriotism, the literary culture of New England, you will find them all represented in this sternest duty of modern patriotism.

There have been no nobler acts of specific personal heroism than those which have been performed by your own alumni. I see the name of one upon that immortal roll of fame, —one not widely known, not destined by military rank to illustrious homage in the great hereafter, but one nobler than whom neither Lacedæmonian nor American patriotism ever knew. I mean Sergeant Brown of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, who after he was smitten with death on the field of Antietam refused to give up the colors of which he was

the bearer, but with one desperate, determined rush in front of his lines, with the volcanic energy of his patriotic nature, just as his heart struggled with the throes of death, he stuck the staff of the flag deep into the earth, and falling, lay there and died by its side, its ample folds waving aloft. I know of no instance of more perfect, of more heroic gentility bespeaking a noble nature than the act performed by one captain of the Second Massachusetts, whose name I would not dare, in this connection, before this company, and in his presence, to speak; who, standing by the side of Lieutenant-Colonel Savage, one of the noblest of the sons of Massachusetts, of the boys of Harvard, fatally wounded, not believed by the enemy to be worth the saving, refused to surrender to the enemy until he had wrung from them the pledge that they would, in capturing him, save also his comrade and bear him back to the nearest hospital; declaring that if they did not, single-handed and alone, he would fight it out and sell his life at the dearest cost.



Your graduates, your fellow students, associated in their family histories, not only with the patriotism of Massachusetts and of New England, but of the whole country, were associated not only at the beginning of the war, but at an early period with the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth. It occurs to me that there was one who bore a name not less honored than any other in western Massachusetts, — I mean Major Wil

liam Sedgwick, — who was himself a lineal descendant of that Captain Robert Sedgwick who was the first commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts.

Therefore, when you trace yourselves back in the persons of your comrades through the public service of the country, either in peace or in war, — whether you trace yourselves back through the military service in time of war, but through that of the militia in time of peace, preparing for war, — whether you seek for illustrations of fidelity in camp or whether you seek for more striking and brilliant illustrations of bravery on the field, you find men who may be safely counted among the most conspicuous. All over the country, in all parts of the great field, — not only in the Army of the Potomac, not only in the Army of Virginia, not only in the Army of North Carolina, but in all the Western armies, under whatever commander, whether Frémont, or Halleck, or Sherman, or Banks, or Grant,— you have found the sons of your own institution. As I sat down this morning I wrote off from the catalogue a few names, most of them the least conspicuous, because the least conspicuous would be the most truly illustrative, just to show how far you have extended, and how wisely your soldier-boys have spread themselves over this vast theatre of war. Surgeon Wheelwright fell on the lower Mississippi; Lieutenant Ripley in Arkansas; Private Goodrich at Vicksburg; Lieutenant Leavitt at White Stone Hill; Paymaster Bowman at New Orleans; Lieutenant Burrage at Lookout Mountain; Lieutenant Haven at Baten Rouge; and Private Tucker at Port Hudson.

But time would fail me were I to venture upon these allusions or illustrations personal to any men. The work of the war is almost over. The hardships of these many campaigns have been nobly borne. The record of your heroism and valor upon the field has been made complete. God grant the present generation of men may not be called on to repeat the struggle! But the work of manhood and of duty is not complete; and I hold it a higher praise to this great and venerable institution of thought and of learning, that while she has been through the war among the foremost in the front ranks of patriotism in carrying forward the flag of our country upon the field, she is to-day the foremost in the front ranks of liberal thought, of progressive politics, of scientific and honest philosophy in America. And when I heard, commencement day, the repeated testimonies of the coming prophets of the Harvard of 1865, I knew, so rapidly has history been made within the last twenty years, that the fulfilment of the prophecies will not be later than 1875. I am not one of those who are impatient for the visible progress of events; for well I know that wherever there is the prophet, and the truth behind him, there must follow as a part of the necessary providence of God in the order of human events, the historic fulfilment. You may build your monumental walls, — I applaud the loving purpose that would pile high in the air magnificent structures of eternal granite, piercing the sky and standing upon the solid base of earth immortal as the Pyramids, to preserve in indestructible, visible form the history of your patriotic brethren who now sleep beneath the dust; but there is a monument more endur-

ing than brass; there is a record more lasting and immortal than the page of history or the songs of poets — the grateful memory of mankind. The memory of mankind shall preserve their names when all monumental structures shall have sunk beneath the dust that covers us. You can make a monument that shall keep in remembrance not only your brethren, but yourselves, by making mankind your debtors by the fidelity with which you adhere to the truth and the doctrines for which they died. From ten thousand homes all over this broad, fair land, proud hearts, grateful hearts, and tearful eyes remember them. For ten thousand ages, if you are faithful to their work, they and you shall be remembered, and the graves they fill shall be the door through which you and they shall enter immortality.

ON THE RETURN OF THE BATTLE FLAGS

By GOVERNOR ANDREW.

[Major-General Couch, upon delivering the flags of the hundred Massachusetts regiments and batteries, Dec. 22, 1865, addressed the governor in the following words:

"May it please your Excellency: We have come here to-day as the representatives of the army of volunteers furnished by Massachusetts for the suppression of the rebellion, bringing these colors in order to return them to the State which intrusted them to our keeping. You must, however, pardon us if we give them up with profound regret — for these tattered shreds forcibly remind us of long and fatiguing marches, cold bivouacs, and many hard-fought battles. The rents in their folds, the battle-stains on their escutcheons, the blood of our comrades that has sanctified the soil of a hundred fields, attest the sacrifices that have been made, the courage and constancy shown, that the nation might live. It is, sir, a peculiar satisfaction and pleasure to us that you, who have been an honor to the State and nation, from your marked patriotism and fidelity throughout the war, and have been identified with every organization before you, are now here to receive back, as the State custodian of her precious relics, these emblems of the devotion of her sons. May it please your Excellency, the colors of the Massachusetts volunteers are returned to the State."

The governor replied:]

GENERAL, — This pageant, so full of pathos and of glory, forms the concluding scene in the long series of visible actions and events in which Massachusetts has borne a part for the overthrow of rebellion and the vindication of the Union.

These banners returned to the government of the Commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne, one

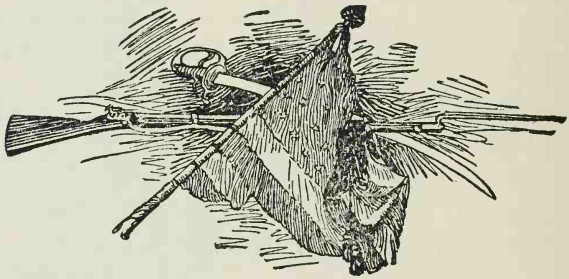
by one, out of this Capitol during more than four years of civil war as the symbols of the nation and the Commonwealth, under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the field, — they come back again, borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted.

At the hands, General, of yourself, the ranking officer of the volunteers of the Commonwealth (one of the earliest who accepted a regimental command under appointment of the governor of Massachusetts) — and of this grand column of scarred and heroic veterans who guard them home, they are returned with honors becoming relics so venerable, soldiers so brave, and citizens so beloved.

Proud memories of many a field; sweet memories alike of valor and friendship; sad memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds; grand memories of heroic virtues sublimed by grief; exultant memories of the great and final victory of our country, our Union, and the righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms — immortal memories with immortal honors blended, twine around these splintered

staves, weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimed, and baptized with blood. Let "the brave heart, the trusty heart, the deep, unfathomable heart," in words of more than mortal eloquence, uttered though unexpressed, speak the emotions of grateful veneration for which these lips of mine are alike too feeble and unworthy.

General, I accept these relics in behalf of the people and the government. They will be preserved and cherished amid all the vicissitudes of the future as mementos of brave men and noble actions.



SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAYBREAK[1]

By WALT WHITMAN.

POET.

O A new song, a free song,
Flapping, flapping, flapping, by sounds, by voices clearer,
By the wind's voice and that of the drum,
By the banner's voice and child's voice and sea's voice and father's voice,

Low on the ground and high in the air,
On the ground where father and child stand,
In the upward air where their eyes turn,
Where the banner at daybreak is flapping.

Words! Book-words! What are you?
Words no more, for hearken and see,
My song is there in the open air, and I must sing,
With the banner and pennant a-flapping.

[1] By permission of Small, Maynard & Company.

I'll weave the chord and twine in,
Man's desire and babe's desire, I'll twine them, I'll put in life,
I'll put the bayonet's flashing point, I'll let bullets and slugs whizz,
(As one carrying a symbol and menace far into the future,
Crying with trumpet-voice, *Arouse and beware! Beware and arouse!*)
I'll pour the verse with streams of blood, full of volition, full of joy.
Then loosen, launch forth, to go and compete,
With the banner and pennant a-flapping.

PENNANT.

Come up here, bard, bard,
Come up here, soul, soul,
Come up here, dear little child,
To fly in the clouds and winds with me, and play with the measureless light.

CHILD.

Father, what is that in the sky beckoning to me with long finger?
And what does it say to me all the while?

FATHER.

Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky,
And nothing at all to you it says — but look you my babe,

Look at these dazzling things in the houses, and see you the money-shops opening,
And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the streets with goods;
These, ah these, how valued and toiled for these!
How envied by all the earth.

POET.

Fresh and rosy red the sun is mounting high,
On floats the sea in distant blue careering through its channels,
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea setting in toward land,
The great steady wind from west or west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea, nor the red sun,
I am not the wind with girlish laughter,
Not the immense wind which strengthens, not the wind which lashes,
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death,
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,
And the shore-sands know, and the hissing wave, and that banner and pennant,
Aloft there flapping and flapping.

CHILD.

O father, it is alive — it is full of people — it has children,
O now it seems to me it is talking to its children,
I hear it — it talks to me — O it is wonderful!
O it stretches — it spreads and runs so fast — O my father,
It is so broad it covers the whole sky.

FATHER.

Cease, cease, my foolish babe,
What you are saying is sorrowful to me, much it displeases me;
Behold with the rest again I say, behold not banners and pennants aloft,
But the well-prepared pavements behold, and mark the solid-walled houses.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

Speak to the child O bard out of Manhattan,
To our children all, or north or south of Manhattan,
Point this day, leaving all the rest, to us over all — and yet we know not why,
For what are we, mere strips of cloth, profiting nothing,
Only flapping in the wind?

POET.

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone,
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,
I hear the jubilant shout of millions of men, I hear liberty!

I hear the drums beat and the trumpets blowing,
I myself move abroad swift-rising flying then,
I use the wings of the land-bird and use the wings of the sea-bird, and look down as from a height,
I do not deny the precious results of peace, I see populous cities with wealth incalculable,
I see numberless farms, I see the farmers working in their fields or barns,
I see mechanics working, I see buildings everywhere founded, going up, or finished,
I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad tracks drawn by the locomotives,
I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans,
I see far in the West the immense area of grain, I dwell awhile hovering,
I pass to the lumber forests of the North, and again to the Southern plantation, and again to California;
Sweeping the whole I see the countless profit, the busy gatherings, earned wages,
See the Identity formed out of thirty-eight spacious and haughty States, (and many more to come,)
See forts on the shores of harbors, see ships sailing in and out;
Then over all, (aye! aye!) my little and lengthened pennant shaped like a sword,
Runs swiftly up indicating war and defiance — and now the halyards have raised it,
Side of my banner broad and blue, side of my starry banner,
Discarding peace over all the sea and land.

Banner and Pennant.

Yet louder, higher, stronger, bard! yet farther, wider cleave!
No longer let our children deem us riches and peace alone,
We may be terror and carnage, and are so now,
Not now are we any one of these spacious and haughty States, (nor any five, nor ten,)
Nor market nor depot we, nor money-bank in the city,
But these and all, and the brown and spreading land, and the mines below, are ours,
And the shores of the sea are ours, and the rivers great and small,
And the fields they moisten, and the crops and the fruit are ours,
Bays and channels and ships sailing in and out are ours — while we over all,
Over the area spread below, the three or four millions of square miles, the capitals,
The forty millions of people, — O bard! in life and death supreme,
We, even we, henceforth flaunt out masterful, high up above,
Not for the present alone, for a thousand years chanting through you,
This song to the soul of one poor little child.

Child.

O, my father, I like not the houses,
They will never to me be anything, nor do I like money,

But to mount up there would I like, O father dear,
that banner I like,
That pennant I would be and must be.

FATHER.

Child of mine, you fill me with anguish,
To be that pennant would be too fearful,
Little you know what it is this day, and after this day,
forever,
It is to gain nothing, but risk and defy everything,
Forward to stand in front of wars — and O, such wars!
— what have you to do with them?
With passions of demons, slaughter, premature death?

BANNER.

Demons and death then I sing,
Put in all, aye will I, sword-shaped pennant for war,
And a pleasure new and ecstatic, and the prattled
yearning of children,
Blent with the sounds of the peaceful land and the
liquid wash of the sea,
And the black ships fighting on the sea enveloped in
smoke,
And the icy cool of the far, far North, with rustling
cedars and pines,
And the whirr of drums and the sound of soldiers
marching, and the hot sun shining south,
And the beach-waves combing over the beach on my
Eastern shore, and my Western shore the same,
And all between those shores, and my ever-running
Mississippi with bends and chutes,

And my Illinois fields, and my Kansas fields, and my fields of Missouri,
The Continent, devoting the whole identity without reserving an atom,
Pour in! whelm that which asks, which sings, with all and the yield of all,
Fusing and holding, claiming, devouring the whole,
No more with tender lip, nor musical labial sound,
But out of the night emerging for good, our voice persuasive no more,
Croaking like crows here in the wind.

POET.

My limbs, my veins dilate, my theme is clear at last,
Banner so broad advancing out of the night, I sing you haughty and resolute,
I burst through where I waited long, too long, deafened and blinded,
My hearing and tongue are come to me, (a little child taught me,)
I hear from above, O pennant of war, your ironical call and demand,
Insensate! insensate! (yet I at any rate chant you,) O banner!
Not houses of peace, indeed, are you, nor any nor all their prosperity, (if need be, you shall again have every one of those houses to destroy them.
You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort, built with money,
May they stand fast, then? not an hour except you above them and all stand fast;)

O banner, not money so precious are you, not farm produce you, nor the material good nutriment,
Nor excellent stores, nor landed on wharves from the ships,
Not the superb ships with sail-power or steam-power, fetching and carrying cargoes,
Nor machinery, vehicles, trade, nor revenues — but you as henceforth I see you,
Running up out of the night, bringing your cluster of stars, (ever-enlarging stars,)
Divider of daybreak you, cutting the air, touched by the sun, measuring the sky,
(Passionately seen and yearned for by one poor little child,
While others remain busy or smartly talking, forever teaching thrift, thrift;)
O you up there! O pennant! where you undulate like a snake hissing so curious,
Out of reach, an idea only, yet furiously fought for, risking bloody death, loved by me,
So loved — O you banner, leading the day with stars brought from the night!
Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding all — (absolute owner of all) — O banner and pennant!
I, too, leave the rest — great as it is, it is nothing — houses, machines are nothing — I see them not,
I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so broad, with stripes, I sing you only,
Flapping up there in the wind.

OLD GLORY

(From the Oration Delivered at Fort Sumter, April 14, 1865.)

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

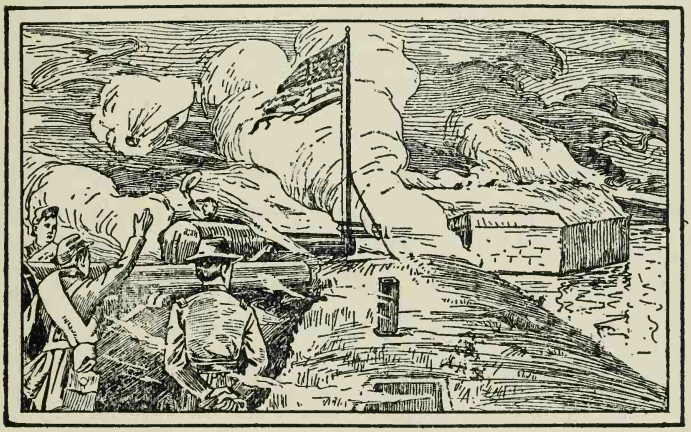
Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813, and graduated from Amherst in 1834. From 1847 till his death, March 8, 1887, he was minister of the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, and famous for his patriotism and eloquence. At the request of President Lincoln, he delivered the oration at the restoration of the flag to Fort Sumter, April 14, 1865.

ON this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the *United* States, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. . . .

Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled are

here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its stars was torn out by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

It said: "Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfilment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"



"This Glorious Ensign was Often Struck."

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace! . . .

We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that our will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unwor-

thy of that liberty entrusted to our care if on such a day as this we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy if we did not devoutly thank him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness, and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks. No more war! No more accursed secession! No more slavery, that spawned them both!

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag! It says, "Government hath returned hitherto." It proclaims in the name of vindicated government peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The na-

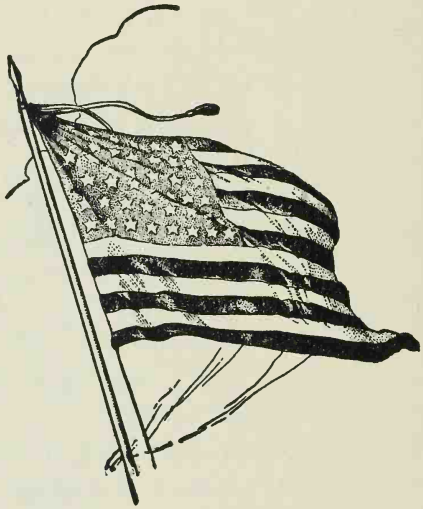
tion, not the States, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates. . . .

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword "Return to thy sheath," and to the plough and sickle, "Go forth"; that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor beseech God to look upon it and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when over North and South this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days we were one, in the long Revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused

the colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans!" That was the voice of South Carolina. That shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break upon the shore — no North, no West, no South, but one United States of America.



COMMEMORATION ODE[1]

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthy dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay

With light from fountains elder than the Day;
  A conscience more divine than we,
  A gladness fed with secret tears,
  A vexing, forward-reaching sense
  Of some more noble permanence;
    A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years.

V.

    Whither leads the path
    To ampler fates that leads?
    Not down through flowery meads,
    To reap an aftermath
  Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
  But up the steep, amid the wrath
  And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
  Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
    Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
    Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
      Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
      Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
      Or from the shrine serene
      Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
  Life may be given in many ways,
  And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
    So bountiful is Fate;
    But then to stand beside her,
    When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
    This shows, methinks, God's plan
    And measure of a stalwart man,
    Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI.

    Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
    Whom late the Nation he had led,
    With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
      Nature, they say, doth dote,
      And cannot make a man
      Save on some worn-out plan,

Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;

And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

X.

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron in't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI.

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread,
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then,

Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, a-dance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,

That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

XII.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
  Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
    Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
    And letting thy set lips,
    Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
    What were our lives without thee?
    What all our lives to save thee?
    We reck not what we gave thee;
    We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(Delivered Nov. 19, 1863.)

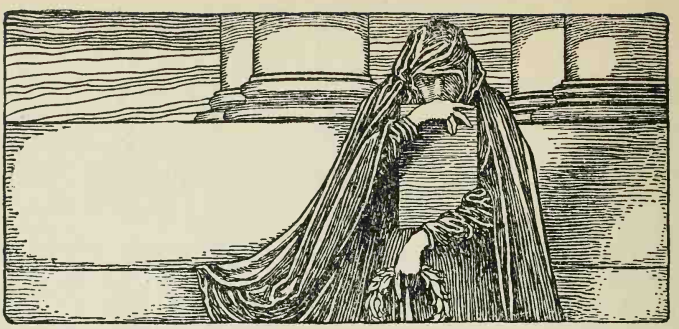
By ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, and intimately associated with the great struggle of the Civil War, was born in a humble cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809, and assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, at Washington, D.C., April 14, 1865, dying on the following day. In March, 1865, Lincoln entered upon his second term of office, which was so soon to have its sad and calamitous ending. The patriot and martyr sleeps in the cemetery at Springfield, Illinois, where a noble monument has been erected to his memory.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what

we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From Punch.)

By TOM TAYLOR.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain, —

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
  How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
  How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, — such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
  Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
  That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
  His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights, —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
  The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
  The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear, —
  Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
  If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood, —
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

A NATIONAL HERO

(From the Eulogy on Ulysses S. Grant Delivered at Mount M'Gregor, Aug. 4, 1885.)

By THE RIGHT REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

DO you tell me, my friends, that a great man is dead? — greatest among warriors, foremost among statesmen, noblest among patriots? Do you tell me that he led our armies to victory? That he administered our government in wisdom? That he best illustrated the essential principles of our national life? Do you tell me that he was the truest of husbands, the kindest of fathers, the firmest of friends, the purest of philanthropists, the humblest of Christians? True, thrice happily true! And these the reasons why we will not be comforted: because those calm eyes cannot respond lovingly to our gaze, and those pure lips cannot greet us as of yore, and those ears cannot hear a nation's cry, "To arms! To arms! for the foe is near!" But whence the secret of the power of this one life on the thought of the world and the love of mankind?

Others have insured for themselves imperishable renown for their martial prowess, for their profound statesmanship, for the display of their marvellous intellects; but where in all the annals of earth and time shall we find another who more than he stamped all

that he said and all that he did with such purity and loftiness of character? His individuality was most intense. This was the source of his strength, the power of his action, the glory of his achievements. He was never other than himself. He acted with a spontaneity all his own.

And what were the elements of that character, so unique, symmetrical and now immortal? God had endowed him with an extraordinary intellect. For forty years he was hidden in comparative obscurity, giving no indications of his wondrous capacity; but in those four decades he was maturing, and at the appointed time God lifted the veil of obscurity, called upon him to save a nation, and give a new direction to the civilization of the world. How calm his judgment, how clean and quick and accurate his imagination, how vast and tenacious his memory! Reason was his dominant faculty. He was a natural logician. He could descend to the smallest details and rise to the highest generalizations. His wonderful understanding was like the tent in story; fold it, and it was a toy in the hand of a child; spread it, and the mighty armies of a republic could repose in its shade. He could comprehend a continent with greater ease than others could master an island. Under his vast and comprehensive plans a continent shook

Ulysses S. Grant.

with the tramp of advancing armies. As out of some immense mental reservoir there came a fertility of resources displayed in a hundred battles, in the greatest emergencies, and in a three-fold campaign, carried forward at the same time without confusion, and each the part of one stupendous whole.

His was the genius of common-sense, enabling him to contemplate all things in their true relations, judging what is true, useful, proper, expedient, and to adopt the best means to accomplish the largest ends. From this came his seriousness, thoughtfulness, penetration, discernment, firmness, enthusiasm, triumph. Wherein others dreamed of success he foresaw defeat; when others expected despair, he discovered ground of hope. What were contrasts to others were comparisons to him. He often stood alone in his judgment and plans; and it is the enduring compliment to his practical sense that the blunders committed by others on military and political questions were the result of plans which never had his approval. In war and in peace he was the wisest and the safest guide this nation has had since the "Father of his Country" ascended to his reward.

For his clear and certain imagination, the future loomed before him clothed with the actuality of the present. Read his military orders, and they prophesy the history of the battles he fought. He foresaw the enemy's plans as though he had assisted at their councils of war. He was one of those extraordinary men who, by the supremacy of their wills, force all obstacles to do their bidding. By the promptitude of his action he left no time for its contravention. Times, places, and persons he comprehended with mathematical accu-

racy. Nothing escaped his penetration. Such was the perpetual calmness of his intellect that he could transact the most important affairs when the storm of battle was raging at its height.

His soul was the home of hope, sustained and cheered by the certainties of his mind and the power of his faith. His was the mathematical genius of a great General rather than of a great soldier. By this endowment he proved himself equal to the unexpected, and that with the precision of a seer. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," because the unexpected happens to every man. The grandest campaigns are often defeats, the most brilliant plans are unconsummated, the most wished-for opportunities are unrealized, because baffled by the unexpected at the very moment of expected fulfilment. But he appeared greatest in the presence of the unforeseen. Then came an inspiration as resistless as the march of a whirlwind, as when on the second night of the Battle of the Wilderness, when he changed the entire front of the line of battle, and quietly said in response to a messenger, "If Lee is in my rear, I am in his."

In the history of a great General there come supreme moments, when long-maturing plans are to be consummated and long-deferred hopes are to be realized. Some men can work up to that point and excite the admiration of mankind by the care and push wherewith they move toward the objective, but fail in the crucial moment. The preparations of this wonderful man rarely excited the applause of the people, because the workings of his masterful mind were hidden beneath the silence of his lips; but when the supreme moment came, there

came also an intellectual elevation, an uplifting of the whole being, a transformation of the silent, thoughtful General, which surprised his foes and astonished his friends. He culminated at the crisis. He was at his best when most needed. He responded in an emergency.

He is one of the few men in history who did more than was expected. Some men excite great expectation by the brilliancy of their preparations; but this quiet, meditative, undemonstrative man exceeded all expectations by doing more than he had promised, and by doing what all others had failed to do. Others had done their best with a conscientiousness worthy of all praise; they had worked up to their maximum strength, and accomplished much; they had contributed largely to the final victory, and shall receive well of their country. It was no fault of theirs if nature had not endowed them for the ultimate achievement.

His latent resources seemed inexhaustible. Was Fort Donelson esteemed impregnable? It yielded to his command for an immediate and "unconditional surrender." Did Vicksburg defy his sixth plan of capture? His seventh plan was a success. Did Richmond hurl defiance at all previous attempts? His final effort was a triumph, and over the doomed capital of the Confederacy triumphantly floated the flag of the Union.

Such were his untold, hidden resources of adaptation, ever unfolding to meet the demand of new situations, that he would have proved himself equal to any position of trust and to any emergency that might arise.

When he rose to supreme command, the nation de-

manded one dominant spirit, mighty to grasp, strong to execute, powerful to inspire. The country was one, the Rebellion was one, and the armies of the Union should be one; and the General who could mould, control, inspire an army a million strong, and make them think, feel, and fight as one man, was the desire of the Republic. Such a one was he around whose bier a

"He Imparted to All His Own Spirit."

nation weeps to-day. To be everywhere present at once by his spirit and orders was in him a realized fact. His laconic order was, "All strike together." He imparted to all his own spirit, and all things became possible to his faith. The nation felt her mighty change, and the Rebellion went down beneath the power of one master mind. He was the logician of war. He conquered by logic. He reasoned out his victories. In

all the annals of war there is no such splendid reasoning on the certainty of results. Others have conquered by the superiority of material force, but he, by the superiority of mind over mind. Alas! alas! that he can no longer think for us!

To-day, you are filled with the glory of his military triumphs. You are recalling Belmont, and Henry, and Donelson, and Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, and Richmond. You are calling him the greatest of soldiers; and you do well. But do not degrade him to the level of those famous heroes who fought for empire and for glory. Lift him up to a higher pedestal, around which shall forever stand Justice, and Liberty, and Peace, and Law, and Order, and Civilization, and Religion, with chaplets in their hands wherewith to crown him. He fought for the right; to end the war; he conquered a peace.

He hated war. He looked upon it as a ghastly monster whose march is to the music of the widow's sigh and the orphan's cry. He loved peace and pursued it. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," was his beatitude. In his London speech in 1877, he said: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace." This was the energy of his courage.

Doubtless he will be best known in coming ages as the foremost soldier of the Republic. Unknown generations will read his battles with wonder and admiration. In every hamlet, in every metropolis, his martial form will be cast in bronze and sculptured in marble. Historians will vie with each other in paying homage

to his genius: but the time will come when men everywhere will recognize the greatness and beneficence of his administration as President of the United States.

Great and beneficent as were his measures of reconstruction, amendments to the Constitution, of finance, of the improvement of the laboring classes, of the just treatment of the Indians, of the elevation of the Freedmen, of the promotion of education, and of the concessions he compelled foreign Powers to make, yet, in the interests of universal peace, in the ultimate recognition of the brotherhood of nations, in the advancement of Christian civilization in all the earth, the Treaty of Washington will be esteemed of immeasurable grandeur and beneficence, not to be estimated by millions of dollars, but by the possibility and prophecy that all international disputes may be adjusted by peaceful arbitration, when "nations shall learn war no more." Such was his dream of the future, expressed to the International Arbitration Union in Birmingham, England, when he said: "Nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court is binding upon us."

And whether in camp or Cabinet, in private or public, at home or abroad, how pure and commendable his moral character! Life in the camp has proved ruinous to the morals of the greatest of warriors. The excitement of a life devoted to arms, the scenes of excess and plunder to which a soldier is exposed, the absence of the

restraints of home and Church, tend to the worst of passions and to the corruption of the best morals. But here in the presence of the dead, whose ears are forever deaf to our praise or censure, let it be our grateful duty to record that after five years in camp and field he returned to his home without a stain upon his character. Among ancient or modern warriors where shall we find his superior in moral elevation? Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others.

His sense of justice was equalled only by his love of truth. He preferred honor to wealth, and poverty to riches not his own. O Americans, think of the pride of your nation, the glory of your age, and the object of the world's admiration, having nothing to bequeath to those he loved save his good name — and that Heaven admitted to probate without the whisper of contention. He loved life and enjoyed it; he loved children and caressed them; he loved his family and found therein his chief delight. He had not a taste for music, but he had melody in his heart. He despised pretence and show, but admired the real and beautiful. He was not fond of books, yet by carefulness of observation, by thoroughness of reflection, by attentiveness to the conversation of the well informed, by extensive travels in many lands, by the daily study of current events, he was the most intelligent citizen in our Republic.

Out of his great character came the purest motives, as effect follows cause. He abandoned himself to his life mission with the hope of no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. Duty to his conscience, his country, and his God, was his standard of successful manhood. With him true greatness was that in

great actions our only care should be to perform well our part and let glory follow virtue. He placed his fame in the service of the State. He was never tempted by false glory. He never acted for effect. He acted because he could not help it. His action was spontaneous. Ambition could not correct his patriotism; calumnies could not lessen it; discouragements could not subdue it. It was not a sudden outburst of the imagination, but an intelligent conviction. He committed all to the great struggle to save his country. There was a time when he preferred that his military genius should suffer momentary depreciation rather than hazard the cause of the Union by revealing the vastness of his plans, which required time to unfold. Who does not recall the time when an ardent, patriotic people became impatient, exacting, clamorous for immediate results. But he had the energy of silence. His self-control was equal to the self-control of the nation. How calm and unruffled was he. He knew that time was an essential element in a war so vast and complicated. He could wait. He did wait. And a grateful people bless his memory. And here, to-day, in the presence of the dead, with a nation redeemed, peaceful, and prosperous, who does not regret the cloud cast over him at Pittsburg Landing, at Vicksburg, and in the Wilderness? He made no reply. He spoke no word of complaint. He offered no self-vindication. He knew his plans, and felt assured of success. O! great soul, forgive our impatience; forget our lack of confidence; blot from thy memory our cruel censures. Thou wert wiser and kindlier and better than we. We did it in the ardor of our patriotism and in our love

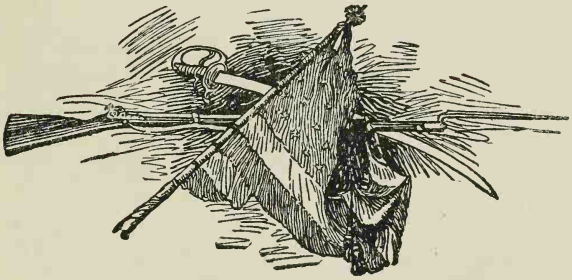
of liberty. And from the serene heavens into which thou hast gone, join our song as we praise that God who gave thee the victory and us a redeemed nation.

And where, in all the annals of our national life shall we find another, save the sage of Mount Vernon, who was so truly a typical American? Is it true that his personal qualities were not brilliant; that his salient points were not conspicuous; that in running parallels between him and other men of fame a feeling of disappointment is experienced because there is not on the surface some prodigious element of power and greatness? Yet he had this double advantage over all this world's heroes — he possessed the solid virtues of true greatness in a larger degree than other men of renown, and possessed them in greater harmony of proportions.

Some heroes have been men of singular virtue in particular lines of conduct. Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, was distinguished for his moderation and courage. Aristides the Just scorned the bribes offered by Mardonius. The patriotism of Leonidas was proof against the temptation of uncounted gold. Regulus was the soul of Roman honor, and accepted exile and death in preference to infamy. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus gave his royal fortune to relieve the poor of his empire. Peter the Great was illustrious for his pride of country, and laid the foundations of Russia's present greatness. Frederick of Prussia was a soldier prince, the renown of whom history has preserved a memorial.

But this foremost American possessed all these and other virtues in happy combination, not like single gems, brilliant by isolation, but like jewels in a crown of glory, united by the golden band of a completer

character. What humility amid such admiration; what meekness amid such provocation; what fidelity amid such temptation; what contentment amid such adversity; what sincerity amid such deception; what "faith, hope and charity" amid such suffering! Temperate without austerity, cautious without fear, brave without rashness, serious without melancholy, he was cheerful without frivolity. His constancy was not obstinacy; his adaptation was not fickleness. His hopefulness was not Utopian. His love of justice was equalled only by his delight in compassion, and neither was sacrificed to the other. His self advancement was subordinated to the public good. His integrity was never questioned; his honesty was above suspicion; his private life and public career were at once reputable to himself and honorable to his country.



BOOK OF PATRIOTISM

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

American Pioneers and Patriots
Madame Roland
J. S. C. Abbott

The Maid of Orleans
W. H. D. Adams

Orations
Edmund Burke

Beacon Lights of Patriotism
Henry B. Carrington

Story of Liberty
Boys of '76
Charles Carleton Coffin

Sea Kings and Naval Heroes
J. G. Edgar

Tecumseh
E. Eggleston
L. E. Seelye

The War of Independence
John Fiske

Magna Charta Stories
Arthur Gilman

Boys' Heroes
Edward Everett Hale

Story of Greece
James A. Harrison

In Freedom's Cause
George A. Henty

Patriotic Poems
F. De H. Janvier

Campfire and Battlefield
The Hero of Manila
Rossiter Johnson

Stories of Heroic Deeds
James Johonnet

Hero Tales from American History
The Story of the American Revolution
Henry Cabot Lodge

Two Spies
Field Book of the Revolution
B. J. Lossing

Ballads of Battle and Bravery
W. G. McCabe

Montcalm and Wolfe
Francis Parkman

Speeches
Wendell Phillips

Scottish Chiefs
Jane Porter

History of the Flag of the United States
George H. Preble

Life of Cromwell
The Rough Riders
Theodore Roosevelt

Manual of Patriotism
Charles R. Skinner

Queens of England
Agnes Strickland

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S. A. Swaine

The Drummer Boy
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Speeches
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Cameos from English History
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